PETER'S LETTERS

TO

HIS KINSFOLK.

[illegible] Rajah. 1829

PETER'S LETTERS

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HIS KINSFOLK.

THE THIRD EDITION.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

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CONTENTS

OF

VOLUME THIRD.

PAGE

LETTER LVI.

The Gout 3
The Clergy 6
Peter's Portrait 8

LETTER LVII.

The General Assembly 9
Commissioner's Levee 13
Procession 17
Clerical Precedence 18
Modern Esquires 19
Country Clergymen 23
Town Clergymen 24
Clerical Life 26

LETTER LVIII.

The Assembly Aisle 28
The Galleries 32
Moderates and Wildmen 33
Leslie's Controversy 37
Dr. Robertson 39
Dr. Erskine 42
Sir Henry Moncrieff 45
Dr. Inglis 48

PAGE

LETTER LIX.

The General Assembly 51
Regent's Letter 52
Scottish Prayers 53
Commissioner's Dinner 54

LETTER LX.

The General Assembly 57
Lay Elders 58
Fama Clamosa 59
Dr. Macknight 60
Dr. Skene Keith, and Mr. Lapslie 61
English Convocation 65

LETTER LXI.

Clergy of Scotland 69
Sir Henry Moncrieff 74
Dr. Inglis 78
Mr. Andrew Thomson 80
Dr. Macknight, and Dr. Brunton 86

LETTER LXII.

Scottish Episcopalian Church 88
Dr. Sandford 91
Mr. Alison 92
Episcopalian Fund 97
Old and New Light Anti-burghers 99
Dr. M'Crie 102
Dr. Jamieson 103
Old Potts 104

LETTER LXIII.

Old Potts 105
Scottish Dandyism 108
Dilettanti Society 112
Dandyism 113

PAGE

LETTER LXIV.

Visit to Lasswade 119
Roslyn Glen 122
Roslyn Chapel 123
Roslyn Castle 125
Hawthornden 126
Drummond of Hawthornden 127
Mr. Gillies 131
Mr. Wordsworth's Sonnet to Mr. Gillies .... *ib.*
The Ettrick Shepherd 133
Mr. Lockhart 134
Mr. Howison 139
Captain Hamilton 140
The Ettrick Shepherd 141
P. P. C. 142

LETTER LXV.

Visit to Glasgow 144
Kirk of Shotts 146
Glasgow 147

LETTER LXVII.

Glasgow 156
Cathedral of Glasgow 157
Rotten-row and Antiquities of Glasgow 167
Coffee-Room of Glasgow 169
Dinner Party and Glasgow Punch 171

LETTER LXVIII.

Glasgow University 177
Hunterian Museum 179
Professor Young 181
Professor Jardine 191
Hunterian Museum 194
Supper at Archie Cameron's 197

PAGE

LETTER LXIX.

Glasgow Manufactories, and Mr. Kirkman Finlay 199
Green of Glasgow 202
Nelson's Monument 203
Green of Glasgow 204
Philosophical Weaver 209
His Opinion of the Present State of the Edinburgh Review 210

LETTER LXX.

Old Potts 219
Buck's-Head Inn 225
Glasgow Punch 226
Glasgow Dandies 229
Glasgow Ball 232

LETTER LXXI.

Glasgow Wit 239
Gaggery 241
Trotting 243
Glasgow Clubs 243

LETTER LXXII.

Glasgow Merchants 248
Observatory, and Botanical Garden 250
James Grahame 254
Mr. Wilson 256

LETTER LXXIII.

Covenanters 262
Observance of the Sabbath 264
Dr. Chalmers 266
State of Religion in Scotland 280
Quarterly Review 283

PAGE

LETTER LXXIV.

Paisley 286
Mr. John Smith 287
Ride on the Clyde 288
Bothwell Castle 289
Bothwell Bridge 290
Hamilton Palace 292
Pictures 293
Cadyow Castle 296
The Mountain Bull 298
Valley of the Clyde 299
Glasgow 300

LETTER LXXV.

Country Sacrament 301

LETTER LXXVI.

Country Sacrament 322
Sacrament Sabbath 331
Sunday Evening 337

LETTER LXXVII.

Breakfast at the Laird's 340
Sacrament Monday 341
Tent-Sermon 342
Dinner at the Manse 344
Hotch-potch, and Lochfine Herrings 345
The Croupier 346
SONG—The Shooting Minister 348
Old Mortality 349
Departure 350
Glasgow Steam-Boat 351

POSTSCRIPT TO THIRD EDITION 353

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LETTER LVI.

TO THE REV. DAVID WILLIAMS.

MY DEAR DAVID,

I HAVE not written to you for these eight days, simply because I have not been able to do so. The fit has been a severe one, and I feel that I am weakened, and see that I am thinned by it, beyond almost any preceding example in my own experience. My friend Wastle, however, was quite indefatigable in his attentions; and every now and then, some of the new friends I have made in Edinburgh would be dropping in upon me to relieve the tedium or the agony,

(as might happen) by the charms of their good-humoured and sympathetic conversation. Mr. Jeffrey, in his way home from the Parliament-House—Mr. Playfair, immediately after delivering his lecture—and sometimes Professor Leslie and the Ettrick Shepherd, in the course of their walks, were among my morning visitors; and I had a regular succession of poets, artists, and young lawyers sipping coffee in my view every evening. An old maiden lady, nearly related to Mr. Wastle, was also particularly kind to me. She sent her foot-boy every morning, with compliments and enquiries, and some small jar of sweetmeats, or bottle of cordial of her own manufacture—or the like. Indeed, the Laird informs me, that one day she went so far as to throw out some hints respecting a visit to the sick man, *in propriâ personâ*; but my friend easily spared me that addition to my uneasiness, by one or two dry remarks about "malicious tongues," and the "rules of propriety." But now, my good friend, I am well nigh a sound man again, and intend, God willing, to walk out and sun myself in Prince's-Street a little while to-morrow forenoon.

In the meantime, I have had my sofa removed close to the window, which commands a view of

a short street, communicating between St. Andrew's-Square and Prince's-Street—and which is tolerably frequented, although not quite so much so as I could wish. This, indeed, is the only fault I have to find with my hotel—it does not afford me a sufficient peep of the bustle and tumult of the city. In the country I like to be altogether in the country—but, I think in a town, above all, in a town hotel, the best situation is that which is nearest the heart of the hubbub. The *heart* is rather too strong an expression, but I think there is no use in having eyes to see and ears to hear, unless these avenues of knowledge are to be brought into something like contact with the busy sounds and sights of the place. However, even as it is, by help of a bright pair of spectacles, and a quick pair of ears, I make shift to gather some food for my speculation. One thing has already struck me—and that is, that there is a much greater number of gentlemen in black coats walking about, than before I was confined to my couch. They seem to have poured into the city during my illness —and, indeed, I see by the newspapers, that the General Assembly, or great Annual Convocation of their Kirk is at hand. On these I shall, of course, keep an especial look out.

Those, I have already remarked, seem, in passing along, to be chiefly occupied in recognizing and shaking hands with each other—and sometimes with old acquaintances among the citizens of the place. Their greetings seem to be given and returned with a degree of heartiness and satisfaction, which inspires a favourable idea of all parties concerned. I observed only this minute, a thin, hardy-looking minister, in a blue spencer over his sables, arrested immediately under my window, by a jolly-looking burgher, who, to judge by his obesity, may probably be in the magistracy, or council at least. "Hoo d'ye do, Mr. Such-a-thing?" said the cit, (for I could not help lifting the glass an inch or two,) "and hoo did ye leave all at Auchtertirloch Manse? You must come and take your broth with us." To which the man in black replies with a clerical blandness of modulation—"Most certainly—you are exceedingly good—and hoo fares it with your good leddy? You have lately had an addition to your family."—"I understand from a friend in the North," cries the other, "that you are not behind me in that particular—twins, Doctor! O, the luck of a manse!"—A loud cachinnation follows from both parties, and after a bow and a scrape—"You will remember four o'clock on Tuesday, Dr. Macalpine."

In the course of an hour or two, I have had an opportunity of witnessing several other rencounters of the same kind, and I feel a sort of contemplative pleasure in looking upon them, as so many fortuitous idyllia presenting themselves amidst the common thoroughfare of the streets. I saw, among the rest, one huge ecclesiastical figure, of an apoplectic and lethargic aspect, moving slowly along, with his eyes goggling in his head, and his tongue hanging out of his mouth. He was accosted by an old lawyer, whom I had often remarked in the Parliament-House, and who seemed to delight in reviving their juvenile remembrances, by using the broadest Scots dialect. Among other observations I heard, " Hech, man! I never think the yill so good noo as when we war young"--- and after some further interchange of sentiments, "You would hear that auld George Piper had pappit aff," &c. &c. &c. But I see Mr. Wastle's old yellow chariot at the door—and, besides, my fingers won't serve me for a longer epistle.

Ever your's,

P. M.

P. S. By the way, during my days of convalescence, I have been so vain as to sit for my portrait to Mr. John Watson, the young painter of whom I have said something in a former letter. I did this at the urgent request of Mr. Blackwood, the bookseller, who has taken a vehement desire to have my effigy among those of some other great men at his country-house. I fear, however, that the state of my health has made the painter give me a face at least ten years too old.

LETTER LVII.

TO THE SAME.

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The Laird seeing that I had recovered a considerable measure of my vigour, insisted upon carrying me with him to make my bow at the levee of the Earl of Morton, who has come down as the King's Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of this year. Detesting, as he does, the Kirk—its Creed—and its practice—to wait in all due form upon the representative of Majesty, at this its great festival, is a thing which he would think it highly indecorous in him, or in the head and representative of any ancient Scottish family, to omit; and, indeed, he is of opinion, that no gentleman of any figure who happens to be in Scotland at the time, should fail to appear in the same manner. He was, besides, more than commonly anxious in his devoirs on this occasion, on account of his veneration for the blood of the old Earls of Dou-

glas, whose true representative he says the Earl of Morton is. My curiosity came powerfully in back of his zeal, and I promised to be in all readiness next morning at the hour he appointed.

In the mean time, His Grace (for such is the style of the Commissioner) had already arrived at the Royal Hotel, where, *more avito*, the provost and bailies, in all the gallantry of furred cloaks and gold chains, were in readiness to receive him, and present the ancient silver keys, symbolical of the long-vanished gates of the Gude Town of Edinburgh. The style in which the whole of this mock royalty is got up, strikes me as being extremely absurd. In the first place, I hold it a plain matter, that, if the King's majesty is to send a representative to preside over the disputes of the Scottish ministers and elders, this representative should be lodged no-where but in the Palace of Holyrood, where he might hold his mimic state in the same halls and galleries which have been dignified by the feet of the real monarchs of Scotland. Instead of this, the Commissioner is lodged in a common hotel—a magnificent one indeed—but which has assuredly nothing royal about it but its name. And then, its situation is supposed to be too distant from the place

where the Assembly meets, to allow of his walking all the way thither in procession, as it seems ancient custom requires him to do. So when the hour of meeting approaches, his Grace is smuggled over the bridge in a sedan chair, and stuck up in the Merchant's Hall to receive the company that come to swell the train of his procession. The undignified uses to which the apartment is applied at other times (for it serves as a reading-room all the rest of the year) is enough to throw an addition, and surely a needless addition, of ridicule over the scenes of courtly greeting to which it is now devoted. But it is within an easy walk of St. Giles's Church, and that counterbalances all objections.

Meaning to be in London, and kiss the Prince's hand once more before I return to Wales, I had brought my old court suit with me—the same suit of modest chocolate-coloured kerseymere, David, which has figured in the presence of King George and Queen Charlotte at St. James's—of Napoleon and Louis le désiré at the Thuilleries—of smooth Pius the Sixth at the Vatican—of solemn Francis at the Schloss of Vienna—of grim whiskered Frederick William at Berlin—of pale monastic Augustus at Dresden—to say nothing of the late enormous Hector of Wirtemberg, the good worthy Grand

Duke of Weimar and Eisenach, and some score of minor thrones, principalities, and dominations besides. I took it for granted, that I could not make my appearance in presence of the Ecclesiastical Lord Lieutenant, without mounting this venerable garb; so John had the coat, waistcoat, and breeches well aired, and amused himself half an evening in polishing the steel buttons and buckles—and my queue being dropped into a seemly bag, and my loins girded with my father's somewhat rusty rapier—I drove—once more cap-a-pee a courtier—to my rendezvous in the Lawn-Market.

I found my friend arrayed in a deputy-lieutenant's uniform of blue and red, with (albeit somewhat against the rules) the little cross of Dannebrog, which he had conferred on him many years ago, when he was in Denmark—on his breast; but in spite of his own splendour, he quizzed me unmercifully on the sober pomp of my own vestments—assuring me, that, except the Commissioner, and his purse-bearer and pages, I should find nobody in a court suit at the levee. It was too late, however, to change; and as I am not a very nervous man about trifles, I did not choose to miss the sight merely because I had over-dressed myself. Wastle's old coachman had combed his wig in

full puff, and his lackey mounted behind us in a fine gala livery of green and white, as old as Queen Anne's sixpences—so I question not the contents of the yellow chariot, outside and inside, made rather a conspicuous appearance. However, we soon reached the Merchant's Hall, and were ushered into the Presence-chamber of his Grace.

You know Lord Morton, so I don't need to tell you that the heir of the Douglasses made a highly respectable appearance, standing in the midst of his circle, in blue and gold, with the green ribbon and star of the Thistle. I had often seen his lordship; so, after being introduced by Wastle, and making my lowest bow as in duty bound, I exercised my optics much more on the Court than the Commissioner—the needles than their magnet. You never saw such a motley crew of homage-doers. I myself and my old chocolate suit might be considered, it struck me, as forming a sort of link between the officers in scarlet uniform, and the Members of Assembly in black deshabilles, of which two classes of persons the greater part of the company was composed. But, altogether, there could not be a more miserable mixture of tawdriness and meanness. Here stood a spruce Irish hero, stuck all over with

peninsular medals, in jack-boots—there, a heavy-headed minister, with his carotty hair flying *ad libitum* about his ears—his huge hands half buried in the fobs of his velveteen breeches, and a pair of black worsted stockings, hanging line upon line, measure upon measure about his ankles. On one side, a tall, stately, very fine-looking peer of the realm, clad in solemn black from head to foot, and having a double bamboo in his hand, almost as tall as himself, might be supposed to represent the old Lords of the Covenant, who were glad to add to the natural consequence of their nobility, that of being "Elders in Israel." On the other, a little shabby scriviner, in trowsers, (pro scelus!) might be seen swelling with vanity at the notion of his being permitted to stand so close to so many of his betters—and twirling his hat all the while in an agony of impudent awkwardness. To the left, the Procurator of the Kirk, (the official law-adviser of the Assembly,) in his advocate's wig of three tails, and the Moderator himself, distinguished from his clerical brethren by a single-breasted coat and cocked-hat, might be seen laying their heads together, touching some minutiæ of the approaching meeting—while the right was occupied, in all manner of civic solemnity and glory, by a phalanx of the magistracy of Edin-

burgh. The figure which these last worth cut is so imposing, that I can easily believe in the truth of a story I have heard of last year's Assembly, which, at first sight, would no doubt have somewhat the air of a quizz. The Earl of Errol was the Commissioner, and the University of Glasgow had thought fit to send an address of congratulation to his Lordship, on his having attained to so high an office. Their envoy was their Principal—an ancient divine, as I am told, who has been well used to Assemblies and Commissioners for more than half a century. On this occasion, however, his long experience seems to have been of little use to him, for he committed a sad blunder in the mode of delivering his address. The gorgeous array of Baillies, it is to be supposed, had caught his eye on first entering the presence-room, and dazzled it so much, that it would have required some time to recover its power of discrimination. Of this gorgeous array, the centre-star was one Baillie Anderson, powdered with a particular degree of splendour, and the Principal, never doubting that he was the Commissioner, stepped close to him, and rolled out the well-poised periods of his address, with an air of unquestioning submission, that quite convulsed the whole of those who were up to

the joke. The Baillie himself, however, was too much thunderstruck to be able to stop him, and the true dignitary enjoyed the humour of the thing too much to deprive his Double of any part of the compliment. In a word, it was not till the doctor had made an end of speaking, and stood in smiling expectation of his Grace's reply, that some kind friend whispered him he was in the wrong box; and, looking round, he saw, in an opposite corner of the room, a personage, not indeed so fat, and perhaps not quite so fine as his Baillie, but possessing a native grace and majesty of port and lineament, which spoke but too plainly where the incense should have been offered. This was a cruel scene; but the awe with which some of the rural pastors about me seemed to survey now and then the grand knot of Baillies, was sufficient to convince me that it might have happened very naturally. The present levee, by the way, was, as Wastle informed me, by much the most splendid he had seen for a long while—the old Duke of Gordon was among the company, and a greater number than is common of the inferior orders of the nobility. The most conspicuous, however, in ever point of view, was the Earl of Hopetoun, the Achates of Welling-

ton, and a true hero in figure as well as in more important matters. Close by his side stood his heroic brother-in-arms, Colonel David Steuart of Garth, whom I met two years ago at Lord Combermere's.

By and bye, the tolling of the bells of St. Giles's announced that the time was come for the procession to move, and the Commissioner quitted the chamber, preceded and followed by a few awkward-looking pages in red coats, and some other attendants. The nobility then marshalled themselves in order due and descended—a baronet or two after them—after these a few new-made Knights of the Bath. The rest of the party seemed to follow without discrimination, pretty much as they stood nearest the door; but Wastle told me as we went, that not many years have elapsed since this quiet of precedence was unknown to the processions of the Commissioner. A grievous feud, it seems, had arisen between the Doctors of Divinity and Esquires—the Doctors claiming clamorously to walk immediately after the Knights, and the Esquires as stoutly asserting that the churchmen of Scotland have no precedence whatever, whether with or without the possession of academical degrees. To my surprise, Wastle, Oxonian

as he is, appears to have been hostile to the pretensions of the reverend graduates; but it must be owned, there is at least some colour of reason in what he says on this subject. "The degree of doctor in divinity in the English Universities," says he, "is allowed in England to confer very high rank, but then it is a degree which pre-supposes great standing in the University which has conferred it; and, besides, the fees attending its assumption are sufficient to prevent its being thought of except by men who have some very high station in the church. But here, this degree is conferred by the Universities on whomsoever they please—even the meanest of your English dissenters get it for the asking—and the fees are a mere bagatelle. Now, if you admit that this degree, so easily got and given, can confer any title to precedence, it is evident, that in a very short time there would not be a single Geneva cloak in Scotland, that would not cover a doctor in theology. There is no statute on the subject here as there is in England, and I think it would be a very great absurdity to proceed upon so slender a thing as the general *ex facie* analogy of the two cases. The truth is," continued he, "that the subject of precedence in Scotland is a very difficult affair, principally

owing, no doubt, to the long absence of the court. We have no such legal style as Esquire —unless for a few particular offices—Knights, Gentlemen, and Burgesses, were all the old gradations recognized among our commoners. Now, in the present state of things, there are very few Knights, and it would be a very hard thing to say who are and who are not Gentlemen—so that I suspect we are all in the eye of the law pretty much upon a level. I except, however, the Barons, (or lords of manors,) and all, indeed, who hold to any considerable extent of the crown *in capite;* these, I am quite sure, have a fixed precedence in the law, as well as in the common sense of the affair. The doctors acted very sillily in stirring the question. But how, after all, was the thing to be arranged? If they have no precedence, as I think they have none, as little surely have nineteen-twentieths of these soi-disant esquires who disputed with them—advocates—writers—merchants—any body.—Where is the fustian-sleeved clerk now-a-days, that does not write himself *esquire?* As for the under-graduated clergy, I confess I know not what their place should be. They themselves, in former times, seem to have put it low enough; for even in the wording of their notable master-

piece, the Covenant, the style runs,—' We, the noblemen, gentlemen, burgesses, *and* ministers of Scotland.' What a *tempestas in matulâ* is here!—and yet," added the candid critic, "I confess I should not much admire seeing one of these crop ears thrusting himself out of a room before the blood of Wastle; I never heard that their kingdom was one of this world; but still if they are to have precedence any where, surely it should be here at the General Assembly of their Kirk. As it is, the dispute has been waved by those in authority—and we walk as we may—so *allons!*"

In the meantime, we had been advancing up the magnificent High-Street of Edinburgh, which was lined on either side by Heavy Dragoons and Connaught Rangers, and in every window and peeping-hole over the heads of these, by clusters of faces as eager as ever gazed on the triumph of Pompey. It is certainly rather an imposing thing, this procession. On its commencement, the ovation was greeted by a musical band, with "God save the King," and all along its progress, there was the usual quantity of "stinking breath" uttered by the crowd of admirers. What occupied the principal share of my attention, was still the picturesque appear-

ance of the clergy, who graced the triumph of the Lord Commissioner—

> ———" quos trahet feroces,
> Per sacrum clivum merito decorus
> Fronde Sygambros."

Several rows of them moved immediately in my neighbourhood, and, to my mind, there was something not a little fine and imposing in their progression, moving solemnly as they did, in the same style that Milton ascribes to a very dissimilar and opposite class of black-coats,

> " With fixed thoughts,
> Moving in Silence to soft pipes, that charmed
> Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil."

I saw their polished heads gleaming under the meridian sun, and their hats decently carried under their arms—nay, such was the heat of the day, aided, no doubt, by the natural fervour of their zealous temperaments, that I could see their waving handkerchiefs, red or white, frequently lifted to foreheads, marked with all the symbols of profound reflection. I even thought that some of them looked thirsty, as if they had not swallowed a drop of liquid the preceding evening—but this was probably a mistake. Al-

though they moved in silence, yet I could trace here and there copious capacities of eloquence in the configuration of their mute lips—I longed to hear these imprisoned meanings let loose—but was "patient in my strong desire," as I knew they were going to the proper place where they would get all manner of relief; and I witnessed their approach to the Cathedral of St. Giles's, with something of the same pleasure which brightens the eyes of a Spanish way-farer, when he sees some goodly half-dozen of swollen wine-bags carried into the hostelleria where he is about to put up for the evening.

To a person of a reflective mind, I think the concourse of clergymen which takes place at this time, is eminently adapted to convey ideas of a picturesque and romantic nature. The different pastors whom I saw moving before or beside me, might be supposed to carry in their persons a good many characteristic traces of the parishes and regions from which they respectively had arrived, to do honour to this great annual Feast of their Temple. I could easily recognise the inhabitant of a wild and tempestuous region, by his weather-beaten cheek-bones, his loose locks, and the loud and dissonant notes of his voice, if at any time he chanced to speak even to his

neighbour. In seeing him, one thinks of the stunted crops of oats, that lie spread in patches upon the desolate hills among which his spire arises. Among many other inconveniences and annoyances he has to contend with, we think also of the lank Seceders, which are, it may be supposed, the natural product of such a soil, and we even conceive to ourselves, with a sympathetic liveliness of imagination, the shapeless, coach-roofed, spireless meeting-house, which they have erected, or may even be in the very act of erecting, opposite to the insulted windows of his manse. The clergyman of a lower and more genial parish, may equally be distinguished by his own set of peculiarities suitable to his abode. Such as come from good shooting countries, above all, from the fine breezy braes of the North, are to be known by the tightness and activity of their well-gaitered legs—they are the ἐυκνημιδες of the Kirk—and by a knowing cast of the eye, which seems better accustomed to watch the motions of a pointer, than to decipher the points of a Hebrew Bible. On the other hand, those accustomed to the "*pabula læta*" of flatter grounds, are apt to become unwieldy, and to think that the best sport is to catch hold of

wheaten sheaves, which do not run away from them like the hares or muir-fowl. The clergymen of the cities and towns again, we recognised by the superior ease of their air—not staring up to the windows like the rustics—by the comparative smoothness of their faces, which are used to more regular shaving, to say nothing of umbrellas, and the want of long rides in the wind and frost—but most of all by the more urbane style of their vestures. Their coats, waistcoats, and breeches, do not present the same picturesque diversities of ante-diluvian outline—they have none of those portentous depths of flap—none of those huge horny buttons of black paper—none of those coats, shaped from the rough pulpit hangings, put up in honour of the umwhile laird's funeral—no well-hoarded rich satin or silk waitcoats, with Queen Elizabeth taperings downward—no breeches of corduroy or velveteen, hanging in luxurious looseness about their thighs—none of those close-kissing boots, finally, with their dirk-like sharpness of toe, or those huge shoes of neat's-hide, on which the light of Day and Martin has never deigned to beam. Their hats, in like manner, are fashioned in some tolerable conformity with the fashion of the day

—neither sitting close about their ears, with no rims at all, nor projecting dark Salvator shadows over the whole physiognomy, like the slouches of a Spanish bandit—nor indulging in any of those lawless curves and twists, prospective, retrospective, introspective, and extraspective, from under which the unkempt tresses of the rural brethren may at times be seen "streaming like meteors to the troubled air." They have gloves to their hands, and smooth canes to their fingers, and they move along with the deliberately dignified aspect of men who are sensible that it is no longer their destiny to "waste their sweetness on the desert air." They have, indeed, a marvellous suavity of look about them. The extensive intercourse with mankind, which their profession must favour and promote, cannot fail to press frequently upon their attention the laws of true urbanity and agreeableness. And although myself a medical man, and aware, from experience, that the practice of a physician is calculated to make him see a good deal into human life, yet I willingly acknowledge that the clergyman is in habits of meeting with his fellow-creatures, under relations in which a much greater variety of sentiment is displayed, and which are better adapted to bring before his view

all the chequered joys and griefs of humanity. I remember, David, once upon a time being called upon to visit Miss Barbara Bevan, who had got a fit of the tooth-ache. Her colour was gone, her cheek was swollen, her eye distorted and diminished, her whole countenance disfigured—and her person, under the influence of pain, appeared in the most unfavourable point of view, so that she inspired for the time no other feeling but that of compassion. I drew her tooth, (for you know an M. D. must not stand upon his P's and Q's in Cardigan,) and went off. Sometime after I was invited to her marriage, when I found my worthy friend, the Rev. Mr. David Williams, had been engaged to perform the ceremony. The damsel had now recovered her looks, and stood blushing before the priest, in all the attractiveness of youth and high health. When the service was concluded, my reverend friend was the first, if I mistake not, to salute the rosy lips of the bride, after which he was presented with a tall bumper of Madeira, and a huge slice of cake, stuffed with almonds, which so engrossed his attention, that he could make no articulate reply for some minutes to the simplest question. Upon observing all which, I shook my head sagaciously, saying inwardly,

"Ah, David, thou hast chosen a profession, which, like the magic of the poet, introduces you to the 'gayest, happiest attitudes of things.'"

Ever your's,

P. M.

P. S. In my next I shall introduce you to the Presbyterian Convocation, in the aisle of St. Giles's.

LETTER LVIII.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR WILLIAMS,

THERE was such a crowd of people of all ages and conditions about the gate, that, in spite of all our pomp of macers and pages, we had some difficulty in getting access to the interior of the edifice—and after we had got within its walls, we had still a new set of difficulties to encounter in the lobbies of its interior, before the aisle set apart for the purposes of the General Assembly received our train. Nay, even within the aisle itself, the squeeze of ministers and elders, bustling to their places, was another source of delay. At last, however, the Commissioner mounted his throne, which is a huge elbow chair, placed under a red canopy, at one side of the room, and we, who had come thither

as part of his retinue, found ourselves accommodated on his right, where, according to custom, a certain number of benches had been left vacant for our reception. My foot, in the meantime, had received a sad squeeze on the most tender part of its convalescent surface, and some minutes elapsed after I was seated, before I found myself in a condition to survey the scene before me, with any thing like the usual Morrisian eye of collectedness and coolness.

The Assembly aisle is a square apartment, vaulted overhead like the rest of the Cathedral, but divided from its nave by a long dark lobby or two below, and above, by some galleries with glass folding-doors, through which a certain portion of the *profanum vulgus* may make shift to thrust their noses, and contemplate somewhat of the venerable scene. Opposite to this side, in the space between two tall shapeless windows, is situated the canopy as aforesaid, elevated considerably above the area of the place—from whence, "high on a throne of royal state," the Commissioner looks down in theoretic calmness upon the more active part of the Convocation—his throne being surrounded with a due complement of awkward, chubby-cheeked

pages, in long red coats, and serving-men, of different descriptions, in the colours of his own livery. Among these attendants of the mimic monarch, I could not help recognising, with some emotions of merriment, Duncan M'Nab, and various of the cadies, his brethren—for, certainly, my old friends cut a strange enough figure in their new and gorgeous costumes of blue and red, some clad like beef-eaters, and some like lackeys, but all powdered as finely as butter and flour could make them, and all squeezing, or attempting to squeeze, their weather-beaten features into an expression of decorum and gravity, little consistent with the usual habits either of their minds or their occupations. I should, perhaps, make an exception in favour of Duncan; for I must admit, that this crafty Celt bore his new honours—bag, buckles, and all—with a measure of meek composure in his aspect, which shewed that he had taken the metamorphosis in comparative tranquillity of spirit. And, after all, perhaps, the powdered young puppies of plebeian pages, with their cheese-toasters bruising each other's shins ever and anon, were the most absurd part of the whole group. So much for what Homer would have

called, "οἱ ἀμφι τον Βασιληα." Immediately under, and with his back towards the Commissioner, sits the Moderator, or Clerical President of the Assembly. A green table before him is surrounded by several clerks, arrayed in Geneva cloaks and bands, and a few of the more leading members of either party in the Kirk, "in close recess and secret conclave sitting." From this table the benches rise in all directions upwards, lodging, row upon row, the oridinary stipendiarii of the ecclesiastical host. The arrangement of these, however, is, although tumultuous, by no means fortuitous. They stick, on the contrary, with the most senatorial pertinacity, each to his own side of the Senate-house—the right side of the throne being occupied exclusively by the *Moderates*, while, on the left hand, sit, equally pure and uncontaminated, the representatives of the *Wildmen*. Some tiny galleries, on either side, are appropriated to the use of ministers not actually members of the Assembly, and preachers and students of divinity, who come thither partly to suck in wisdom from the droppings of the "great consult"—partly, no doubt, if one may judge from their lean and scare-crow physiognomies, to indulge in fond dreams of

future repletion, inspired by the contemplation of the goodly paunches of the beneficed brethren—

——A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and *full*——

Above these, again, high up on either side, is another gallery, set apart not for the gods, but the *goddesses*—where, among others of the fair visitors,

——"whose eyes
Reign influence and dispense the prize,"

I could perceive the sagacious countenances of some dozen or more of the Bas-bleus of Auld Reekie. I know not whether, in this quarter also, the division of parties be as strictly observed as in the lower regions of the place. I could not pretend, at least, to distinguish *prima facie* the *Moderates* from the *Wild* of the womankind; but, perhaps, Muretus would have remarked, that the majority of the "Mulieres Doctæ," preferred the left side of the throne *.

* See Muretus. Opuscula, tom. XIII. p. 374.

But perhaps, in truth, these *noms de guerre*, by which the two rival parties which have sprung up among the descendants of John Knox are distinguished, may be almost as inappropriate in the lower as in the upper parts of the aisle. I was a stranger to the existence of the parties themselves, or very nearly so, till I came into Scotland, and even now I am much at a loss to know what are the distinguishing tenets to which they respectively adhere. They are both, in profession at least, sound Calvinists—for whatever may be said of our XXXIX Articles, not even Paley himself could have pretended to consider the "Confession of Faith," as a specimen of peace-promoting ambiguity and vagueness. Every thing is laid down there as broadly and firmly as if Calvin himself had held the pen, the very morning after the burning of Servetus; and the man who holds a living in the Scottish Kirk, cannot possibly do so with common honesty, unless he be a firm believer in the whole of a theological system—which, whatever may be thought of it in some other respects, must, at least, be admitted to be a far more rational thing than our English high-churchmen would wish us to believe—which, at all events, possesses the

merit of singular compactness and harmony within itself—and which, moreover, can number among its defenders in past times, not a few, to whom, whether considered as divines or as authors, none of the theologians of these latter days, on either side of the Tweed, are worthy, as the phrase runs, of holding the candle. So far as doctrine is concerned, the two parties therefore, profess themselves to be agreed; and, indeed, I believe the great leaders on either side of the Kirk have a pride in shewing themselves at all times in their sermons, to be alike the genuine disciples of their Institute. The truth, however, may perhaps be, that wherever the business of any polity, civil or ecclesiastical, is conducted in popular assemblies of debate, the infirmities of human nature make it necessary that at least two parties should exist; and when once they do exist, it is odds but they will find some feasible pretences for their separation. Of old, as you well know, the whole of the Presbyterian ministers were Whigs—and it was only by means of the stubborn zeal with which they adhered to the political principles of that state party, that they were enabled to revive so often, and at last to establish on its present firm basis, a system of church government, long so odious to the hold-

ers of the executive power. But after the oppressive measures under which the internal spirit of their sect long throve and prospered, exactly in proportion as its external circumstances suffered—after these had been laid aside, and the Kirk found herself in secure possession of all her privileges and emoluments, all those varieties of political opinion which prevailed among the body of the nation, soon began to find adherents in the very bosom of the Kirk—and men ere long learned to think, that a Geneva cloak and a Scottish stipend might just be as well applied to the uses of a Tory as to those of a Whig. And so, by degrees, (the usual influences of the crown and aristocracy finding their way, no doubt, among other things, into the minds of churchmen, against whom neither crown nor aristocracy any longer contended)—there arose even in the Kirk of Scotland a party of Tory ministers and elders. These are they, who, in general, go by the name of the Moderates; but that appellation—originally, I am told, assumed by themselves, and sarcastically adopted by their adversaries—is not derived from the style of their political opinions, but rather meant to denote the more gentle and reasonable interpretation

which they would profess to put upon the religious tenets of the Kirk. The Whigs, in like manner, are called *Wild-men*, or *High-flyers*, entirely on account of the alleged ultra-Calvinistic austerity of their dogmas. The plain fact of the matter is, that both names are, like most other nick-names, sufficiently absurd—and were I to judge from what I have observed in the General Assembly, I should certainly be inclined to think that the attributes of *Wildness* and *Moderation*, are by no means confined to the opposite sides of the aisle, in the same regular manner as are the bodies of those to whom they furnish watch-words of party-strife.

Of late, however, the emptiness of this distinction has become infinitely more apparent than ever; the few questions of any sort of moment, upon which their disputes were made to hinge, having been all settled—and there being in truth no longer any matter of ecclesiastical belief or practice, in regard to which it is possible for them to awaken the full zeal of their respective adherents. Of the great strife-producing questions, the law of Patronage was the last—and you may see a copious account of the way in which it was settled, in Sir Henry Mon-

crieff's Life of the late Dr. Erskine. The dispute about Mr. Leslie's professorship, is the only thing which has of late years excited any very general interest, or called into full action any of the old animosities. But even that was of too limited and personal a nature, to be considered as any thing more than a passing tempest—and the horizon soon became pretty calm when the first tumult of it blew over. Since that time, this tranquillity has been pretty regularly preserved—and the Moderates and the Wildmen may be seen, year after year, drawn up against each other without having an inch of debateable land to fight about. So that the General Assembly, of late years, may rather be considered as a kind of annual wappenshaw, than an actual campaign. The popinjays at which they shoot, are "trifles light as air"—and their only instruments are a few harmless επεα πτεροεντα. I am sorry, in one point of view, that this is the case; for I should undoubtedly have seen, with much satisfaction, a few specimens of the more true and fervid hostilities of the olden time. Nay, even to have heard the divines of the North arguing "in stern divan," about the most profound questions in metaphysics—and launching their arrows, *pleno impetu*, against the Manes of their

old adversary, David Hume—all which they did to much purpose in the Leslie case—even this would have been a luxury, for the sake of which alone I should have thought my shandry-damning to the North well bestowed. But, "*ces sont des choses passés,*" as the French infidels say—and I must be contented with having seen the brawny forms, and heard the hoarse voices of heroes, whose spears have in a great measure been turned into pruning-hooks. But I forget that you have not seen them, and that you will expect me to describe what I have seen.

I wish I had seen the Assembly of the Kirk in the last age, on many accounts, but most of all because its affairs were then directed, and its parties led, by men, whose remarkable talents have not been inherited by any of those who now occupy the same places. The leaders of the Kirk, at the present time, are highly respectable men; but nobody pretends to disguise the fact, that they are but indifferent representatives of Robertson and Erskine; not the worst evidence of which circumstance may, perhaps, be found, in the exactness with which all the peculiarities of these departed leaders are still held in remembrance, even by those who never saw them, and indeed the zeal with which I myself

have heard their merits enlarged upon by many who take comparatively little interest in matters merely ecclesiastical. The Historian, to be sure, was a person of so much importance, in all points of view, that it is no wonder the circumstances of his behaviour should have been treasured up affectionately, both by those who agreed, and those who disagreed with him as to the affairs of the Kirk. But his rival was nothing but an ecclesiastic; so that the honour in which his memory is held, may perhaps be considered as a still more unequivocal testimony to his ecclesiastical virtues. The truth is, that they were both men of great talents—great virtues—great prudence—and great piety—and the union of these excellencies was enough, without any further addition, to make their brethren of the Kirk proud of their presence living, and of their memories now that they are dead. In their time, the ascendance they had—each over his particular party in the church,—was entire and unquestioned—but each bore his honours so meekly, that even his adversaries rejoiced in acknowledging that his honours were due. For myself, I hear them both spoken of in terms of almost equal respect by both parties. The little irritations of temper which each, no doubt, encounter-

ed now and then when alive, have all passed away—even the shadows of them; and nothing is thought of but the honour which both of them equally conferred upon the church to which they belonged.

These two leaders of the Church of Scotland were, as it happened, colleague ministers in the same Kirk in Edinburgh; but the party differences which separated them so widely in the Ecclesiastical Courts, were never permitted to disturb the kindness of that co-operative zeal, with which they discharged the common functions thus entrusted to their care. While the minor champions of the two parties were found disturbing with their jealousies, and envies, and aversions, every corner of the country—these excellent men might be seen, year after year, through a long period of their lives, walking together in brotherly love to the church in which they both officiated—each recommending to his people by his example, to listen with Christian confidence to the instructions of the other—forgetting utterly the paltry disputes of Presbyteries, Synods, and Assemblies, in the presence of their common Father and their common flock—and looking down with equal pity from the elevation of their common love and faith, upon all

the little heart-burnings which agitated the bosoms of their less intelligent and less liberal adherents. The example which they thus afforded was, of course, valuable in proportion to the reputation they enjoyed—and in either case this was very great. Of Robertson, nothing need be said—his genius would have made him an object of reverence in any age and country—and in the age and country in which he did appear, there were a thousand circumstances which could not fail to enhance the natural value of his great and splendid genius. He was one of the most elegant, and he was by far the most popular, of the authors of his day in Britain; and he formed, in public estimation, the centre of a brilliant constellation, which rose with him on the hitherto dark horizon of the literature of Scotland. He was also at the head of the greatest University in Scotland; and altogether it is very easy to see what a powerful influence such a man as he was, must have exerted over the minds of those who lived in the country which he so eminently adorned—above all, of those who could not but feel a great and just pride in seeing such a man discharging the duties of their own profession. His mild and elegant manners, too, could not be

without their effect, even upon those who were comparatively rude and coarse—and the graceful, yet energetic eloquence which he possessed, must have established for him a superiority which few could dispute in any popular assembly.

Neither was Dr. Erskine, on the other hand, without some peculiar advantages, besides his professional talents and virtues. He was a man of high birth—being a near descendant of the same house of Buchan which has of late years been so prolific in genius—and the share which many branches of his family had taken in the internal convulsions of the country, had given him additional claims to respect in the eyes of a large proportion of those who followed his political, no less than his religious persuasion. He possessed, moreover, a plentiful estate, and both his birth and his wealth enabled him to make an appearance in the world quite different from what is at all usual among the ministers of the Kirk. These things would probably have been of themselves sufficient to render Dr. Erskine an object of more than common estimation among his brethren, even had his talents been of a comparatively unimportant class; but conjoined with

the natural influence of a most masculine understanding—and that too improved and enriched by a very uncommon share of learning—it is no wonder that their effect should have been great indeed. If you look into his Sermons—and I have often seen them in the hands of clergymen of our church—you will have no difficulty in seeing that the grasp of this man's intellect was of a very uncommon order—that his metaphysical acuteness was an admirable weapon—and that the noble simplicity of his feelings and sentiments enabled him to wield it with the most safe and beautiful dexterity. You will also see that he had at his command the treasures of an erudition far more extensive, and at the same time far more profound, than is in fashion even among the best theologians of our own time; and you will not be surprised to learn, that he lived on terms of equal and familiar correspondence with the giant intellect of Warburton, or that Hurd should have pronounced him to be the "deepest divine he ever knew after the Bishop of Gloucester." Learning of this kind, however, must have been a much greater wonder in Scotland than it could have been elsewhere; for it is a singular enough thing, that although no country has been more distinguish-

ed than this for religious zeal, and although no country, I firmly believe, possesses a more religious population than this, Scotland has been poor beyond all example in the production of eminent theologians. The Kirk of Scotland has produced many sensible, and a few elegant, sermon-writers: but she has nothing to shew beside our great phalanx of biblical or doctrinal divines. Dr. Erskine, however, was skilled not only in the branches of what is commonly called theological reading, but in many things besides, which must have enabled him to throw new lights upon the deeper parts of his theology. He was skilled, above all, in profounder kinds of philosophy than his countrymen or ours are fond of; and, among all modern authors, he used to say his chief favourite was Mendelssohn. Some Latin translations from the works of that illustrious Hebrew excited his first curiosity in regard to the Philosophy of Germany, and he acquired the language of that country, at a very advanced period of his life, without the assistance of any master. In all things he was an original man; and he carried with him into all his pursuits a full measure of that high and dauntless ardour, without which nothing great ever was accomplished in any department. I have

seen a very fine engraving from a picture of him painted long ago by Raeburn, and I shall bring a copy of it with me to hang in my study beside my uncle's old favourites, Barrow, Hooker, Butler, Warburton, and Horsley. It is an easy matter to see in his physiognomy the marks of profound reflection, blended and softened with all Christian gentleness of heart and mind. For a better portrait than the pencil can make, you may turn to Guy Mannering; you will there find it drawn to the life—(so I am assured)—by one who has preserved many fine things for Scotland, and few things better worthy of preservation than the image of this eminent divine.

On the left hand of the Moderator, I saw the successor of Dr. Erskine in the chieftainship of the Whig party of the Kirk of Scotland—Sir Henry Moncrieff. This gentleman is the representative of one of the oldest families in this kingdom, and stands, I believe, very near the head in the list of its baronets; and, like his predecessor, he also no doubt owes not a little of his pre-eminence to the influence of his birth and rank. The truth is, that these are things which always do command a very great share of respect everywhere—and in Scotland more than almost anywhere else in the world. You

see that even the democrats of Westminster cannot shake off their old English prejudices in regard to these matters; they will never listen to their Gale Joneses and their Bristol Hunts, while they have any chance of being harangued by mistaken *gentlemen*, such as Burdett, Kinnaird, and Hobhouse. The herd of plebeian clergymen in the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland confess the same innate veneration for symbols of worldly distinction, by the half-proud, half-humble glances which they are perpetually casting towards the orange-tawney ribbon and Nova Scotia badge that decorate the breast of the only man of title in their body. Sir Henry, indeed, does not require these symbols to attest his claims to aristocratical distinction. His air is decidedly that of a man of birth and station—he holds himself with the true mien of a dignitary—and looks (under favour,) when surrounded by his adherents, very much like a Lord Bishop receiving the bows of his country curates at a visitation. All this, however, is very far from constituting his sole right to the eminence he holds. The marks of strong vigorous intellect are planted thick upon his physiognomy—his forehead is compact and full of nerve, and the head rises into a superb

height in the region of Will—his nose is thick set between his brows, and the nostrils are curved like those of an Hercules. His lips are compressed with a decision of purpose that nothing can shake; and the whole face abounds in square massy lines, that pronounce his temperament to be that of one fond of gladiatorship. His smile, too, is full of a courtly suavity, which shews that he is skilful as well as bold—and, what is best of all for a leader of a party, the general air of the man is stamped with the expression of sheer honesty. Nobody can look upon the Baronet without perceiving that nature meant him to be a ruler, not a subject; and, if I may judge from the specimens I have seen, he is, in truth, a very admirable master in the great art of rule. He seems, indeed, to have a prodigious tact in the management of his tumultuous array; and the best proof of it is, that those whom he leads do not seem to have the least suspicion of the extent of their subjection. When he speaks, one is put very strongly in mind of the forensic eloquence of his son, which I think I have already described to you. Like him, his voice and gestures are harsh—like him, he disdains, or seems to disdain, all the elegancies of the art—but, like him, he plants himself resolutely before his diffi-

culties—and, like him, if nothing else will do, he cuts the knots with the decision of a genuine Macedonian. The contrast which his plain downright method of attacking the understanding where it should be attacked, presents to the vague illogical rhapsodies of the rural fine speakers from the back rows of the aisle—or to the feeble irresolute middle-sailings of the smooth would-be sages that sit nearer himself—is as striking a thing as possible. But his main excellence seems to lie in the art with which he contrives to correct, almost ere they are made, the blunders of his ambitious—and to nerve, even while they are faultering, the courage and decision of his timorous associates. He is a great politician; and, had he come into Parliament, I have very little doubt his peculiar faculties would have made him as powerful a person there as he is here in the General Assembly of the Kirk.

Nearly opposite to him, at the other hand of the Moderator, sits Dr. Inglis, the chief of the Moderate or Tory party—or rather, perhaps, the chief of a small college of cardinals, by whom that party is managed, as the other party is by the undivided vigour of Sir Henry Moncrieff. The doctor is an ungainly figure of a man at first sight, but, on looking a little, one

easily observes in him also the marks both of good breeding and strong intellect. His voice is peculiarly unfortunate—or, rather, he has two voices, a hoarse and a sharp, from the one to the other of which he sometimes makes different digressions in the course of the same sentence. But when once the impression of this disagreeable voice is got over, one finds that it is the vehicle both of excellent language and of excellent sense. He does not appear to speak under the same violent impulses of personal will which characterize the Baronet's eloquence; but he is quite as logical in his reasoning, and perhaps still more dexterous in the way in which he brings his arguments to bear upon the conclusion to which he would conduct his hearers. In his illustrations, too, he displays the command of a much more copious reading, and a much more lively fancy than his rival. And even his voice, when he touches upon any topic of feeling, reveals a something totally unexpected by those who hear him for the first time—its harshest notes being, as it were, softened and deepened into a mysterious sort of tremour, which is irresistibly impressive, in spite of its uncouthness. The secret is, that Dr. Inglis is a man of genuine power, and the eloquence of such men

cannot be stayed by any minor obstacles from working its way to its object.

But I am forgetting the order in which all these things appeared to me.

P. M.

LETTER LIX.

TO THE SAME.

In witnessing the forms of the Presbyterian Convocation, I could not help feeling a greater degree of interest than I should otherwise have done, from the notion that in them, and, indeed, in the whole aspect of the Assembly, not a little might be perceived of the same appearances which characterized, two centuries ago, those more important meetings, in which the Presbyterian party in Church and State took the lead and direction. On the first day of the Assembly, for example, after the Commissioner had delivered his credentials, which consisted of a long pious epistle upon parchment, from the Prince Regent to the Ministers and Elders in General Assembly convened, wherein his Royal Highness stimulates them to a still more zealous discharge of their respective duties, by all manner

of devout arguments, and copious quotations from the minor Prophets and Epistles—and after the Moderator had returned thanks for this favour, and intimated the firm resolution of himself and his brethren to profit, as far as the infirmities of their nature might permit, by the faithful admonitions of the nursing father of our Zion,"—after these ceremonies had been duly gone through, the whole of the forenoon, that is from twelve till five o'clock, was devoted to a succession of extemporaneous or seemingly extemporaneous prayers delivered by the Moderator himself, and after him by various clergymen in different quarters of the house, who appeared to call upon each other for addresses to the Deity, in the same way as the members of less sacred assemblies call upon each other for glees and catches. This reminded me most strongly of the descriptions which Clarendon gives of the opening of the Sessions of the Rump—to say nothing of the committees of major-generals under Cromwell. The long, dreary, dreamy, wandering, threadless discourses, too, which some of the reverend performers took occasion to deliver, reminded me of some of the crafty vaguenesses of old Noll himself, and the more sincere absurdities of Sir Harry Vane.

A few of the more sensible seniors, and most of the younger members, appeared to have some faint notion that a prayer to the Almighty ought not to be a composition of the same class with a homily to sinful men; but, in general, those who conducted the devotions of the Assembly on this occasion, although they began and concluded with the usual invocation and glorification, did not in fact pray, but preach, throughout the body of their addresses. It seems to me that there is something most offensively irreverent in the style of these extemporaneous effusions—Nay, I do not hesitate to say, that their character was such as entirely to take away from me all notion of joining mentally in the devotions which they were probably meant to express. Under the mask of supplication to the Deity, it seemed to be considered as quite a proper thing to introduce all manner of by-hits at the errors and corruptions observed, not only in the practice, but in the creed also of our fellow-men; and it was easy to see, that instead of humbly pouring out the aspirations of a devout spirit before the throne of Grace, the intention of the praying minister was not unfrequently to shew off his own skill in clearing up the darkness of points, which would never have

been left mysterious in the oracles of God, had it been judged meet that our reason should fully comprehend them. And yet in spite of all this—the appearance of sincerity and ardour was so strong in most of the addresses, that it was impossible to listen to them without feeling respect for those from whose lips they proceeded, and I had no difficulty in believing that custom and ancient prejudice might have been sufficient to render them the most acceptable vehicles for the warmest devotional feelings of those, whose serious and earnest physiognomies met my too-excursive eye in every quarter of the Assembly.

As the hour of dinner approached, however, I could not avoid observing a considerable diminution in the attentiveness of the majority of the audience, and, at last, an apparently interminable orator was fairly jogged on the elbow by his neighbours, as the finger of the clock began to come within a few lines of the appointed period. Wastle and I adjourned with many others to the Royal Hotel, where it is the custom, during the sitting of the Assembly, for such as have attended the levee of the Commissioner, to be present on the same day at the more substantial ceremonial of his dinner. The feast

was a pretty thing in its way, and did credit to the taste of the bold individual who has adventured to finger the napkin of the peerless Macculloch. The company, too, was splendid at my end of the table, where the more fashionable members of the party were congregated within hearing of the Commissioner himself. Towards the other extremity, at which his Grace's pursebearer officiated as croupier, the company seemed to consist mostly of clerical personages—and I thought the broad hungry faces of some of these rural divines, looked somewhat aghast upon the fine Frenchified dishes, omelets, orissoles, crocats, and fricandeaus, which smoked in all the pomp of garlic beneath their sharp nostrils.—"Fat have we gotten hereawa?"—cried one of them—whose keen brazen voice penetrated quite across the room, in very indecorous distinctness, "Fat have we here, Dr. Macbrair?—I wish I had a guid platefu' of beef an' reets—this is feed fit for naebody but Moushers."—"Ye say naething but the trowth," said the other—"an binna a bit fite fish, I've got naething to ca' a moothfu' since I cam here the day."—A compassionate waiter, however, soon brought two large trenchers of roast mutton from the side table, and soothed effec-

tually the clamours of these ravenous Aberdonians. They were quite silent for some ten minutes, I imagine; but a salver of hock being carried round, they both drank with precipitation of the unwonted fluid—and I perceived them spitting and sputtering afterwards, as if they had swallowed vinegar. I heard them muttering something about "pooshening"—but the poison came my own way, and my attention was diverted from the conclusion of their colloquy.

The dinner, however, was upon the whole rather a stately than an agreeable one; and although the wine was good, I can scarcely say I regretted the earliness of the hour at which the Commissioner rose, and the party broke up. It was no more than seven when we departed, so that I carried the Laird home with me to Oman's, and gave him a bottle or two of better claret than his Grace's—for wine, after all, is an equivocator with gout as well as with some other distempers, and if it accelerates the advent of the fit, there is no question it hastens also the departure of its relics. Such, at least, is the creed of

PETER MORRIS, M. D. &c. &c. &c.

LETTER LX.

TO THE SAME.

I WENT often to the Assembly during its sittings; but, in general, I found the business in which they were engaged of a nature so dull, that I was contented to make my visits short. It was only on one day that I was induced to prolong my stay during the whole sederunt—and, in truth, I am given to understand, that it is only when subjects of the sort then discussed come before them, that, even among the clergy themselves, much interest or attention is excited. On entering the house, indeed, I could not but remark, that the rows set apart for Members of Assembly were garnished with a plentiful admixture of persons, obviously of a totally different description from those with whose faces I had formed some acquaintance on

the "day of prayers." Here and there among the sober clergymen, on either side of the house, might be seen scattered knots of young men, who wore indeed black coats, but whose whole air and mien were decidedly the reverse of clerical. Not a few of their faces, moreover, were already familiar to me, although I could not at first bring myself to believe that they were actually the same faces I had so often speculated upon, among the far different accompaniments of the Outer-House and its side-bars. A friend, however, to whom I applied for information, told me at once that my suspicions were perfectly well founded, and that the young gentlemen whose unecclesiastical appearance had struck my observation, were no other than so many juvenile advocates, to whom it would seem their respective Presbyteries and Boroughs in the country had entrusted the duties of representing them in the General Assembly of the Church. You have heard, no doubt, that a certain number of Lay Elders are admitted to the counsels of all the Ecclesiastical Courts in Scotland—but nobody certainly would have suspected that such a venerable designation could be applied to such persons as these young limbs of the law. Could the spirit of Knox re-animate

once more the dust that sleeps beneath the chancel of St. Giles's, what wrath would suffuse the "grim visage of verjuice, frowning over a red beard in shape like unto an otter's tail," on seeing the seats which such laymen as George Buchanan once held, profaned by the intrusion of such heirs as these. Truly, the great τειχεσιπλητας would have deemed it foul scorn that the Scottish Zion should seek her Ruling Elders in the Stove-School!

The case which had induced all these worthies to congregate themselves among the more regular and conscientious Members of the Convocation, was that of a Northern Minister, (from the Hebrides I believe,) who had been accused of criminal conversation with his house-keeper, and who now, after having been tried in succession by the minor jurisdictions of the Presbytery and Provincial Synod, was about to have his guilt or innocence finally determined by the supreme fiat of the infallible Assembly. The moment his case was announced, I observed an unusual commotion in every part of the house —ministers, laymen, and ladies, all alike leaning forward to catch the *ipsissima verba* of the peccant parson's dittay. It did not seem to be held proper, however, that the last named body

of auditors should be indulged with the full gratification of their curiosity, for several of the leading ministers round the Moderator's table began immediately by nods, winks, and pointings, to intimate to them the necessity of their withdrawing themselves. Nods and winks, however, did not produce much effect; and Dr. Macknight, the principal secretary of the Assembly, was obliged to make himself very conspicuous by a terrific use of his lungs in exhortation, before the whole of the fair visitors could be prevailed upon to take themselves off. After they were gone, the remaining audience seemed to feel themselves at liberty to listen with more undisguised eagerness to the minutiæ of the affair; and, indeed, the prolixity of the details to which they listened, was no less extravagant than disgusting. For myself, after hearing an hour or two of the thing, I became heartily sick of it, and would have retired had it not been for the sake of the specimens of clerical eloquence which I hoped to hear after the evidence had been gone through. Even this, however, did not gratify me quite so much as I had expected. Dr. Inglis and Sir Harry Moncrieff seemed to be contented with delivering their opinions (which, by the way, exactly co-

incided) in as few words as possible, and the banquet of expatiating and commenting was left almost untouched for the less delicate lips of the *minorum gentium Dei* from the country. The more conspicuous of the clerical orators, were Dr. Skene Keith, a shrewd, bitter, sarcastic humourist from Aberdeenshire, and Mr. Lapslie, an energetic rhapsodist from the west of Scotland. The last-mentioned individual is undoubtedly the most enthusiastic speaker I ever heard. He is a fine, tall, bony man, with a face full of fire, and a bush of white locks, which he shakes about him like the thyrsus of a Bacchanal. He tears his waistcoat open—he bares his breast as if he had scars to shew—he bellows—he sobs—he weeps—and sits down at the end of his harangue, trembling all to the fingers' ends like an exhausted Pythoness. He possesses, undoubtedly, many of the natural elements of oratory—but of perfect oratory it may be said, as the Stagyrite has already said of perfect poetry, that it is the affair "ȣ̓ μανικȣ τινος αλλα εμφρονος." I wont trouble you with the minutiæ—the poor minister was at last found innocent—and for how much of his safety he might be indebted to the impassioned defence of Dr. Lapslie, I shall not pretend to guess.

But whatever may be thought of the external shows and forms of their procedure, I should imagine there can be no more than one and the same respectful opinion concerning that severe and scrutinizing style of ecclesiastical discipline, of which such procedure constitutes so remarkable a part. It must be admitted, David, in spite of all our prejudices, that this popular form of church government carries with it manifold advantages. To you, who so well know the present state of discipline in the Church of England—it is not necessary that I should say much on this head. That no clergyman in the Church of Scotland can be suspected of any breach of that decorum, the absolute integrity of which is so necessary to his professional usefulness, without at once subjecting himself to the anxious and jealous investigation of Courts composed as these are—this one circumstance is of itself enough to convince me, that the clerical character in Scotland must stand very high in the sacred secureness of its purity. And so, indeed, is the fact, "their enemies themselves being witnesses." Even Wastle, with all his Episcopalian prejudices, is proud of the uncontaminated character of the Clergy of the Established Church of Scotland, and scruples not to express his wish

that some churches, with whose form of government he is better pleased, were better capable of sustaining a comparison with this. For me, I was always less of a bigot than Wastle; and really the more I see of the Kirk, the more do I begin to be of opinion that forms of ecclesiastical government are, after all, of comparatively little avail—and that here, perhaps as elsewhere, "whate'er is best administered is best*."

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Neither, after what I have heard you say so often and so well about the propriety of re-establishing the Ecclesiastical Convocation in England, can I at all doubt of your agreeing

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* Here some reflections, touching the Clergy of Wales, are omitted.

with me in admiring the institution of the General Assembly in Scotland. It may be true, that, in the present state of things, few questions of great moment are submitted to the consideration of this Court—and it may be true, that in the mode of considering such questions as are submitted to it, there is much that may call a smile into the cheek of a casual observer. But who can question that the clerical body, and through them the whole of those who adhere to the church of Scotland—receive the most substantial good from this annual meeting, which calls all their representatives together? The very fact that such a meeting takes place, is enough to satisfy one that it is prolific in benefits. From it there must be carried every year, into the remotest districts which contribute to its numbers, a spirit and an impetus that cannot fail to infuse a new life into the whole body of the ecclesiastical polity in Scotland. From it there must spring an union of purpose—a condensation of endeavour—a knowledge of what ought to be done, and a wisdom concerning the mode of doing it—which I fear it is quite impossible the clergymen of a church, ruled without such convocations, should ever effectually rival. I think, in

good truth, the churchmen of England should no longer permit themselves to be deprived of the advantages which a General Assembly cannot but confer—advantages, too, which it was always presumed, by the great founders of their own polity, that the Church of England should and must possess. To revive any claims to that political authority, which the Convocation of England formerly possessed, would be entirely absurd and unprofitable; and I think they are not true friends to the church, who throw obstacles in the way of re-establishing the convocation by such hints as these. But there is abundant occasion for a convocation, even although it should have nothing to do with taxation, and little with politics of any kind. Besides the general reason of the thing, the example of the Church of Scotland, and the superior success with which its fabric seems to hold out against the encroachments of sectaries, should not be overlooked or disdained. If the clergy of England possessed the means of bringing their intellects into collision, and so of shewing what their strength of intellect really is in the discussions of a great Ecclesiastical Court, I have no doubt the world would soon be satisfied that there is no

body of men more largely entitled to the respect and confidence of their fellow-countrymen. The puny tribes of Dissenters, who keep up everywhere a noisy and petulant warfare against the scattered and unsupported ministers of our church, would at once be awed into silence and insignificance by the shew of intellectual might —erudition—and virtue, which would beam from this majestic Assembly. The ignorant ravings of one set of your enemies, and the cold degrading cant of another still worse set of them, would be alike rebuked into nothingness by the resurrection of the slumbering genius of your Union. I know your feelings on this subject—and I know that your opinions, in regard to it, have been far more matured by reflection than mine; but here I see with my own eyes the actual operation of a similar engine, and I cannot refrain from expressing to you the impression it makes upon me—too happy should any hint of mine be of the least power in stimulating the zeal of one so much better able to understand and to promote the interests of a church, which, however, you can neither love more warmly, nor venerate more profoundly, than I do.

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I have, in some of my former letters, said a good deal about the sceptical style of philosophy prevalent among the Scottish Universities and Literati—and I have also said something about the general influence of the peculiar style of religious belief adopted by the great body of the nation; but I fear that, in regard to both subjects, my mode of talking may have been calculated to leave you with somewhat erroneous impressions. Of late, since the General Assembly, I have directed my attention much more closely than I had done to the state of religion in this kingom—I have made it my business to go from church to church in this city, and hear with my own ears all the more celebrated preachers it possesses—things which, indeed, I should have done much earlier, had it not been for the violent prejudices of my good friend, Mr. Wastle, who insisted, Sunday after Sunday, on my accompanying him to his pew in one particular Episcopalian Chapel, and, I firmly believe,

would have thought it a fine thing could he have persuaded me to quit Scotland without having heard a single sermon in a Presbyterian kirk. I rejoice, on every account, that I broke through these trammels, and that in consequence of having done so, I shall now have it in my power to present you with much, and, I hope, interesting information, of which you must otherwise have been deprived.

P. M.

LETTER LXI.

TO THE SAME.

I HAVE remarked, that among the people of Scotland, conversation turns much more frequently, and much more fervently, on the character and attainments of individual clergymen, than is at all usual with us in England. Nor does it seem to me that this is any just subject of astonishment, considering what the nature of the Ecclesiastical Establishment in Scotland really is. The disdain of those external formalities, by which elsewhere so great, and I think so proper an impression is made on the minds of the people—the absence of all those arts which elsewhere enlist the imagination and fancy of men, on the side of that Faith which rather subdues than satisfies our finite Reason—the plain austere simplicity with which the

Presbyterian Church invests herself in all her addresses to the intellect of her adherents—all these things may in themselves be rather injudicious than otherwise, in the present state of our nature—but all these things contribute, I should suppose, and that neither feebly nor indistinctly, to the importance of the individual priests, into whose hands this church entrusts the administration of her unadorned and unimposing observances. Deprived of the greater part of those time-hallowed and majestic rites, with which the notions of profound piety are in other countries so intimately linked in the minds of mankind, and by which the feelings of piety are so powerfully stimulated and sustained—deprived of all those aids which devotion elsewhere borrows from the senses and the imagination—the Presbyterian Church possesses, in her formal and external constitution, very few of those elements which contribute most effectually to the welfare of the other churches in Christendom. But the most naked ritual cannot prevent the imaginations and the feelings of men from taking the chief part in their piety, and these, debarred from the species of nourishment elsewhere afforded, are here content to seek nourishment of another

kind, in the contemplation not of Forms, but of Men. To the devout Presbyterian—the image of his minister, and the idea of his superior sanctity, come instead not only of the whole calendar of the Catholic Christian, but of all the splendid liturgies, and chauntings, and pealing organs of our English cathedrals. The church of Scotland may say with the Greek,—"It is not in wide-spreading battlements, nor in lofty towers, that the security of our city consists—Men are our defence."—ὅτοι εισιν τα τειχεα και τα πυργωματα ὁιοπερ εκσωζεται ἡμων ἡ πολις.

How great and commanding was the influence which the early ministers of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland exerted over the minds of their people, is well known to you—and may easily indeed be gathered from all the histories of the times. In those days, of course, the natural effects of the naked ceremonial of the Kirk were mightily augmented by the persecution which prevented her from making free and open use of its scanty services; so that the Ministers were often not the chief only, but the sole symbols of the faith of those who followed their system, and were regarded as nothing less than so many moveable tabernacles, carrying with them into the wilderness the only visible types

of their primitive devotion. Even now, however, there survive no inconsiderable relics of the same prejudices which then throve so luxuriantly in the "bare and desolated bosoms" of an oppressed and insulted people—growing like the Tannen of Childe Harold,

> "Loftiest on loftiest and least sheltered rocks,
> Rooted in barrenness, where nought below
> Of soil sustained them 'gainst the Alpine shocks
> Of eddying storms."———

A thousand proud, no less than pious recollections, are connected in Scottish minds, with that integrity of their ecclesiastical polity, which was the reward of the long sufferings and constancy of their forefathers—and with the persons of those whom they regard as the heirs and offspring of the principal actors in all the scenes of that eventful period. I have already said something of the attempts which were made to represent the first Tales of my Landlord as a series of wanton attacks upon the heroes of the Covenant, and insults against the Presbyterian prejudices of the majority of the Scottish people. The best proof of the injustice and absurdity of these attempts, is their total failure. Had the Tale of Old Mortality been written in that spirit, it would not have taken its place, as it has

already done, in the cottages of Scotland, beside the "big ha' Bible," and the original rude histories of the seventeenth century. And if more proof were wanting, it would be found in the very different fate which has attended a work of much amusement, and no inconsiderable cleverness, written really and plainly in that spirit of scoffing and irreverence, which the author of these Novels never could have been capable of displaying---I mean Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe's Edition of Kirkton's History. Much may, no doubt, be pardoned in a descendant of the murdered archbishop---I speak not of the man, for whom there may be many apologies---but of his book, which cannot be anywise defended when considered *per se*, and which even the Quarterly Review will in vain endeavour to save from that utter neglect, which is at once the most just and the most severe punishment of all such offences against feelings in themselves respectable, and in their effects beneficial.

You will comprehend, then, that the species of devotion with which the Scotch Presbyterians are accustomed to regard the persons of their clergymen, is a much more noble sort of thing than the homage paid to Methodist pastors

by their saintly flocks in England. It partakes of the dignity of ancient recollections—and it borrows dignity, moreover, from the wide and national character of the feelings which it embodies and expresses. Our Methodist divines, on the contrary, are saturated with a vulgar banquet, which has not one element of grandeur to redeem any portion of its vulgarity. The slavish wonderment with which they are gazed upon by the goggling eyes of their mechanical followers, is a very different sort of thing from the filial respect with which the Moncrieffs, Inglises, and Chalmerses of Scotland, are regarded by the devout descendants of the old establishers of Presbytery. So much for proem.

The first Presbyterian clergyman of Edinburgh, whom I went to hear, was the same Reverend Baronet of whose appearance in the General Assembly I have already spoken. In the pulpit, the appearance of this man is quite as commanding, and it is (under favour) far more amiable, than in the Ecclesiastical Court; and this is just as it should be. He has a pride, it would seem, in keeping up as much as the times will permit, not only of the animating spirit, but the external demeanour, of the old Presbyterian divines. They, you know, set their faces

entirely against the notion of any superior sanctity being attached to the mere *locale* of any place of worship, and in order to mark this notion in a tangible way, they introduced the custom of entering the church covered. Sir Henry adheres even to this somewhat rude practice, and I observed him with astonishment walking from his vestry through the church, and ascending the steps of his pulpit with his hat on his head. It was not till he had fairly established himself in his seat, that he took off his hat, and hung it upon a peg immediately over him. I was surprised, and a little offended perhaps, by the apparent irreverence of this behaviour; but the service soon commenced, and my thoughts were speedily constrained to flow in a very different channel.

In his prayer, however, and even through a considerable part of his sermon, I must not deny that the impression of strength and acumen, conveyed by the style of the Baronet's eloquence, was still accompanied with some sense of coarseness, not much expected or relished in such a situation by my English ears. The novelty of such a way of preaching, notwithstanding, was sufficient to rivet effectually my

attention, and the broad substratum of practical pith could not fail to shine brightly through the voluntary opakenesses he scattered over his surface. But towards the end, when he had done with all his bitter and dogmatic reprobations of those who interpret differently from him the passage on which he enlarged, and made an end also of his own somewhat technical expositions of the Calvinistic minutiæ in point, and began fairly to press home upon his people the use which they ought to make, in their daily life and conversation, of the truths which he had been promulgating or establishing—it was then that all the harsher parts of his mind seemed to have been stilled into quiescence, and that all the lines of his masculine countenance seemed to thrill and vibrate with the genuine apostolic tenderness of a Christian minister. Nor when I looked up and saw those features, which heretofore I had contemplated clothed in the rigid marble of unmixed austerity, dissolving now and trembling with the warm gushing inspirations of love and compassion—could I help feeling, that this is the true way in which the gentler and more delightful feelings of humanity ought to be made to come in the train and at-

tendance of the sterner behests of that law which is nothing unless it be severe.

What a different sort of effect has such a tender close as this, following after the bold and pealing alarums of an unsparing, (even should it be a rude) honesty, from the puling and piping echos of eternal tenderness with which not a few of the popular sermon-makers of the day think fit to regale the effeminate ears of their admirers! How different from the eloquence of your white handkerchiefed whiners—your ring-displaying, faultering, fawning, frothy weavers of pathetic periods—your soft, simpering saints, from whose mouths the religion of the Bible falls diluted and dulcified, like the meretricious moonlight burdens of an Irish melody!—It is by the ministrations of these poor drawlers that the Christian faith is degraded in the eyes of men who are sharp enough to observe these superficial absurdities, but not wise enough to penetrate below their veil into its true and deep-placed majesty. It is, on the other hand, by the ministrations of such men as Sir Henry Moncrieff, that men are, or ought to be, inspired with an equal and a simultaneous reverence for the awful and the gentle notes that are ever mingled together in the true oracles of God.

I also heard Dr. Inglis preach; and the high idea I had formed of him, from his speaking in the Assembly, was certainly raised, rather than otherwise, by the style of his eloquence in the Pulpit. This preacher is far from exhibiting anything of the same extreme attachment to the externals of the old Presbyterian Divines, which I had remarked in Sir Henry Moncrieff. He preaches, indeed, like a sound Calvinist; but in the arrangement of his subject, the choice of his illustrations, and the whole strain of his language, he is very little different from the best of our own High-Church preachers in England. I am sure, indeed, that (laying aside his northern accent, and some characteristic gestures which are quite as peculiar to the atmosphere of the north,) Dr. Inglis might preach the sermon I heard in any Cathedral in England, and would, in so doing, not only impress his audience with great admiration of his talents, but carry along with him, in the whole turn of his thoughts and sentiments, the perfect intelligence of their sympathies. And why, after all, should I state this as a circumstance any wise wonderful in regard to a man who is, as I have already told you, an accomplished scholar both

in and out of his profession? The Scottish clergyman, who is an accomplished divine, must have become such only by having intensely studied and comprehended the great divines of England. With the language of these men, and the knowledge of these men, is it wonderful that he should also adopt their modes of thinking and of feeling? I think it were strange, indeed, if he should not do so.

Sir Henry Moncrieff officiates in a church which lies out of the town altogether, at the western side of the Castle; and Dr. Inglis in the Greyfriars Church, which is situated in an obscure part of the Old Town. But the most popular preacher of the time in Edinburgh occupies a new and magnificent place of worship in the finest square, and most fashionable neighbourhood, of the whole city. Mr. Andrew Thomson (for that is his name) is a much younger man than either of those I have described; and perhaps his talents are still better adapted than those of either, for producing a powerful impression on the minds of people living in what may be called, strictly speaking, *the Society of Edinburgh*. Nor, indeed, can any better proof of his eminent qualifications be required, than the ef-

fect which, unless I am quite misinformed, his preaching has already produced in the place of his ministrations. I am assured, that church-going was a thing comparatively out of fashion among the fine folks of the New-Town of Edinburgh, till this man was removed from a church he formerly held in the Old-Town, and established under the splendid dome of St. George's. Only two or three years have elapsed since this change took place; and yet although he was at first received with no inconsiderable coolness by the self-complacent gentry of his new parish,—and although he adopted nothing that ordinary people would have supposed likely to overcome this coolness, he has already entirely subdued all their prejudices, and enjoys at this moment a degree of favour among all classes of his auditors, such as—(to the shame of the world be it spoken)—very seldom falls to the share of such a man in such a place.

His appearance is good; and this is less of a trifle in regard to such matters than he himself would perhaps be willing to allow. He is an active and muscular man, about forty, and carries in his countenance the stamp of a nature deficient in none of those elements which are

most efficacious in giving a man command over the minds of persons placed under the continual operation of his intellect. Most of his features, indeed, are rather homely than otherwise in their conformation—but they are all well defined, massy, and full of power. His eyes are quick, and firmly set—his lips are bold, and nervous in their motions, no less than in their quiescence—his nose is well carved, and joins firmly with a forehead of unquestionably very fine and commanding structure, expanded broadly below in sinuses of most iron projection, and swelling above in a square compact form, which harmonizes well with a strong and curled texture of hair. His attitude has no great pretensions to grace, but it conveys the notion of inflexible vigour and decision. His voice sounds somewhat harshly at first, but as he goes on one feels that it possesses a large compass, and that he wields its energies with the mastery of a musician.

In his mode of preaching, he displays less play of fancy than Dr. Inglis; and he never rises into any such broad and over-mastering bursts of pure passion, as I admired in the conclusion of Sir Henry Moncrieff's sermon. But

throughout, he sustains more skilfully than either, the tenor of his whole argument, and he mixes with it all throughout a thread of feeling, which is enough and more than enough to keep the interest alive and awake. But the chief origin of the power he has obtained, must be sought for, I doubt not, in the choice of his topics—the bold and unfearing manner in which he has dared to fix the attention of his audience, not upon matters best calculated to favour the display of his own ingenuity, or to flatter their vanity, by calling upon them to be ingenious in their listening—but upon plain points of radical importance in doctrine and practice, of which, as treated by preachers less acquainted with the actual ways of the world, it is probable most of them had become in a great measure weary, but which their own innate value and innate truth could not fail to render imperiously and decisively interesting, the moment they began to be handled by one possessed of the thorough manliness of *tact* and purpose, which Mr. Thomson cannot utter five sentences without displaying. To talk, indeed, of exhausting the interest of any such topics by any method of treating them —would be an absurdity—and cannot be ex-

plained in any sense, without involving the severest of satires upon those to whom the discussion is addressed. But it is, after all, a very wonderful thing how seldom one does find a man carrying with him into the pulpit, the perfect knowledge of the world as it is—a complete acquaintance with all the evanescent manifestations of folly, existing, for the moment, in the thoughts and feelings of "the great vulgar and the small"—and it is no less wonderful, and far more pitiable to observe, with what readiness the cosmopolites of the day take up with the want of this sort of knowledge on the part of their clergyman, as a sufficient apology for slighting and neglecting the weight of his opinion in regard to matters, their own intense ignorance and non-comprehension of which is so much less excusable, or, I should rather say, is so entirely unaccountable and absurd. Till the fine gentlemen of the present day perceive that you understand all that they themselves do, their self-love will not permit them to give you credit for understanding anything which they themselves do not understand—nay—not even for thinking that things are important, about the importance or non-importance of which they themselves have never had the fortune to occupy any portion of

their surpassing acumen and discernment. In a word, in order to preach with effect to the people of the world, as they are educated now-a-days, it is necessary to shew that you have gone through all their own little track—and then they may perhaps be persuaded that you have gone beyond it. Now, Mr. Andrew Thomson strikes me to be, without exception, one of the most complete masters of this world's knowledge I ever heard preach on either side of the Tweed; and therefore it is that he produces a most powerful effect, by shewing himself to be entirely and utterly its despiser. The person who hears him preach has none of the usual resources to which many are accustomed to retreat, when something is said from the pulpit that displeases their prejudices. They cannot pretend, even to themselves, that this is a secluded enthusiast who knows no better, and would not talk so, had he seen a little more of life. It is clear, from the moment he touches upon life, that he has looked at it as narrowly as if that observation had been his ultimatum, not his mean; and the probability is, that instead of smiling at his ignorance, the hearer may rather find occasion to suspect that his knowledge surpasses his own.

Having command of this rare and potent engine, with which to humble and disarm that wordly self-love, which is among the most formidable enemies of a modern preacher's eloquence,—and employing it at all times with the most fearless and unhesitating freedom,—and following it up at all times by the boldest and most energetic appeals to the native workings of the heart, which may be chilled, but are seldom extinguished,—it is no wonder that this man should have succeeded in establishing for himself a firm and lasting sway over the minds of his apparently elegant and fashionable audience. It has never indeed been my fortune to see, in any other audience of the kind, so many of the plain manifestations of attentive and rational interest during divine service. As for the sighing and sobbing masters and misses which one meets with at such places as Rowland Hill's chapel, and now and then at an evening sermon in the Foundling, these are beings worked upon by quite a different set of engines—engines which a man of sagacious mind, and nervous temperament, like Mr. Thomson, would blush to employ. I rejoice in finding that Edinburgh possesses, in the heart of her society, the faithful ministrations of this masculine intellect; and it

is a great additional reason for rejoicing, that by means, the effect of which could not have been calculated upon beforehand, these his faithful ministrations should have come to carry with them not only the tolerance, but the favour of those to whom they may do so much good. It is very seldom that the stream of fashion is seen to flow in a channel so safe, and a direction so beneficial.

Of the other members of the Established Church of Edinburgh whom I have heard preach, one of those who made most impression upon my mind was Dr. Thomas Macknight, son to the author of The Harmony of the Gospels, and Translation of the Epistles. I went chiefly from a desire to see the descendant of one of the few true theological writers Scotland has produced, and I found that the son inherits the learning of his father. Indeed, I have seldom heard more learning displayed in any sermon, and that, too, without at all diminishing the practical usefulness of its tendency. Another was Dr. Brunton, whom I confess I went to hear from a motive of somewhat the same kind—the wish, namely, to see the widowed husband of the authoress of Discipline, and the other novels of that striking series. He has a pale countenance, full of the ex-

pression of delicacy, and a melancholy sensibility, which is but too well accounted for by the grievous loss he has sustained. One sees that he is quite composed and resigned; but there is a settled sadness about his eyes which does equal honour to the departed and the survivor. In his sermon he displayed a great deal of elegant conception and elegant language; and altogether, under the circumstances which attended him, he seemed to me one of the most modestly impressive preachers I have ever heard.

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P. M.

LETTER LXII.

TO THE SAME.

I BELIEVE, therefore, most entirely in the merits of the Kirk—I have no doubt it is as well fitted as any establishment in Christendom could be, for promoting the cause of religion among the people of Scotland—nay, I may go farther, and say, that with the intellectual tendencies and habits of this people, it is now perhaps much the best they could have.

Presbytery, however, was not established in this country without a long and violent struggle, or series of struggles, in which it is too true, that the mere tyrannical aversion of the Stuart kings, was the main and most effectual enemy the Presbyterians had to contend with—but in which, notwithstanding, there was enlisted against the cause of that sect, no inconsiderable

nor weak array of fellow-citizens, conscientiously and devoutly adhering to an opposite system. It was a pity that the Scottish Episcopalians were almost universally Jacobites; for their adoption of that most hated of all heresies made it a comparatively easy matter for their doctrinal enemies to scatter them entirely from the field before them. Nevertheless, in spite of all the disfavour and disgrace with which, for a length of years, they had to contend, the spirit of the Episcopalian Church did not evaporate or expire, and she has of late lifted up her head again in a style of splendour, that seems to awaken considerable feelings of jealousy and wrath in the bosoms of the more bigotted Presbyterians who contemplate it. The more liberal adherents of the Scottish Kirk, however, seem to entertain no such feelings, or, rather, they take a pleasure in doing full justice to the noble stedfastness which has been displayed through so long a period of neglect, and more than neglect, by their fellow Christians of this persuasion. To the clergy of the Episcopalian Church, in particular, they have no difficulty in conceding a full measure of that praise, which firm adherence to principle has at all times the power of commanding; and the adherence of these men has, indeed,

been of the highest and most meritorious kind. With a self-denial and humility, worthy of the primitive ages of the church, they have submitted to all manner of penury and privation, rather than depart from their inherited faith, or leave the people of their sect without the support of that spiritual instruction, for which it was out of their power to offer any thing more than a very trivial and inadequate kind of remuneration. Nay, in the midst of all their difficulties and distresses, they have endeavoured, with persevering zeal, to sustain the character of their own body in regard to learning—and they have succeeded in doing so in a way that reflects the highest honour not only on their zeal, but their talents. Not a few names of very considerable celebrity, in the past literature of Scotland, are to be found among the scattered and impoverished members of this Apostolical Church—and even in our own time, the talents of many men have been devoted to its service, who might easily have commanded what less heroic spirits would have thought a far more precious kind of reward, had they chosen to seek, in other pursuits and professions, what they well knew this could never afford them. I might mention the present venerable Bishop Primus, Dr. Gleig of Stirling,

whose merits both as a theologian and a metaphysician are as well know in England as they are here—and many more besides. In Edinburgh, two very handsome new chapels have of late years been erected by the Episcopalians; and the clergymen who officiate in them possess faculties eminently calculated for extending the reputation of their church. Dr. Sandford, the Bishop of the Diocese, preaches regularly in the one, and the minister of the other is no less a person than Mr. Alison, the celebrated author of the Essays on Taste, and of those exquisite Sermons which I have so often heard you speak of in terms of rapture—and which, indeed, no man can read, who has either taste or feeling, without admiration almost as great as yours.

The Bishop is a thin pale man, with an air and aspect full of a certain devout and melancholy sort of abstraction, and a voice which is very tremulous, yet deep in its tones, and managed so as to produce a very striking and impressive effect. In hearing him, after having listened for several Sundays to the more robust and energetic Presbyterians I have described, one feels as if the atmosphere had been changed around, and the breath of a milder, gentler inspiration had suffused itself over every sound that vibrates through the stillness of a more placid

æther. Nothing can be more touching than the paternal affection with which it is plain this good man regards his flock; it every now and then gives a gushing richness of power to his naturally feeble voice—and a no less beautiful richness to his usually chaste and modest style of language. There is a quiet elegance about his whole appearance, which I suspect is well nigh incompatible with the Geneva cloak of Calvin, and I should have judged, from his exterior alone, (which is indeed the truth,) that he is a man of much accomplishment and learning. He has the character here, and, as Wastle says, at Oxford, where he was educated, also, of being at once a fine scholar and a deep divine. He preaches, however, in a very simple, unaffected, and pleasing manner—without any kind of display, beyond what the subject seems to render absolutely necessary.

Mr. Alison has a much larger chapel, and a more numerous congregation, and he possesses, no doubt, much more largely the qualifications of a popular orator. He has also about him a certain pensiveness of aspect, which I should almost suspect to have been inherited from the afflicted priests of this church of the preceding generation. He has a noble serenity of countenance, however, which is not disturbed but im-

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Mr. ALISON.

proved by its tinge of melancholy—large grey eyes, beaming with gentle lambent fire, and set dark and hollow in the head, like those which Rembrandt used to draw—lips full of delicacy and composure—and a tall pale forehead sprinkled loosely with a few thin, grey, monastic ringlets. His voice harmonizes perfectly with this exterior—clear—calm—mellow—like that far-off mournful melody with which the great poet of Italy has broken the repose of his autumnal evening,

> " . . . . Squilla di lontano
> Che paja il giorno pianger che si muore."

In spite of his accent, which has a good deal of his country in it, I have never heard any man read the service of our church in so fine and impressive a style as Mr. Alison. The grave antique majesty of those inimitable prayers, acquiring new beauty and sublimity as they passed through his lips, could not fail to refresh and elevate my mind, after it had been wearied with the loose and extemporaneous, and not unfrequently, as I thought, irreverent supplications of the Presbyterian divines. In his preaching, the effect of his voice is no less striking; and, indeed, much as you have read and admired his Sermons, I am

sure you would confess, after once hearing him, that they cannot produce their full effect, without the accompaniment of that delightful music. Hereafter in reading them, I shall always have the memory of that music ringing faintly in my ears—and recall, with every grand and every gentle close, the image of that serene and solemn countenance, which Nature designed to be the best commentary on the meanings of Alison.

As to the peculiar views of the subjects of religion, which are most commonly presented by the Sermons of this elegant preacher—I need not say any thing on that head to one so much better acquainted with all his works than I can pretend to be. There is one point, however, in which I could not but remark a very great difference between him and all the other preachers I have ever heard in Scotland. He is the only man among them who seems to be alive as he should be to the meaning and power of the external world—and who draws the illustrations of his discourses from minute and poetical habits of observing Nature. A truly poetical air of gentleness is breathed over all that he says, proceeding, as it were, from the very heart of that benevolent *All*, which he has so delightedly and so intelligently surveyed. And, indeed, from

what precious stores of thought, and feelings impregnated and enriched with thought, do they shut themselves out, who neglect this beautiful field, and address Christian auditors almost as if God had not given them eyes to drink in a sense of his greatness and his goodness, from every thing that is around them—who speak to the rich as if there were nothing to soften, and to the poor as if there were nothing to elevate, in the contemplation of the glorious handiworks of God—as if it were in vain that Nature had prepared her magnificent consolation for all the sick hearts and weary spirits of the earth—

> "For you each evening hath its shining star,
> And every Sabbath-day its golden sun."

It is singular, I think, that the other distinguished preachers, of whom I have spoken, should so needlessly debar themselves from all this rich range of sentiment and of true religion. Above all, in the Presbyterian divines, I was not prepared to find such barrenness—having, I believe, too hastily interpreted in my own way, a certain beautiful passage in Wordsworth when the ancient Scottish Wanderer, the same on whom

> "The Scottish Church had from his boyhood laid
> The strong arm of her purity"——

—where the Wanderer is made to speak of the style of thought prevalent among the old persecuted Covenanters, and says proudly,

> "Ye have turned my thoughts
> Upon our brave progenitors, who rose
> Against idolaters with warlike mind,
> And shrunk from vain observances, to lurk
> In caves and woods, and under dismal rocks,
> Deprived of shelter, covering, fire, and food;
> Why?—For the very reason that they felt
> And did acknowledge, wheresoe'er they moved,
> A spiritual Presence—oft-times misconceived,
> But still a high dependance, a divine
> Bounty and government, that filled their hearts
> With joy and gratitude, and fear and love:
> And from their fervent lips drew hymns of praise,
> With which the deserts rang—Though favoured less
> Were those bewildered Pagans of old time,
> Beyond their own poor nature, and above
> They looked; were humbly thankful for the good
> Which the warm sun solicited—and earth
> Bestowed; were gladsome—and their moral sense
> They fortified with reverence for the gods:
> And they had hopes which overstepped the grave."

Of all the Sermons of Alison, those which I love the most, are the four on the Seasons—they are by far, in my mind, the most original and the most delightful he has ever produced. But something of the same amiable inspiration may be observed mingling itself in every discourse he utters. It is easy to see that his heart is pene-

trated, and it is no wonder his tongue should overflow with the calm eloquence of Nature.

The church to which these preachers belong, is at present, as I have said, supposed to be in a more flourishing condition than heretofore—nay, unless Wastle misinforms me, she numbers among her adherents a very large proportion of the landed gentry all over this part of the island. In the remoter districts, however, the Episcopalian clergy are said to be still labouring under a constraining weight of penury, which there does not seem to be any immediate prospect of relieving. In order to supply in some measure to their Pastors, the defects of the regular maintenances afforded by their small scattered flocks, a fund has been raised by subscription, the produce of which is annually applied, according to the best discretion of a committee of the most eminent members of the sect in Scotland. Of the subscriptions by which this fund is supported, a very large part is said to come from England. Nothing surely can be more laudable than the sympathizing zeal, which has led so many of the dignitaries of our church to come forward liberally in behalf of their less fortunate brethren in the North. But I think the

Scottish Episcopalians ought to remember that independence was the old boast of their country, and insist upon providing for their own clergy entirely from their own funds. For the bishops of this church, however, from whatever quarter it may be derived, there is no question some more liberal provision should be made. It is a shame in those who profess to think, as good Episcopalians do, concerning the nature of the episcopal office, that they should permit excellent and learned bishops of their own church to be poorer, as is often the case, than the simple presbyters of the Established Kirk around them.

I have told you, that, in general, the Church of Scotland holds her ground more firmly against Dissenters than that of England—and yet there are abundance of Dissenters in Edinburgh, over and above the Episcopalians, who would perhaps object to being included under that name. There are Tabernaclites, and Haldanites, and Wesleyan Methodists, and other Independents, of several different kinds, and a very few Unitarians—and there are some Catholics—all these congregations, for the most part, consisting of persons in very humble ranks of society. But the most formidable enemies of the Kirk, are those who have

dissented from her on very trivial grounds, and are not, indeed, very easy to be distinguished from her in any way adapted to the comprehension of the uninitiated stranger. Such are the Burghers and the Anti-Burghers, both of whom separated themselves from the Established Church, in consequence of their adopting different views, concerning the lawfulness of a certain oath required to be taken by the burgesses of a few towns in Scotland. The Anti-Burghers are, I believe, the more numerous body of the two, and they again have fallen out among themselves, and so given rise to the rival sects of *Old Light Anti-burghers* and *New Light Anti-burghers*. From what particular circumstances these most picturesque designations have been derived, I know not and care not, and I am sure your curiosity is as small as mine. It so happens, however, that both the Old Light and the New Light are in some considerable estimation at present in Edinburgh, by reason of the more than common talents and respectability of their respective pastors, both of whom, as it happens, are among the most distinguished Scottish literati of the day. The Old Light Anti-burghers enjoy the ministrations of no less a person than Dr. M'Crie, the author of the Life of John Knox

—and the natural obscurity of the sect accounts for what at the time I could by no means understand—the ignorance, namely, under which the Edinburgh Reviewers professed themselves to have been even of the existence of such a person as Dr. M'Crie, till the day his history was published. The New Light, on the other hand, are ruled *in spiritualibus* by Dr. Jamieson, the author of the admirable Dictionary of the Scottish Language, and many other works illustrative of the ancient history and manners of his country. Notwithstanding the eminent abilities and learning possessed by both of these individuals, their labours have not, so far as I have understood, attracted any considerable addition to the adherents of their respective sects—but the authority of their names must, without doubt, be efficacious in preventing those who have been educated in either of the *Lights*, from reverting to the darkness of the Established Kirk—to say nothing of the more than Cimmerian obscurity and "night palpable" of the Episcopalians.

And yet nothing surely can be more absurd, than that two such clergymen should be lending support to two such pitiable sets of schismatics. I can understand very well, that there are many cases in which it would be wrong to interpret

too strictly the great Scriptural denunciations against the errors of schism—but I am, indeed, very sorely mistaken if such matters as the disputes upon which these New and Old Light-men have separated from the Kirk of Scotland, can by any possible logic be brought into the number of allowable exceptions to so great and important a rule. If any thing were wanting to make the cup of their absurdities overflow, it is the pettish and splenetic hatred which they seem to bear to each other—for I believe the New thinks the Auld Light devotee in a much worse condition than the adherent of the Kirk itself—and, of course, *vice versa*. Nay—such is the extreme of the folly—that these little Lilliputian controversies about burgess oaths, &c. have been carried into America by Scottish emigrants, and are at this moment disturbing the harmony of the Church of Christ in a country where no burgess oath ever existed, or, it is probable, ever will exist. Beyond the mere letter of their formal disputes, these Dissenters can have no excuse to offer for their dereliction of the Kirk. They cannot accuse her clergy of any want of zeal, worth, or learning. In short, their dissent is only to be accounted for by the extravagant vanity and self-importance of a few particular

theorists—absurdly inherited and maintained by men whose talents, to say nothing of their piety, should have taught them to know better *.

I went, however, to hear Dr. M'Crie preach, and was not disappointed in the expectations I had formed from a perusal of his book. He is a tall, slender man, with a pale face, full of shrewdness, and a pair of black piercing eyes—a shade of deep secluded melancholy passing ever and anon across their surface, and dimming their brilliancy. His voice, too, has a wild but very impressive kind of shrillness in it at times. He prays and preaches very much in the usual style of the Presbyterian divines—but about all that he says there is a certain unction of sincere, old-fashioned, haughty Puritanism, peculiar, so far as I have seen, to himself, and by no means displeasing in the historian of Knox. He speaks, too, with an air of authority, which his high talents render excusable, nay, proper—but which

* I have since heard that the Burghers and Anti-burghers are taking measures to form a coalition, and willing, *bonâ fide*, to drop all remembrance of their feuds. This is excellent, and does honour to their respective leaders: I would hope it may prepare the way for the return of all these dissenters (who can scarcely be said to have even a pretence for dissent) to their allegiance to the Mother-Kirk.

few could venture upon with equal success. I went on the same day to hear Dr. Jamieson, and found him also a sensible and learned preacher. He is a very sagacious looking-person, with bright grey eyes, and a full round face—the tones of his voice are kindly and smooth, and altogether he exhibits the very reverse of that anchoretic aspect and air which I had remarked in Dr. M'Crie. I could see that the congregations of both these men regard them with an intense degree of interest and affectionate humility—all which, to be sure, is extremely natural and proper. So much for the New and Auld Lights.

As I am so very soon to visit the West of Scotland, where I am assured the head-quarters of Presbyterianism are still to be found in the old haunts of the Covenanters, I shall defer any farther remarks I may have to make upon the state of religion in Scotland, till I have added the whole of that rich field to the domain of my observation.

P. M.

P. S. Many thanks for your hint about Old Potts. I fear I have been behaving very badly indeed—but shall endeavour to find time for

scribbling a few pages suitable to his tastes, before I set off for Glasgow. As for the £500—I rather think you ought to fight shy—but, no doubt, you are as well up to that matter as I am. I shall advise Potts to come down to the North, where, in good truth, I do think he would make a noble figure. There is no Dandy in Edinburgh worthy to hold the candle to our friend,

P. M.

LETTER LXIII.

TO FERDINAND AUGUSTUS POTTS, ESQ.

Clarendon Hotel, Bond-Street.

I WISH to God, my dear Potts, you would come down to Edinburgh, and let me engage apartments for you at the Royal Hotel. Are you never to extend your conquests beyond London or Cardigan? Are you to lavish your captivations for ever on Bond Street milliners and blowsy Welshwomen? Why, my dear sir, your face must be as well known about St. James's as the sign of the White-Horse Cellar, and your tilbury and dun gelding as familiar to the cockneys as the Lord Mayor's coach. Even Stulze himself cannot possibly disguise you as formerly. Your surtouts, your upper Benjamins, your swallow-tails, your club-coats, your orange tawny Cossacks, are now displayed without the slightest effect. It matters not whether Blake gives you the cut of the Fox, the Bear,

or the Lion, whether you sport moustaches or dock your whiskers, yours is an old face upon town, and, you may rely on it, it is well known to be so. Not a girl that raises her quizzing-glass to stare at you but exclaims, "Poor Potts! how altered he must be. I have heard mamma say in her time he was good-looking; who could have believed it?" Every young Dandy that enquires your name is answered with, "Don't you know Old Potts?" "Old Potts! why, that gentleman is not old." "No! bless your soul, he has been on town for the last twenty years." Yet let not all this mortify you, my dear fellow, for you *are not* old. Six-and-thirty is a very good age, and you are still a devilish good-looking fellow. What you want is a change of scene to extend your sphere of action, to go where your face will be a new one; and, whenever you do so, you may rely on it you will never be called "Old Potts." Now, if you will take my advice, and decide on shifting your quarters, I know of no place that would suit you half so well as Edinburgh. Your tilbury and dun gelding (though they will stand no comparison with Scrub and the shandrydan,) will cut a much greater dash in Prince's Street than in Hyde-Park; and your upper Benjamin and orange

tawny Cossacks will render you a perfect Drawcansir among the ladies. As a Jehu, you will have no rivals in Scotland. A brace of heavy dragoons, to be sure, are occasionally to be seen parading in a crazy dog-cart, in the seat of which their broad bottoms appear to have been wedged with much dexterity, and a writer or two, particularly a Mr. ——, the *Lambert* of the Law, (weighing about twenty stone,) is sometimes to be met with in a lumbering buggy, moving at the rate of the Newcastle waggon, and drawn by a horse, whose tenuity of carcase forms a striking contrast to the rotund abdomen of his master. Scotland, to say the truth, has produced many painters, poets, heroes, and philosophers, but not a single *whip*. Indeed, since my arrival in Edinburgh, I have heard of a Scotsman having discovered the *perpetuum mobile*, but never of any one who could drive four spanking tits in real bang-up style. Your talents in that department will, therefore, cast them all into the shade; and I will venture to predict, that neither writer nor heavy dragoon will dare to shew his nose in a buggy after your first appearance in the north.

I assure you, by coming down to Edinburgh you will add mightily to your importance. In

London you are but a star (a star of the first magnitude, I admit,) in the mighty firmament of fashion. Twinkle as bright as you please, there are a thousand others who twinkle just as brightly. In short, you are, and can be, but one in a crowd; and I defy you to poke your head into a large party without encountering fifty others whose claims to distinction are quite as good as your own. But here you will be the sun in the splendid heaven of Bon-ton, the *patula fagus*, under whose spreading branches the admiring and gentle Tityri of the north will be proud to recline:—

> Potts, like the Sun, in Fashion's heaven shall blaze,
> While minor planets but reflect his rays.

All this, my dear friend, I submit to your own good sense and deliberate consideration. In the meanwhile, I shall endeavour to enable you to judge with more precision of the advantages of my plan, by throwing together, for your information, a few short remarks on the state of Dandyism in the North.

The Dandies of Edinburgh possess a finer theatre whereon to display their attractions than those of any other city in the three kingdoms. You have nothing in London which, as a pro-

menade, can be compared to Prince's Street. Bond Street is abominably narrow and crooked, and really contains nothing to gratify the eye but the living beauties who frequent it, and the gold snuff-boxes and India handkerchiefs which decorate the windows. St. James's Street is better, but it wants extent, and Dame Street in Dublin has the same fault. Oxford Road is perhaps less exceptionable than either; but it is unfashionable, and, at best, holds no greater attractions than can be afforded by an almost endless vista of respectable dwelling-houses and decent shops. But Prince's Street is a magnificent terrace, upwards of a mile in length, forming the boundary of a splendid amphitheatre, and affording to the promenading Dandy a view not only of artificial beauties, but also of some of the sublimest scenery of Nature. There, when the punch-bowl is empty, and "night's candles are burned out," he may stagger down the steps of the Albyn Club, and behold

> "Jocund day
> Stand tiptoe on the misty mountain's top,"

as the sun majestically raises his disk above the top of Arthur's Seat. There is something rural and grand in the prospect which it affords you.

Not that sort of rurality (if I may coin a word) which Leigh Hunt enjoys at Hampstead, which arises chiefly from the presence of green trees, and may therefore be equally enjoyed in the Champs Elisées or Vauxhall; but those feelings of rural grandeur which we derive from gazing on the loftiest objects of Nature. From the crowded city we behold the undisturbed dwellings of the hare and the heath-fowl—from amidst the busy hum of men we look on recesses where the sound of the human voice has but rarely penetrated, on mountains surrounding a great metropolis, but which rear their mighty heads in solitude and silence. What pleases me more in this scenery is, that it is so perfectly characteristic of the country, so truly Scottish. Transport Arthur's Seat to Paris, and the Champs Elisées to Edinburgh, and you disfigure both capitals, because the beauties you transpose are not in harmony or *keeping* with the rest of the picture. No man in Edinburgh can for a moment forget that he is in Scotland. He is in "the land of the mountain and flood," and these, in their greatest beauty, are continually feeding his eyes. But I am treating you like a landlord, who, intending to give his guests an earnest of the good cheer he has provided for them,

regales them with the prospect of the spit, but casts a veil over the only thing they care about, viz. the leg of mutton.

I am not quite certain that Scotland can produce a single specimen of the genuine Dandy. In fact, the term here appears to me to be both imperfectly understood and very grievously misapplied. Were I to divine the meaning of the word from the qualities of those persons whom it is here used to designate, I should conceive a Dandy to be nothing more than a gentleman in a white great-coat and a starched cravat, or, in the most liberal extension of its meaning, a person who is rather gay and foppish in his dress. But a Dandy is something more, nay, a great deal more, than all this. I should define him, in few words, to be a person who has acquired such a degree of refinement in all matters of taste as is unattainable, or at least unattained, by the generality of his countrymen. Dress, therefore, does not constitute Dandyism; because dress is only one of the many modes in which this fastidious refinement is displayed. A true Dandy decorates his person far less with the view of captivation, than from the abstract love of elegance and beauty, in which he delights. His extraordinary attention to his toilet is therefore

quite compatible with the utter absence of personal vanity, and the same ruling principle is uniformly visible in his habits, his manners, and his enjoyments. Nothing, therefore, is more easy than to distinguish the real Dandy from the impostor. The latter never can maintain the same consistency of character which is inseparable from the former. For instance, if, in Old Slaughter's Coffee-house, I discover a gaudy coxcomb complacently devouring a tough beef-steak, and extracting the lining of a pot of porter, I know at once, from the coarseness and vulgarity of his appetite, that he has no real pretensions to the character of a Dandy. In this country, when I find the very Arbitri Elegantiarum, the Dilletanti Society, holding their meetings in a tavern in one of the filthiest closes of the city, braving, with heroic courage, the risk of an impure baptism from the neighbouring windows, at their entrance and their exit, and drinking the memory of Michael Angelo, or Raphael, or Phidias, or Milton, in libations of whisky-punch, I cannot but consider that the coarseness of their habits and propensities appears utterly inconsistent with that delicacy of taste in other matters to which they make pretension. But, that I may not carry

my system of exclusion too far, I am inclined to divide the Dandies into two classes—the real and the imitative. The former being those who really accord with the definition I have already given, and the latter merely a set of contemptible spooneys, who endeavour to attract attention by copying peculiarities which they really do not possess. I have already hinted that the Dandies of the North are chiefly of the imitative description. They want that boldness of character, and strength of outline, which distinguish their more accomplished prototypes in the South. They have none of that redeeming elegance—that visible consciousness of superior bon-ton—that calm and non-chalant assurance of manner—that complacent look of contemptuous self-approbation, which almost succeeds in disarming ridicule, by shewing that on such a subject ridicule would be exerted in vain. There are no Scottish Petershams, no Brummells, no Skeffingtons, no Cottons, no Nugents, no Churchills, no Cooks, no M'Kinnons, no Websters, no Foxes, and, what is more, no Pottses. One reason for this striking inferiority certainly is, that this metropolis is only the casual and transient resort of the aristocracy of the country. Very few,

indeed, of the nobility, make Edinburgh their permanent residence; and those are scarcely sufficient to leaven the great mass of society in which they are mingled. By far the greater proportion, therefore—indeed I may say the whole of the young men of this city belong to a profession.—They are lawyers, attornies, merchants, soldiers, sailors, and India nabobs. Now, I need not tell you, my dear Potts, how utterly ridiculous it is, in most of these men, to set up in the character of Dandies. What do you think of a Dandy in a three-tailed wig? Of a Dandy making out a mittimus, and writing papers for the princely remuneration of three pence a-page? Of a Dandy who has been accustomed to reef top-sails, and swallow salt junk in a cockpit? Of a Dandy who sells sugar, and speculates in shag-tobacco? Or of a Dandy who has all his life been drilling black men, or growing indigo in the burning plains of Hindostan? It is such people, my dear Potts, whom I wish you to come hither to eclipse. It is over such loving and obedient subjects (as I am sure you will find them) that I desire you to reign. From a simple centumvir I would raise you to be a king. They have the capacity to admire, without the

power of rivalling you; and, as Ingleby is acknowledged the Emperor of all Conjurors, so will Potts be instantaneously hailed as the Great Mogul of all the Dandies of Scotland.

Fashion does not travel, like Fame, on the wind; and I have often remarked, with wonder, the prodigious length of time which she requires to perform even a journey of four hundred miles. The London newspapers arrive here in three days; but the London fashions are generally a couple of years on the road. For instance, white great-coats, which were utterly exploded three seasons ago in London, are now in full bloom in Edinburgh, and are reckoned quite the go. The hats, coats, and inexpressibles, which now greet my eyes, are all equally antique in point of fashion; and I remember, in 1817, that the beaux of Cheapside were distinguished by much the same cut and colour of dress as that which I now observe from my windows on those frequenting the well-known shop of that accurate reasoner *à posteriori*, Christie the breeches-maker. There are, it is true, in this city, some agents or emissaries of London tailors, who receive orders to procure supplies of town-made habiliments for such gentlemen as are dissatisfied with the taste and skill of their

indigenous Shneiders; but either these houses are not of the first water in their profession, or they presume considerably on the ignorance of their customers; for I really never could perceive much superiority in the articles thus imported, over the native productions of the country. But it were well if want of fashion were the only objection that could be made to the costume of the Scottish Dandies. There apparently exists, among some of them, a total want of taste, and ignorance of propriety in dress. Folks in this country may be seen writing law-papers in leather-breeches and jockey-boots, parading Prince's Street in shooting-jackets and long gaiters, and riding on horseback in nankeen trowsers and double-channelled pumps. Now, nobody can appreciate better than you the gross errors of which these people are guilty;—nobody can shew them better a specimen of that true taste in dress, which confers even a grace upon foppishness, by never suffering it to deviate from the nicest propriety. There is a rule of fitness which you must teach these Scottish satellites of yours never to profane. Let them know that a man should dress differently when he intends to ride a fox-chace, or to walk the streets;—that he need not put on his sporting

paraphernalia when he means merely to hunt for precedents in the Dictionary of Decisions;—that there is something absurd in eating ice enveloped in an upper Benjamin, and vulgar in going to the dress-boxes of the Theatre in a morning surtout and coloured cravat. In short, you will have much to teach, and they much to learn; but as I am sure this will be a mutual pleasure to you both, I need say no more on the subject.

At routs and balls, your appearance will form no less remarkable an era than on the *pave* of Prince's Street. In you the belles of Edinburgh will at once recognise a being of a superior order, whose slightest attentions cannot but confer honour on all to whom they are paid. If you want an heiress in a snug small way, there are abundance of little misses who will jump at your knowing exterior with an alacrity most pregnant of dismay to the discarded would-be Dandies, on whom their encouraging smiles are at present lavished, only because there is no opportunity of bestowing them more wisely. At the clubs, you will be hailed and greeted with a warmth which, in spite of its vulgarity, must be in some measure gratifying to your vanity. You need only, in a word, utter your *fiat*, and take possession of the Dandy sovereignty of the

North by a single coup-de-main. Come down, my dear Potts—and yet why should I say so?—for I fear, were you once established in the sweets of Autocracy, there would be little chance of winning from you even a casual visit to your old friends in the South.

I am much to blame for not having sooner redeemed my promise of writing to you; but I had made an earlier and more serious promise of the same kind to our cousin David Williams, and my correspondence with him has been as much as I could well manage. I have besides been obliged, for obvious reasons, to address a few epistles to Lady Johnes; and, in short, I propose keeping the cream of my observations to amuse you next Christmas, when we meet, as our use is, at the hospitable mansion of your uncle. I am just about to leave Edinburgh for the present—so that, if I find time to write again, I shall probably address you from Glasgow, or some of the other provincial seats of Dandyism.

Meantime, believe me, my dear Potts,
Most sincerely yours,

P. M.

LETTER LXIV.

TO THE REV. DAVID WILLIAMS.

Yesterday was one of the happiest days I have spent since my present travels began; and although I had almost made up my mind to trouble you with no more letters of a merely descriptive character, I think I must venture upon giving you some account of it. Part of it, however, was spent in the company of several individuals whom I had for some weeks felt a considerable curiosity to see a little more of—whom, indeed, my friend Wastle had long ago promised to introduce more fully to my acquaintance, and of whom, moreover, I am sure you will be very glad to hear me say a few words. But I shall be contented with giving you a narrative of the whole day's proceedings just as they passed.

Mr. Wastle and I were invited to dine with a Mr. Gillies, to whom I had been introduced by a letter from my old and excellent friend Sir Egerton Brydges; and whose name you have often seen mentioned in Sir Egerton's writings. His residence, at the distance of some six or seven miles from Edinburgh, had hitherto prevented me from being much in his society; but I was resolved to set apart one day for visiting him at his villa, and Wastle was easily persuaded to accompany me. The villa is situated on the banks of the Eske, in the midst of some of the most classical scenery in all Scotland; so we determined to start early in the day, and spend the morning in viewing the whole of that beautiful glen, arranging matters so as to arrive at Holycot in good time for dinner. Knowing that the Ettrick Shepherd is a dear and intimate friend of Mr. Gillies, I asked him to take the spare seat in the shandrydan, and promised to bring him safe home in the evening in the same vehicle. The Shepherd consented. The Laird gave us a capital breakfast in the Lawnmarket, and the shandrydan was in full career for Roslin Castle by ten o'clock. Horse and man, the whole party were in high spirits; but the gayest of the whole was the worthy Shepherd, who made his appear-

ance on this occasion in a most picturesque fishing-jacket, of the very lightest mazarine blue, with huge mother-of-pearl buttons,—nankeen breeches, made tight to his nervous shapes,—and a broad-brimmed white chip hat, with a fine new ribbon to it, and a peacock's feather stuck in front; which last ornament, by the way, seems to be a favourite fashion among all the country people of Scotland.

The weather was very fine, but such, notwithstanding, as to give to the scenery through which our path lay, a grand, rather than a gay appearance. There had been some thunder in the morning, and rain enough to lay the dust on the road, and refresh the verdure of the trees; and although the sun had shone forth in splendour, the sky still retained, all along the verge of the horizon, a certain sombre and lowering aspect, the relics of the convulsions which the whole atmosphere had undergone. I know not if you have remarked it, but Gaspar Poussin, Turner, Calcott, and Schetky, and almost all the great landscape painters, seem to have done so—that this is precisely the situation of the heavens under which both foreground and distance are seen to the greatest effect. The dark inky mantle wrapped all round the circling mountains and

plains, afforded a majestic relief to every tree, spire, and cottage which arose before us; and when we turned round, after proceeding a mile or two, and saw the glorious radiant outlines of Edinburgh, rock and tower, painted bright upon the same massy canopy of blue, it was impossible not to feel a solemn exultation in contemplating the harmonious blending together of so many earthly and etherial splendours. The newly-shaken air, too, had a certain elasticity and coolness about it which sent delightful life into our bosoms with every respiration. There was no rioting of spirits, but we enjoyed a rich, quiet, contemplative, and reposing kind of happiness.

The country rather ascends than descends, all the way from Edinburgh to the line of the Eske, where a single turn shuts from the traveller the whole of that extensive stretch of scenery of which the capital forms the centre, and brings him at once into the heart of this narrow, secluded, and romantic valley. At the edge of the ravine we found Mr. Gillies, and some of his friends whom he had brought with him from his house to join us. Among others, Mr. Wilson, his brother, an uncle of theirs, Mr. Sym, a fine active elderly gentleman, in whose lineaments

and manners I could easily trace all the fire of the line, and an old friend of his, Mr. M——, Collector of the Customs at Leith, a charming fellow. In company with these, we immediately began to walk down the hill towards Roslyn, directing the shandrydan to be carried round to Holycot by the high-way, for the scenes we were about to explore do not admit of being visited except by pedestrians. Before we came to the Castle, we turned off into a field surrounded by a close embowering grove of venerable elms and chesnuts, to see that beautiful little chapel which Mr. Scott has so often introduced in his earlier poems. It stands quite by itself, deserted and lonely; but it is wonderfully entire, and really an exquisite specimen of architecture. Within, the roof and walls are quite covered with endless decorations of sculpture, leaves, and flowers, and heads and groups, not indeed executed in the pure and elegant taste of Melrose, but productive, nevertheless, of a very rich and fanciful kind of effect. The eastern end towards the site of the altar, is supported by a cluster of pillars quite irregular in their shapes and position; some of them wreathed all over, from base to capital, with arabesque ornaments, others quite plain, but the whole suffused with

one soft harmonising tinge of green and mossy dampness. Under foot, the stones on which you tread are covered with dim traces of warlike forms—mailed chieftains, with their hands closed in prayer, and dogs and lions couchant at their feet, in the true old sepulchral style of heraldry. It is said, that below each of these stones, the warrior whom it represents lies interred in panoply,—

> "There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold,
> Lie buried within that proud chapelle,"—

while, all around, the lower parts of the wall are covered with more modern monuments of the descendants of the same high lineage—the cross ingrailed of St. Clair, and the galleys of Orkney, being everywhere discernible among their rich and varied quarterings. From behind the altar, you step upon the firm stone roof of the sacristy, which projects from below, and it was from thence that I enjoyed the first full view of the whole glen of Roslyn.

The river winds far below over a bed of rock; and such is the nature of its course and its banks, that you never see more than a few broken and far-off glimpses of its clear waters at the same time. On the side on which we stood, the banks

consist of green and woody knolls, whose inextricable richness and pomp of verdure is carried down, deepening as it descends, quite to the channel of the stream. Opposite, there shoots up a majestic screen of hoary rocks, ledge rising square and massy upon ledge, from the river to the horizon—but all and everywhere diversified with fantastic knots of copsewood, projecting and clinging from the minutest crannies of the cliffs. Far as the eye can reach down the course of the stream, this magnificent contrast of groves and rocks is continued—mingling, however, as they recede from the eye, into one dim magnificent amphitheatre, over which the same presiding spirit of soothing loneliness seems to hover like a garment. The Castle itself is entirely ruined, but its yellow mouldering walls form a fine relief to the eye, in the midst of the dark foliage of pines and oaks which everywhere surround it. We passed over its airy bridge, and through its desolate portal, and descending on the other side, soon found ourselves treading upon the mossy turf around the roots of the cliff on which it stands, and within a few yards of the river. From thence we pursued our walk in pairs—sometimes springing from stone to stone, along the bed of the stream—sometimes

forcing ourselves through the thickets, which drop into its margin—but ever and anon reposing ourselves on some open slope, and gazing with new delight from every new point of view, on the eternal, ever-varying grandeur of the rocks, woods, and sky.

My close companion all along was the excellent Shepherd; and I could not have had a better guide in all the mazes of this Tempe, for often, very often had he followed his fancies over every part of it—

> " ——which well he knew; for it had been his lot
> To be a wandering stripling—and there raves
> No torrent in these glens, whose icy flood
> Hath not been sprinkled round his boyish blood.
>
> " And in that region shelter is there none
> Of overhanging rock or hermit tree,
> Wherein he hath not oft essayed to shun
> The fierce and fervid day-star's tyranny *."

The whole party, however, were congregated where the river washes the base of the caverned rocks of Hawthornden—the most beautiful in itself, and, in regard to recollections, the most

* Stanihurst.

classical point of the whole scenery of the Eske. The glen is very narrow here—even more so than at Roslyn, and the rocks on the right rise to a still more magnificent elevation. Such, indeed, is the abruptness of their sheer ascent, that it is with some difficulty the eye can detect, from the brink of the stream, the picturesque outlines of the house of Hawthornden, situated on the summit of the highest crag. The old castle in which Drummond received Ben Jonson, has long since given way; but the more modern mansion is built within the dilapidated circuit of the ancient fortress—and the land is still possessed, and the hall occupied by the lineal descendants of the poet. I know not that there is any spot in Britain made classical by the footsteps of such a person as Drummond, one's notions respecting which are thus cherished and freshened by finding it in the hands of his own posterity, bearing his own name. We clombe the steep banks by some narrow paths cut in the rock, and entered at various points that labyrinth of winding caves, by which the interior of the rock is throughout perforated, and from which part of the name of the place has, no doubt, been derived. Nothing can be more picturesque than the echoing loneliness of these re-

treats—retreats which often afforded shelter to the suffering patriots of Scotland, long after they had been sanctified by the footsteps of the poet and his friend. Mr. Gillies carried me into the house, chiefly to shew me the original portrait of Drummond, which is preserved there; and, in truth, I am obliged to him for having done so. The picture represents him at about the age of forty—the best of all ages, perhaps, for taking a man's portrait, if only one is to be taken of him—when the substance of the face is in all its firmness and vigour, and the fire of youth has been tempered, but not obscured, by the gravity of manhood. Drummond's features are singularly fine and expressive—and the picture is an admirable one, and in perfect preservation, so that we see them exactly as they were the day they were painted. His forehead is clear, open, and compact, with the short black hair combed back in dark glossy ringlets, in the true Italian style—as we see it in the pictures of Venetian Nobles, by Titian. The nose is high and aquiline, and the lips rich and full, like those in the statues of Antinous. His eys are black as jet, (and so are his eye-brows,) but the dazzle of their brilliancy is softened by a melancholy wateriness, which gives to the whole visage an inexpressible

air of pensive delicacy and sentiment. On the whole, I have seldom seen a more lyrical countenance—or one which presents a more striking contrast to the dry, intellectual, sarcastic harshness of the lineaments of Ben Jonson—a portrait of whom also hangs in the same room.

> " Nature had framed them both, and both were marked
> By circumstance with intermixture fine
> Of contrast and resemblance. To an oak
> Hardy and firm, a weather-beaten oak,
> One might be likened. . . . . .
> The other, like a stately sycamore,
> That spreads in gentler pomp its honied shade."

It is wonderful, however, when one looks back into history, how many instances of the most sincere, fervent, and brotherly friendships, we see subsisting between men of apparently the most opposite characters and conformations. It would not do if the intellectual consorted only with the intellectual—the sentimental with the sentimental. The same wise regulation which binds the weakness of woman to the strength of man, unites, not unfrequently, the more gentle and amiable class of men in intimate and relying friendship with others of austerer and harsher disposition; and the effects of such union have been most blessed, not only to the men themselves, but to their species. Such was the

tender friendship that subsisted between the proud, hot, imperious Martin Luther, and the mild, holy spirit of Melancthon. Such was the humanizing affection which connected Chillingworth with Hales; and such, I doubt not, was the love which sweetened the flow of wit on the one hand, and elevated the tone of feeling on the other,

"When Jonson sat in Drummond's social shade."

Old Ben, however, is not the only English poet who has visited a Scottish poet in the glen of the Eske. It was while wandering among these very scenes that Mr. Wordsworth composed his fine Sonnet to Mr. Gillies, a sonnet which I think Mr. Gillies should attend to more seriously than he has yet done. The testimony of Wordsworth is a thing on which he should place far more reliance than on the wavering and desponding fancies of his own too-sensitive and morbid mind. It is impossible to be in his company for such a length of time as I was, on this delightful day, and in the midst of such scenes, without being satisfied that he possesses many of the finest elements of poetical feeling. The labour of condensing and correcting our thoughts and expressions, which, I suppose, is what Mr.

G——'s poetry chiefly wants, is, no doubt, a great labour; but it is one, without which nothing can be done, and therefore Mr. Gillies should submit to it *.

We did not arrive at Mr. G——'s villa till about five o'clock; for in walking, loitering, and bathing, we had consumed the whole morning—so that we were well prepared to do justice to our dinner—but, indeed, the dinner might have been enough to tempt appetites more indifferently quickened. What a luxury a good dinner and a bottle of good wine is after a long walk! It always struck me as being a very silly thing in Mahomet, to represent his paradise as

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* The sonnet is as follows:

From the dark chambers of dejection freed,
Spurning the unprofitable yoke of care,
Rise, Gillies, rise: the gales of youth shall bear
Thy genius forward like a winged steed.
Though bold Bellerophon (so Jove decreed
In wrath) fell headlong from the fields of air,
Yet a high guerdon waits on minds that dare,
If aught be in them of immortal seed,
And reason govern that audacious flight
Which heavenward they direct. Then droop not thou,
Erroneously renewing a sad vow
In the low dell 'mid Roslin's fading grove:
A cheerful life is what the Muses love,
A soaring spirit is their prime delight.

being one unvaried scene of green silk sofas and sparkling goblets. The Northern mythologists, who imagined the Valhalla, have shewn far more knowledge of nature and truth, when they make the heroes of Odin to spend all their mornings in blood and dust, cutting, and slashing, and careering at each other as they had been used to do, till, at the setting of sun, all their wounds are closed at once by magical power, they are bathed, and dressed in soft raiment, and all sit down together to enjoy themselves over a friendly board—as we did now. This is the true way in which life should be made to pass sweetly in this fine time of the year.

At dinner we found a large addition to our party—ladies and gentlemen, some residing for the time under the roof of Mr. Gillies—others who had come out from Edinburgh the same morning like ourselves. There was no want of wit—how much of it might be owing to our host's excellent champagne, I shall not pretend to guess. So far, indeed, it appeared to me Mr. Gillies had followed his friend, the great Laker's advice—for nobody ever lived a more "cheerful life" than he seemed to do, while the tall black bottles chased each other with persevering un-

relenting speed around his table. The effect of the champagne on the Ettrick Shepherd, in particular, was quite delightful: Accustomed, for the most part, to the ruder stimulus of whisky-toddy, this etherial inspiration seemed to shoot life with subtler energy through a thousand less explored meanderings of his body and his brain. Among other good things he contributed to our amusement, music was one. Before the ladies left the dining-room, he insisted upon having a violin put into his hands, and really produced a measure of sweet sounds, quite beyond what I should have expected from the workmanship of such horny fingers. It seems, however, he had long been accustomed to minister in this way at the fairs and penny-weddings in Ettrick, and we on the present occasion were well content to be no more fastidious than the Shepherd's old rustic admirers. He appears to be in very great favour among the ladies—and I thought some of the younger and more courtly poets in the company exhibited some symptoms of envying him a little of his copious complement of smiles—and well they might.

We had a great deal of conversation, however, on sober matters of literature and criti-

cism, intermingled with our mirth and the joyous notes of the Shepherd's fiddle. Among other topics, the attacks on the Edinburgh Review in the Edinburgh Magazine, of which I have already spoken to you, were tabled, and a good many remarks were made on them by various persons in the company, among others, your humble servant. I was particularly free in my observations, being aware that a number of the young persons present wrote occasionally in the new Journal, and anxious, from friendly motives, to give them the benefit of a little advice from an unprejudiced and impartial stranger. I gave praise to some particular productions, and censure to others, in the hopes of detecting the authors, in case they should be present, from the variation of their faces; but, of a surety, either the public reports are quite erroneous, or these young gentlemen are masters of more *face* than I ever met with before in persons of double their years.

It was on this occasion that I had an opportunity of seeing and conversing with Mr. Lockhart, who, as well as Mr. Wilson, is supposed to be one of the principal supporters of this Magazine, and so of judging for myself concerning an individual who seems to have cared very little how many

enemies he raised up among those who were not personally acquainted with him. Owing to the satirical vein of some of the writings ascribed to his pen, most persons whom I have heard speak of him, seemed to have been impressed with the notion, that the bias of his character inclined towards an unrelenting subversion of the pretensions of others. But I soon perceived that here was another instance of the incompetency of the crowd to form any rational opinion about persons of whom they see only partial glimpses, and hear only distorted representations. I was not long in his company ere I was convinced that those elements which form the basis of his mind could never find their satisfaction in mere satire, and that if the exercise of penetration had afforded no higher pleasure, nor led to any more desirable result than that of detecting error, or exposing absurdity, there is no person who would sooner have felt an inclination to abandon it in despondency and disgust. At the same time, a strong and ever-wakeful perception of the ludicrous, is certainly a prominent feature in his composition, and his flow of animal spirits enables him to enjoy it keenly, and invent it with success. I have seen, however, very few persons whose minds are so much alive and awake

throughout every corner, and who are so much in the habit of trying and judging every thing by the united tact of so many qualities and feelings all at once. But one meets with abundance of individuals every day, who shew in conversation a greater facility of expression, and a more constant activity of speculative acuteness. I never saw Mr. Lockhart very much engrossed with the desire of finding language to convey any relation of ideas that had occurred to him, or so enthusiastically engaged in tracing its consequences, as to forget every thing else. In regard to facility of expression, I do not know whether the study of languages, which is a favourite one with him—(indeed I am told he understands a good deal of almost all the modern languages, and is well skilled in the ancient ones)—I know not whether this study has any tendency to increase such facility, although there is no question it must help to improve the mind in many important particulars, by varying our modes of perception.

His features are regular, and quite definite in their outlines; his forehead is well advanced, and largest, I think, in the region of observation and perception. Although an Oxo-

nian, and early imbued with an admiration for the works of the Stagyrite, he seems rather to incline, in philosophy, to the high Platonic side of the question, and to lay a great deal of stress on the investigation and cultivation of the impersonal sentiments of the human mind—ideas which his acquaintance with German literature and philosophy has probably much contributed to strengthen. Under the influence of that mode of thinking, a turn for pleasantry rather inclines to exercise itself in a light and good-humoured play of fancy, upon the incongruities and absurd relations which are so continually presenting themselves in the external aspect of the world, than to gratify a sardonic bitterness in exulting over them, or to nourish a sour and atrabilious spirit in regarding them with a cherished and pampered feeling of delighted disapprobation, like that of Swift. But Mr. Lockhart is a very young person, and I would hope may soon find that there are much better things in literature than satire, let it be as good-humoured as you will. Indeed, his friend Wastle tells me he already professes himself heartily sick of it, and has begun to write, of late, in a quite opposite key.

It was here, too, that I first became acquainted with another young gentleman, whose writings in the same Magazine had, in a particular manner, interested and delighted me; and which, indeed, could not possibly excite any feelings but those of the purest delight, in the mind of any person capable of understanding them. This is a Mr. William Howison; but the greater part of the company seemed to address him familiarly by the name of *Monsieur de Peudemots*, which *nom-de-guerre* was prefixed by him two or three years ago to an exquisite little separate publication of Tales and Essays, or, as he called them, "Fragments and Fictions." I have already sent off this little book to Lady Jones, and I beg you to get it from her and read it with all speed. It is, perhaps, the most perfect bijou our time and country has produced. It appears to me to bear to the prose of our day pretty much the same relation the poetry of Rogers does to our popular poetry. It displays a profound elegance of thought and language—a pure, playful, inoffensive wit—and a most thrilling and poetic tenderness of feeling, such as have very rarely been united in any work of any country, and such as I run no risk in saying were never before dis-

played in union in the work of a man not much above twenty years of age.

Since his little book was published, however, M. de Peudemots (to judge from the writings, which the inimitable purity of style shews very plainly to be his,) has not a little enlarged his views in regard to men, and manners, and philosophy—and, I doubt not, he will soon shew this enlargement in some very splendid way. By what process of circumstances such a mind as his is, should have been formed and nurtured into its present condition, in the midst of the superficial talkers and debaters of Edinburgh, I am greatly at a loss to imagine. It must, indeed, have been a very noble armour of innate strength, which has enabled him to resist so much of precept and example—and, in spite of all that was passing around him, to train himself, from his earliest years, in so sure a reliance upon the finer examples and higher precepts of the old times of England. It is easy to see much of this inward strength beaming through the modesty of his physiognomy—and in his organization upwards, it is still more easy to detect the marks of a commanding intellect. He has a high pale forehead, the pure intellectual confirmation of which is sufficient to render it perfectly beautiful. So

much for one whose name will not long be an obscure one.

I was introduced also to a third of these youthful coadjutors, in the person of a Captain Hamilton, a very fine-looking young officer, whom the peace has left at liberty to amuse himself in a more pleasant way than he was accustomed to, so long as Lord Wellington kept the field. He has a noble, grand Spaniard-looking head, and a tall, graceful person, which he swings about in a style of knowingness that might pass muster even in the eye of Old Potts. The expression of his features is so very sombre, that I should never have guessed him to be a playful writer, (indeed how should I have guessed such a person to be a writer at all?)—Yet such is the case—for, unless I am totally misinformed, he is the author of a thousand beautiful jeux-d'esprit, both in prose and verse, which I shall point out to you more particularly when we meet.

In the conversation of this large party, and over the prime Chateau-Margout of Mr. Gillies, the time past most agreeably till ten o'clock, at which hour we transferred ourselves to the drawing-room, and began dancing reels in a most clamorous and joyous manner, to the music sometimes of the Shepherd's fiddle—sometimes of

P. M. del^t.

Wm D. Lizars Sculp.

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

the harpischord., On these latter occasions the Shepherd himself mingled in the maze with the best of us, and indeed displayed no insignificant remains of that light-heeled vigour, which enabled him in his youth (ere yet he had found nobler means of distinction,) to bear the bell on all occasions from the runners and leapers of Ettrick-dale. The great beauty of this man's deportment, to my mind, lies in the unaffected simplicity with which he retains, in many respects, the external manners and appearance of his original station—blending all, however, with a softness and manly courtesy, derived, perhaps, in the main, rather from the natural delicacy of his mind and temperament, than from the influence of anything he has learned by mixing more largely in the world. He is truly a most interesting person—his conversation is quite picturesque and characteristic, both in its subjects and its expression—his good-humour is unalterable, and his discernment most acute—and he bears himself with a happy mixture of modesty and confidence, such as well becomes a man of genius, who has been born and bred in poverty, and who is still far from being rich, but who has forfeited, at no moment of his career, his claim

to the noble consciousness of perfect independence.

A merry supper, followed by a variety of songs and stories, detained us at Lasswade till a late, or rather till an early hour; but the moon had arisen in all her brightness, and our drive to Edinburgh was a cooling and calm termination to all the hilarities of the evening.

This morning I spent almost entirely in driving from one house to another, bidding adieu for a few months to such of my Edinburgh friends as are still in town. This would, indeed, have been a sad duty, but for the prospect of meeting them all again after my return from the ulterior part of my pilgrimage. In the meantime, however, it is a real sorrow for me to part, even with that consolation in view, for so long a time from my excellent old friend, Mr. Wastle. His kindness has really been such as I never can repay—not even in gratitude. Ever since I came, he seems to have made me, my comfort, and convenience, and gratification, the sole subject of his concern. I trust I shall be able to induce him to give me, so far, my revenge, next summer in Cardigan—but, alas! what can I shew him there like much of what he has shewn me in Edinburgh?

My time, however, presses, and I cannot possibly delay setting off for Glasgow any longer. I propose spending a week in and about that city, to several of the most respectable inhabitants of which I have received letters of introduction, through the kindness of my indefatigable friend. To-day Wastle dines with me, once more *solus cum solo*, at my hotel—and with to-morrow's dawn I must gird myself for my journey. I shall write to you shortly after my arrival; but, in the meantime, in case you should write to me, address your letters to the Buck's-Head Hotel, Glasgow.

Ever your's,

P. M.

P. S. Don't forget to borrow M. de Peudemot's book from my aunt. If you don't get the "One Night in Rome" by heart, I shall lose all faith in your taste.

LETTER LXV.

TO THE SAME.

BUCK'S-HEAD, GLASGOW.

I HAD a melancholy ride from Edinburgh—as every man of any sense or feeling must have who quits that beautiful and hospitable city, after a residence half so long as mine. When I had swallowed my solitary cup of coffee and bit of toast, and, wrapping myself in my great-coat, proceeded to the door of Oman's—and saw there the patient Scrub, the lazy John, and the sober shandrydan, all prepared for the journey—I could not but feel a chillness creep over me at the now visible and tangible approach of my departure. I mounted, however, and seized the reins with a firmness worthy of myself, and soon found myself beyond sight of the obsequious bowings of Mr. Oman and his lackeys—driving

at a smart resolute pace along the glorious line of Prince's Street, which I had so often traversed on different errands, and in such different glee. There was a thick close mist, so that I scarcely saw more than a glimpse or two of some fragments of the Castle as I past—the church-domes and towers floated here and there like unsupported things in the heavens;—and Edinburgh, upon the whole, seemed to melt from before my retreating gaze, "like the baseless fabric of a vision." It was not till I had got fairly out of the town, that the sun shone forth in his full splendour, gilding with his Judas beams the dead white masses of vapour that covered the ground before me—and, by degrees, affording me wider and richer glances of the whole of that variously magnificent champaign.

There is, indeed, a very fine tract of country, stretching for several miles westward from Edinburgh—its bosom richly cultivated and wooded, and its margin on either hand skirted by very picturesque, if not very majestic, ranges of mountains. After passing over these beautiful miles, however, the general character of the road to Glasgow is extremely monotonous and uninteresting—there being neither any level sufficient

to give the impression of extent, or height sufficient to dignify the scene—but one unbroken series of bare bleak table-land, almost alike desolate-looking where cultivation has been commenced, as where the repose of the aboriginal heather has been left undisturbed. About the conclusion of the third long stage, which brings you within some fifteen or sixteen miles of Glasgow, the country does indeed rise high enough—but I never saw any high country so very dull. The Kirk of Shotts, from which the most dreary ridge takes its name, is situated certainly in one of the last of all places that a member of the old Melrose and Dryburgh school would have thought of for an ecclesiastical building. Yet it is pleasing to see such a building in such a place—and the little dove-cote belfrey rises with peculiar expressiveness amidst a land of so little promise. When we had passed the Kirk of Shotts, we gradually descended, and saw from the warmer slopes upon which we travelled, occasional peeps of the rich valley of the Clyde, smiling serenely with all its pomp of woods and waters to the left. The road, however, soon became quite flat again, and, excepting one or two little glens close by the way-side, I observed no-

thing particularly interesting till we came within sight of the city.

The city is (even after Edinburgh) a very fine one. It has no pretensions to any such general majesty of situation as the metropolis—it has nothing that can sustain any comparison with the Rock and the Castle—to say nothing of the hills and the sea—yet it is a grand and impressive city, whether we look at its situation or at its buildings. The Cathedral, in the immediate neighbourhood of which the oldest part of the town stands, is placed on the brink of a commanding eminence, from which there is a continued descent of more than a mile southward to the river—all the intervening space having been long since covered with streets, and squares, and market-places, by the sons of traffic. The old Church is at the eastern extremity also of the town—which now seems to be running, after the fashion of the fine people in London, entirely to the west. The main street through which I made my entrance, the Trongate, is a prodigiously fine thing—one of the very finest things, I venture to say, in all Europe—consisting, for the most part, of huge black structures, rising on either side many stories into the air, but diversified, all along, with very picturesque breaks and

lights—pillars, turrets, spires, every thing, in a word, that can give the grandeur of variety to a long street cutting the centre of a great city. From this, various minor streets, old and new, sombre and gay, penetrate into the extremities of the peopled place. There is a vast hum, and bustle, and jostling, all along—things of which one meets with very little in Edinburgh; and, indeed, the general air of activity is only second to that of Cheapside. I felt at once that I had got into a very different sort of place from that I had left; but both I and my horse were somewhat wearied with the journey, and the horns of a genuine Buck, proudly projected over the gateway of the hotel to which I had been directed, were to me the most interesting features in the whole Trongate of Glasgow. I am now established in a very snug suite of apartments, from which I command, in the mean time, a view of the whole of this great street, and from which, God willing, I shall go forth to-morrow, refreshed and reinvigorated by a good supper and a good sleep, to examine and criticise Glasgow and its inhabitants.

I told you that I had received, before leaving Edinburgh, various letters of introduction to

gentlemen of this place; and I was preparing to set about delivering some of them this morning, immediately after breakfast, when one of the persons I proposed waiting upon anticipated my intentions, and called at the Buck's-head, with ready and cordial offers of all manner of civility and attention. This gentleman is a distant relation of my friend Wastle, who had informed him, by a different letter, of me and all my motions. From what I have seen of him, he is likely to prove a capital *Lionizer*; for he seems to know every thing about Glasgow, and to be very willing to communicate every thing that he does know. What is best of all, he is a perfectly idle man,—a character of very rare occurrence in such a town as this,—so that I shall not be troubled in receiving his attentions with the painful idea that I am wasting valuable time. In all the mercantile towns I have previously visited, at home and abroad, it has been my fortune to fall entirely into the hands of merchants; and these, though they are as kind as possible, and as willing as you could wish to entertain you all the evenings, have a sad aversion to having their mornings cut up with parading a stranger through their curiosities. Now, Mr. H—— is probably not unfrequently at a loss

how to spend his own mornings in Glasgow, and I am doing him a favour by giving him occupation.

He seemed resolved that I should feel myself perfectly at home in his company, for the very first subject he began to enlarge upon was his own history; and, as we walked along the streets towards the Cathedral, (for that was the first Lion he proposed shewing me,) he told me as many anecdotes of his adventures as would fill half-a-dozen even of my letters. He appeared to be very anxious, by the whole drift of his discourse, to create in my mind a very broad and marked line of distinction between himself and the other inhabitants of this his native city, for whom, indeed, it was easy to see he entertains no great feeling of partiality. "You will, no doubt, be much surprised," said he, "to find a person so idle as myself living here among such a set of drudges: but there's a reason for every thing, Doctor Morris; and, let me tell you, I have devilish good reasons for choosing to be a dweller in Glasgow, in spite of all my disgust for the doings of the place."

I comprehend, partly from what he has said, and partly from the conversation of my landlady, Mrs. Jardine, that a generation or two

back, Glasgow was entirely a place of merchandise, and not at all connected with manufactures; that in those days the principal merchants, who had every thing their own way in the town, were not unfrequently persons of very respectable birth and education—some of them younger sons of good gentlemen's families—and all of them accustomed to live on terms of familiarity, if not equality, with the noblesse of the neighbouring counties. The introduction of manufactures, cotton-mills, sugar-works, soap-works, and a thousand other engines of prosperity, has had the effect of causing this primitive aristocracy of traffickers to be invaded in their privileges by a mighty swarm of mere *novi homines*—persons sprung from every variety of mean blood and place, and trained in every variety of narrow mindedness and ignorance, who have now, by strength of numbers and of purses, almost succeeded in pushing the relics of the old school from their seats of dignity, and who constitute, at this moment, the most prominent element in every large society of Glasgow. My new acquaintance, whose own family held a high place in the days of the elder system, has witnessed, with a most lively dismay, this sad diminution of their importance, and mourns, in other words,

over the increased wealth, population, and importance of his native city, as if his own birthright had been invaded at every step of its progressive prosperity. He is attached, however, to the soil of the place, partly by the feelings and recollections of his youth—partly by the necessity of keeping on good terms with an old absurd uncle, who thinks Glasgow the only town in Britain where any man of taste and discernment ought to live; but, most of all, I suspect, (although he did not say any thing expressly on that head,) from the gratification his vanity receives, by means of his sojourn here, he being not only the most idle, but also the most genteel and elegant person in the city, and therefore enjoying, in all fulness, the delights and dignities of being its *arbiter elegantiarum.* He is the very Potts of Glasgow.

Mr. H—— cannot shew his face in the Merchant's house, or on the Exchange, or on any other scene,

> "Where most our merchants use to congregate,"

without finding himself a very insignificant sort of person; but the matter is much otherwise when he enters a ball-room or assembly. His slim figure, so different from those of the braw-

ny swollen money-getters and punch-drinkers—his *degagée* and polite air, the fruit of his foreign travel, (for he, too, has been a wanderer in his day)—his skill in dancing—his knowledge of women—his flatteries—and his foibles—all have contributed to make him the favourite beau of the ladies of this mercantile city. No young *bourgeoise* can be said to have come out till Mr. H—— has done her the honour to walk down a country-dance with her. Nobody dare venture to say she is a beauty, till his infallible *imprimatur* has been fixed upon her. Although long past the hey-day and buoyancy of youth and youthful spirits, he walks unrivalled and alone, among a thousand more sanguine pretenders—secure in the *non-chalance* of his long-established sway—eternal master of the ceremonies—the Prince and Apostle of the Drawcansirs of the West.

Of the many things on which he piques himself—one, and not the most trivial, is his connection with the ancient and lofty blood of my friend Wastle's family. He goes into Edinburgh now and then, and the reception he meets with there, through the means of Wastle, so very different from the utter neglect with which most Glasgow visitors are received in that metropolis, is always sufficient to renew and refresh

this vanity in the most effectual manner. He is proud, moreover, of the high personal character and literary reputation of the laird, and altogether his kinsmanship has become quite one of his hobbies. "My cousin, Mr. Wastle of Wastle," is a formula never out of his mouth. He can say by heart a variety of Wastle's minor love poems, which he repeats in a most moving manner to the young ladies, when they are warmed with an extra glass of sherry-negus at a ball-supper. His *chansons-a-boire* furnish him in like manner with a no less appropriate armoury of fascination for the punch-table—and never does he either sing or say, without introducing a full account of the tie which subsists between his own family and that of his author. My friend, I suppose, has written concerning me in much higher terms than I deserve—for I observe that Mr. H—— takes it for granted I am a man of wonderful accomplishments. I have lost, however, not a little way in his good opinion, by not having been present at a ball and supper, given on board the flag-ship at Leith, the week before I left Edinburgh. He cannot understand how I should have neglected such an opportunity of exhibiting my Cambrian graces. I might tell him I have had the gout—but am quite will-

ing to sustain the weight of his contempt as it is. It is very bad policy to make a man think he has no point of superiority over yourself. I have no ambition to rival the *Toe-ocracy* of Mr. H——.

Making some allowances for the prejudices of this gentleman—and, above all, for the jaundiced view he may be expected to give of some of the present prime ones in this mercantile city, and their manner of deporting themselves—and having, as usual, my own eyes about me to correct any mis-statements that may creep into his account of things, I imagine I have lighted upon an excellent cicerone. I am sure he is, at least, a civil, and he promises no less surely to be an indefatigable one.

P. M.

LETTER LXVII.

TO THE SAME.

The situation of the Cathedral of Glasgow has been so exquisitely described in Rob Roy, that it would be quite useless to do anything more than refer you to it—only the fine pine trees which, in the novel, are represented as covering the whole of the opposite bank of the ravine, and extending their funereal shade quite to the back of the cemetry—these (miserabile dictu!) have been sacrificed to the *auri sacra fames*, and that bank is now bare and green, as if black pine had never grown there. The burial-ground, with which the Cathedral is on all sides surrounded, is certainly one of the largest and one of the most impressive I have ever visited. The long and flat grave-stones, in their endless lines, seem to form a complete pavement to the whole sur-

face—making it a perfect street of the dead—the few knots of tall wiry grass and clustering nettles, which find room to shoot from between the layers of stone-work, being enough to increase the dreariness, but not to disturb the uniformity of the scene. The building stands on the declivity of a slight hill, at the bottom of which a brawling rivulet tumbles along with a desolate roar of scanty waters—but it would seem the ground had been dug up originally, so as to give the Cathedral an uniform and even line of foundations. Yet—such in many succeeding centuries has been the enormous accumulation of the dead, that their graves have literally choked up the one end of the church altogether—so that of a tier of windows which are seen entire at the east, at the west the tops only can be traced, sculptured and ornamented like the rest, just peering above the surface of the encroaching tombs.

The feelings one has in visiting a Gothic cathedral, are always abundantly melancholy, but the grand and elevating accompaniments by which this melancholy is tempered in a Catholic, and even in an English cathedral, are amissing—sadly amissing—in the case of a cathedral

that has fallen into the hands of the Presbyterians. When one enters one of these antique piles in Southern Germany, or in Spain, (for there only can a Catholic Gothic cathedral be seen in all its glory,) I know not that it is possible for the heart of man to desire any addition to the majestic solemnity of the whole scene. The tall narrow windows, quite dark with the long purple garments of pictured martyrs, apostles, and kings, tinge every ray that passes through them with the colours and the memory of a thousand years of devotion. The whole immeasurable space below,—nave, transept, and sounding aisles—are left glowing in their bare marble beneath these floods of enriched and golden light—no lines of heavy pews are allowed to break the surface—it seems as if none could have any permanent place there except those who sleep beneath. You walk from end to end over a floor of tomb-stones, inlaid in brass with the forms of the departed—mitres and crosiers, and spears, and shields, and helmets, all mingled together—all worn into glass-like smoothness by the feet and the knees of long departed worshippers. Around, on every side—each in their separate chapel—sleep undisturbed from age to age the venerable ashes of the holiest or the loftiest that of old

came thither to worship—their images and their dying prayers sculptured and painted above the resting-places of their remains. You feel that you are but a visitor amidst the congregation and home of the dead—and walk with gentle steps along the precious pavement, that answers with a clear prophetic echo to your living tread.

The rich old tapestries which sometimes cover the walls of these cathedrals, mingle better with the storied windows than even the finest of paintings or Mosaics—for the exhibition of perfect art throws discredit on rude art, however impressive, and disturbs the uniform eloquence with which the whole should be made to teem. But the greatest of all our wants is, that of the long processions of kneeling priests, which carry the eye onward to the steps of some high illuminated altar—where the blaze of the antique candlesticks comes faint and dim through the clouds of perfumed smoke, swung ever and anon, slow and solemn, from their waving censers. It is, I sometimes think, a thousand pities that errors and corruptions, in far different matters, should have made Protestants part with so much of the old hereditary ceremonial of the church. Even the sacred music of our forefathers has been abandoned, as if poison had been breathed from

its most majestic notes. Who, that ever heard the grand simple airs to which the Latin Psalms are chaunted in the Catholic Cathedrals, can doubt that in them we still hear the very sounds which kindled the devotion of the Origens, the Augustines, and the Gregories? They bear no resemblance to any music of modern days;—they are the venerable relics of that Greek music which consisted only in Melody. And why should we have discarded them?—Or why, having discarded them for a time, should we punish our ears and hearts by refusing to return to them?

But if even we have done somewhat wrong—alas! how much greater have been the errors of our Scottish brethren. The line which we have drawn between ourselves and many of the ideas of our fathers, has been stretched by them into an impassable gulf. It is, indeed, true, that they have replaced what they have lost by many things of another description; but it is not when walking among the melancholy aisles of a deserted or profaned cathedral, that one is most likely to do justice to the value of their substitutes. It is more natural, in such a scene, to hope, that corruptions on the one side being amended, reverence on the other may be resto-

red—that the Christian North may, in some after day, acknowledge that the faults were not all on the part of that South to which she owed arts, arms, and religion; and, in the words of the poet,

> ———" all backward driven,
> Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven."

The Cathedral of Glasgow, however, with all its nakedness within, and all its desolation without, is a very valuable thing in Scotland; for it is one of a very few of the great ecclesiastical buildings in this country which escaped from the demolishing fury of the first disciples of John Knox. You have probably read, in some of the historians, the anecdote of the mode of its preservation---indeed, if my recollection serves me, it is mentioned in the novel of Rob Roy. Within, there is only the centre of the choir, which is left in a cathedral-looking style, with pillars, and scutcheons, and monuments; and here one sees that the whole building, when in its original state, must have been a noble and magnificent specimen of the Gothic architecture, in its best and purest, not its gaudiest age. At either extremity of the Cathedral, spaces have been partitioned off from the nave, sufficient to form large

and commodious places of Presbyterian worship; and one of these is fitted up with some taste, as well, perhaps, as the eastern end of a cathedral can be, where the site of the grand altar is occupied with a pulpit—where the lofty pillars and windows are cut by heavy wooden galleries,—and the floor loaded with rows of snug pews boxed in, and lined with green cloth, for the accommodation of sitting, not kneeling worshippers. The transept seems never to have been finished, for it closes abruptly at either side, so as to afford but a faint idea of the shape of the cross. It runs out at one side, however, for a considerable space, in the shape of a low aisle, with a flat roof, on which, in the old times, a garden had been formed, and where a few very ancient apple-trees may still be seen lingering and drooping along the edge of the stone-work. This aisle has the name of "the dripping aisle," derived, no doubt, from the water which finds its way through the crannies of that crazy roof—a name which, I think, Mrs. Radcliffe would have borrowed for some of the scenes of her horrors, had she heard of it. It is the sepulchre of some particular family of the city or neighbourhood.

Among the other profanations which this fine Old Cathedral has had to sustain, not the least

has been the erection of various new buildings in its immediate vicinity, quite hostile to the impression its majestic form, left alone in its church-yard, might be so well fitted to convey. On the one hand, on the very edge of the burial-ground, there has been set up a little abominable would-be Gothic church, in the very worst of all possible styles of Gothic imitation--a thing full of windows and corners, with a roof like a barn—and covered—to the shame be it spoken of people who have such abundance of free-stone at their hands—covered with a rude patched coating of brown lime. It put me in mind of some little hunch-backed, heavy-headed dwarf, aping the port and gestures of a grand giant, whose knee he cannot touch. At the other side, they have put down, still nearer to the Cathedral, a building very passable in itself—nay, very elegant, as buildings go in Scotland—but scarcely, to my mind, less ill-judged in regard to its position. This is the Royal Infirmary—a spacious, handsome house, in the Grecian style, or, rather, in what is called now-a-days the Grecian style of architecture. In order to make room for it so near the Old Church, the good wise folks of Glasgow pulled down a few years ago, as my guide informs me, the ruins of the ancient Archie-

piscopal Palace or Castle, which occupied, with a very different kind of propriety, the same commanding spot. Surely this was a very unnecessary piece of barbarity—but, if the Old Castle was to be removed, they might, at least, have erected in its room something that would have better harmonized with the neighbourhood of so grand a church.

What one calls, in common parlance, a handsome building in these days, is often a thing which has neither grandeur nor beauty. Indeed, modern buildings, in general, are so uninteresting in their general shape, and their surface is so much frittered down with different rows of windows, and with a complexity of trivial and unprofitable parts, that they scarcely ever tell much upon the imagination, or convey to the eye any one broad and palpable concord of forms. The necessity of having different flats or stories, must always be in some measure hostile to simplicity. No pillar can stretch from the top to the bottom of such a building, without doing it more harm than good; and the expedient of piling different orders of architecture one above another, although it was employed with a noble effect in the Coliseum at Rome, and in other amphitheatres, seems to lose all its dignity when interspér-

sed with the paltry little windows of modern days. These smooth and glazed rows never fail to destroy the conception of a vast and magnificent space in the interior.

The Gothic buildings, in general, have no want of unity. The multiplicity of parts is indeed great, but they are made quite easy to be comprehended by their repetition: and the design of the whole, is always evidently subservient to one purpose.

I take it, Mr. Wastle, in his description of my character to his cousin, had done at least full measure of justice to my antiquarian propensities; for he seemed to think it a matter of course, that my inclinations would lead me to give the whole of my first day to the most ancient part of the city of Glasgow. This, as I mentioned, is the part immediately in the neighbourhood of the Cathedral—the archbishop and his court of deans, chaunters, precentors and prebendaries, having, of course, been the lords paramount of attraction in those days to the burghers, who lived chiefly by their means. There are several entire streets of the episcopal city still remaining—all in utter disrepute, as might be expected from their situation, and inhabited by the lowest vulgar: but all of them

containing the shells of fine old houses, much superior in the taste of their architecture to the more splendid buildings which fill the more spacious streets of the modern city of merchandize. On some of these old houses, I could trace various coats-of-arms, from which, had Glasgow a Wastle to decypher them, I doubt not, much of their history might easily be gathered. His kinsman possesses a little tincture of his lore, and pointed out to me, in different quarters, the bearings of particular families or bishops in a sufficiently knowing style. In many quarters, he shewed me the shields of the House of Hamilton, and the Stewarts, Lords of Minto—in which families successively was vested the regality, or lay lordship of the archiepiscopal lands shortly after the Reformation. He shewed me also one large and fine old building, which formerly was a residence of the Montroses, and still bears the name of Montrose-lodge—and it was this very house, as he tells me, that Darnley occupied during that illness which brought Mary from Edinburgh to be his nurse, only a few weeks before the catastrophe of the Kirk-in-the-field. The most extensive of these ancient streets, however, is not so abundant in these vestiges of ancient pomp as the minor ones. It stretches quite

along the brow of the hill, and commands a fine prospect of the whole city, old and new. Its name is the Rotten-row—a name, by the way, which my cicerone professed himself incapable of explaining, but which was quite familiar and intelligible to my ears. It comes, I doubt not, from the same root with *routine*, and signifies nothing more than the row or street of *processions.* It was here that the host and the images of the saints were carried on festivals, with all the usual splendour of Catholic piety. The same name, derived from the very same practice still subsisting, may be found in many towns in Germany. I remember, in Ratisbonne, in particular, a *Rotten-gasse* close by the Cathedral—and, indeed, all over Catholic Germany, the *Domm-herr* or Canon, who walks first on those occasions, bears a title of the same etymology---that of *Rott-meister*, namely—which is literally procession-leader, or master. I remembered to have met with the name of this Glasgow Rotten-row in my reading, and on applying to my friend, he told me, that it occurs in Blind Harry's History of Sir William Wallace. After the famous exploit of the burning of the barns of Ayr, where Pembroke, and a great number of the English

lords were destroyed together, Wallace marched during the whole night, that he might, if possible, surprise Glasgow. On reaching the Clyde, he divided his forces, leading in person the main body up the heart of the city, and sending Sir John the Grahame, his Achates, with another, to make a circuit, and enter by this Rotten-row. If you have Blind Harry by you, you may turn to the passage, and you will find a very animated description of the battle which ensued. Wallace was encountered mid-way up the town, exactly where the College of Glasgow now stands, by the English bishop of Edward's making—Beck; and while the strife was *adhuc sub judice*, the scales were turned in his favour by the arrival of the Grahame, who took the bishop in the rear.

After we had perambulated all these scenes, we found it was nearly time for dinner, and so parted for the day. I should have told you before, that I had another visitor early in the morning, besides Mr. H——. This was a Mr. P——, a respectable merchant of the place, also an acquaintance of my friend Wastle. He came before H——, and after professing himself very sorry that his avocations would not permit him to devote his forenoon to my service, made me

promised to dine with him—a proposal to which, indeed, I could have no kind of objection.

Being afraid that I might have some difficulty in finding the way to his house, he proposed that I should meet him at the Coffee-room, or Exchange, exactly at a quarter before five o'clock, from which place, he said, he would himself conduct me to his residence. My rendezvous is a very large, ill-shaped, low-roofed room, surrounded on all sides with green cane chairs, small tables, and newspapers, and opening by glass folding-doors upon a paved piazza of some extent. This piazza is, in fact, the Exchange, but the business is done in the adjoining room, where all the merchants are to be seen at certain hours of the day. I have seldom seen a more amusing medley. Although I have travelled only forty miles from Edinburgh, I could, with difficulty, persuade myself that I was still in the same kingdom.—Such roaring!—such cursing! —such peals of discord!—such laughter!—such grotesque attitudes!—such arrogance!—such vulgar disregard of all courtesy to a stranger! Here was to be seen the counting-house *blood*, dressed in a box-coat, Belcher handkerchief, and top-boots, or leather gaiters, discoursing (Ædepol!) about brown sugar and genseng! Here was to be

seen the counting-house *dandy*, with whalebone stays, stiff neckcloth, surtout, Cossacks, a spur on his heel, a gold-headed cane on his wrist, and a Kent on his head, mincing primly to his brother dandy some question about pullicat handkerchiefs.—Here was to be seen the counting-house *bear*, with a grin, and a voice like a glass-blower.—Here, above all, was to be seen the Glasgow *literateur*, striding in his corner with a pale face, and an air of exquisite abstraction, meditating, no doubt, some high paragraph for the Chronicle, or, perchance, some pamphlet against Dr. Chalmers. Here, in a word, were to be seen abundant varieties of folly and presumption—abundant airs of plebeianism. I was now in the Coffee-room of Glasgow.

My friend soon joined me, and observing, from the appearance of my countenance, that I was contemplating the scene with some disgust—"My good fellow," said he, "you are just like every other well-educated stranger that comes into this town; you cannot endure the first sight of us mercantile whelps. Do not, however, be alarmed; I will not introduce you to any of these cattle at dinner. No, sir, you must know that there *are* a few men of refinement and polite information in this city. I have warned two or

three of these *raræ aves*, and, depend upon it, you shall have a very snug *day's work*." So saying, he took my arm, and observing that five was *just on the chap*, hurried me through several streets and lanes till we arrived in the ——, where his house is situated. His wife was, I perceived, quite the fine lady, and, withal, a little of the blue-stocking. Hearing that I had just come from Edinburgh, she remarked that Glasgow would be seen to much disadvantage after that elegant city. "Indeed," said she, "a person of taste must, of course, find many disagreeables connected with a residence in such a town as this; but Mr ——'s business renders the thing necessary for the present, and one cannot make a silk purse of a sow's ear—he, he, he!" Another lady of the company carried this affectation still further: she pretended to be quite ignorant of Glasgow and its inhabitants, although she had lived among them the greater part of her life; and, by the bye, she seemed to be no chicken. I was afterwards told by my friend, the Major, that this damsel had in reality sojourned a winter or two at Edinburgh, in the capacity of *lick-spittle*, or *toad-eater*, to a lady of quality, to whom she had rendered herself amusing by a malicious tongue; and that during this

short absence, she had embraced the opportunity of utterly forgetting every thing about the west country. But there would be no end of it, were I to tell you all.

The dinner was excellent, although calculated, apparently, for forty people rather than for sixteen, which last number sat down. Capital salmon, and trout almost as rich as salmon, from one of the lochs—prime mutton from Argyleshire, very small and sweet, and indeed ten times better than half the venison we see in London—veal not inferior—beef of the very first order—some excellent fowls in curry; every thing washed down by delicious old West India Madeira, which went like elixir vitæ into the recesses of my stomach, somewhat ruffled in consequence of my riotous living in Edinburgh. A single bottle of hock, and another of white hermitage, went round, but I saw plainly that the greater part of the company took them for perry or cider. After dinner we had two or three bottles of port, which the landlord recommended as being *real stuff.* Abundance of the same Madeira, but to my sorrow no claret—the only wine I ever care for more than half-a-dozen glasses of. While the ladies remained in the room, there was such a noise and racket of coarse mirth, ill restrained

by a few airs of sickly sentiment on the part of the hostess, that I really could neither attend to the wine or the dessert; but after a little time, a very broad hint from a fat Falstaff, near the foot of the table, apparently quite a privileged character, thank Heaven! set the ladies out of the room. The moment after which blessed consummation, the butler and footman entered as if by instinct, the one with a huge punch-bowl, and the other with, &c.

A considerable altercation occurred on the entrance of the bowl, the various members of the company civilly entreating each other to officiate, exactly like the "Elders" in Burns's poem of *The Holy Fair*, "bothering from side to side" about the saying of grace. A middle-aged gentleman was at length prevailed upon to draw "the china" before him; and the knowing manner in which he forthwith began to arrange all his materials, impressed me at once with the idea that he was completely master of the noble science of making a bowl. The bowl itself was really a beautiful old piece of porcelain. It was what is called *a double bowl*, that is, the coloured surface was cased in another of pure white net-work, through which the red and blue flowers and trees shone out most beautifully. The

sugar being melted with a little cold water, the artist squeezed about a dozen lemons through a wooden strainer, and then poured in water enough almost to fill the bowl. In this state the liquor goes by the name of Sherbet, and a few of the connoisseurs in his immediate neighbourhood were requested to give their opinion of it—for, in the mixing of the sherbet lies, according to the Glasgow creed, at least one half of the whole battle. This being approved by an audible smack from the lips of the umpires, the rum was added to the beverage, I suppose in something about the proportion of one to seven. Last of all, the maker cut a few limes, and running each section rapidly round the rim of his bowl, squeezed in enough of this more delicate acid to flavour the whole composition. In this consists the true *tour-de-maitre* of the punch-maker.

The punch being fairly made, the real business of the evening commenced; and giving its due weight to the balsamic influence of the fluid, I must say the behaviour of the company was such as to remove almost entirely the prejudices I had conceived, in consequence of their first appearance and external manners. In the course of talk, I found that the coarseness which had most offended me, was nothing but a kind of

waggish disguise, assumed as the covering of minds keenly alive to the ridiculous, and therefore studious to avoid all appearance of finery—an article which they are aware always seems absurd when exhibited by persons of their profession. In short, I was amongst a set of genuinely shrewd, clever, sarcastic fellows, all of them completely *up to trap*—all of them good-natured and friendly in their dispositions—and all of them inclined to take their full share in the laugh against their own peculiarities. Some subjects, besides, of political interest, were introduced and discussed in a tone of great good sense and moderation. As for wit, I must say there was no want of it, in particular from the "privileged character" I have already mentioned. There was a *breadth* and *quaintness* of humour about this gentleman, which gave me infinite delight; and, on the whole, I was really much disposed at the end of the evening, (for we never looked near the drawing-room,) to congratulate myself on having made a good exchange for the self-sufficient young Whig coxcombs of Edinburgh. Such is the danger of trusting too much to first impressions. The Glasgow people would, in general, do well to assume as their motto, "*Fronti nulla*

fides;" and yet there are not a few of them whose faces I should be very sorry to see any thing different from what they are.—So much for my first day in Glasgow.

P. M.

LETTER LXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

BUCK'S HEAD, GLASGOW.

NEXT morning I devoted to visiting the University here, and paying my respects to several of the Professors, to whom I had received letters of introduction from several of my friends in Edinburgh, as well as London. I found the buildings very respectable in appearance—and altogether much more academical in their style than those of Edinburgh. The reason of this is, that they are for the most part much more ancient—or rather, perhaps, that they resemble much more what my eyes had been accustomed to at Cambridge and Oxford.

The University consists, as in Edinburgh, of a single College, but it is a much more venerable and wealthy foundation, and the Professors, in-

stead of occupying separate houses in different parts of the town, as in Edinburgh, are lodged altogether in a very handsome oblong court, (like the close of some of our cathedrals,) immediately beside the quadrangles used for public purposes. These quadrangles are two in number, and their general effect is much like that of some of our English third-rate colleges. The first one enters is a very narrow one, surrounded with black buildings of a most sombre aspect, and adorned on one side with a fine antique stair, which leads to their Faculty-Hall, or Senate-House. The second, to which you approach by a vaulted passage under a steeple, is much larger, but the effect of it is quite spoiled by a large new building in the Grecian style, which has been clumsily thrust into the midst of the low towers and curtains of the old monastic architecture. Both courts are paved all over with smooth flag-stones—for the Scottish academics are not of such orderly habits as to admit of their quadrangles being covered with fine bowling-greens as ours are. However, I was certainly much pleased with the appearance of the whole structure.

From the second court, another arched way leads into an open square behind, which is not

built round, but which contains in separate edifices the University Library on one hand—and, on the other, the Hunterian Museum, which you know was left in the collector's will to this seminary, at which he had received the early part of his education. The Museum is certainly a beautiful and classical building—so much of it at least as meets the eye in looking at it from the College. As yet I have seen nothing in Scotland that can be compared with it. The front consists of a very magnificent portico, supported by fine Doric pillars, and rising behind into a very graceful dome of stone-work. The College gardens stretch away in the rear of this building, to apparently a very considerable extent, forming a rich back-ground of lawns and trees, and affording a delightful rest to the eye, after the dust and glare of the mob-covered streets of the city. It was in one of the walks of these gardens—(one can never help talking of the incidents of these novels as if they were all matters of fact)—that Rob Roy prevented the duel between Frank and Rashleigh Osbaldistone. It was in them that good worthy Dr. Reid (honest man) used to pace when he was meditating the foundations of his Inquiry into the Human

Mind. It was in them that the most absent of men, Adam Smith, used to wander and loiter when he was preparing for the world the more precious gift of his Wealth of Nations. It was here, no doubt, that Dr. Moore walked, his features twisted with the pangs parturient of his famous Essay on the Greek Particles. It was here that his successor, Mr. John Young, must have ruminated with far blander emotions over the yet unpromulgated wit of the exquisite "Criticism on the Elegy written in a Country Churchyard."

My principal object, however, was not so much to examine the minutiæ of these, the externals of the University, as to pick up some accurate notions of the way in which its business is conducted. As the hour, therefore, did not admit of my paying visits of ceremony, I determined to go before making myself known to any one, and hear some of the principal Professors deliver their prælections in their class-rooms. My guide, being an old Alumnus of this Alma Mater, knew quite well the particular hours set apart for each individual teacher, and gave me all the information I could have desired about the respective merits of those I might have it in my power to

hear. The man of highest reputation for talent among the whole body, he told me, was the same Professor of Greek to whom I have just alluded—so my first ambition was to hear him—indeed, that ambition had long before been kindled within me by the eulogies I had heard passed upon this eminent Grecian, not only by Mr. Wastle, and the literati of Edinburgh—but by the much higher authorities of Porson, Burney, and Routh, with all of whom Mr. Young lived in habits of close and intimate friendship, during the frequent visits he paid to England. Nay, the Professor's fame had reached me in quarters still more remote, and at least as respectable; for I remember Old Wyttenbach asked me many questions about him in 1802, when I spent the spring under his roof at Leyden—and used to testify much astonishment at my knowing so little about this personage, whom he commonly called "*eximius ille apud Scotos philologus.*"

Dismissing my cicerone, therefore, I walked about the courts of the College by myself, till the rush of lads began to flow towards Mr. Young's lecture-room, and then insinuated myself with the crowd into the interior of the place. I took my station at the extremity of a bench, in the darkest part of the room, which

seemed to be occupied by a set of the more elderly students, among whom I imagined my own grave aspect would be less likely to attract attention from the Professor. By and bye, in he came and mounted his little pulpit, between two low windows at the opposite extremity—and I immediately hoisted my spectacles, in order that I might scrutinize the physiognomy of the Philologist before his lecture should begin. A considerable number of minutes elapsed, during which one of the students, perched above his fellows, in a minor sort of rostrum, was employed in calling over the names of all who were or should have been present, pretty much after the fashion of a regimental muster-roll. The Professor was quite silent during this space, unless when some tall awkward Irishman, or young indigenous blunderer, happened to make his *entrée* in a manner more noisy than suited the place—on which occasion a sharp cutting voice from the chair was sure to thrill in their ears some brief but decisive query, or command or rebuke—" *Quid agas tu, in isto angulo, pedibus strepitans et garriens?*"—" *Cave tu tibi, Dugalde M'Quhirter, et tuas res agas!*"—" *Notetur, Phelimius O'Shaughnesy, sero ingrediens, ut solvat duas asses sterlinenses!*"—" *Iterumne admonen-*

dus es, Nicolæe Jarvie?"—Quid hoc rei, Francisce Warper?" &c. &c. &c.

It required no imagination to detect the marks of clear thorough-going perspicacity of intellect, intermingled, in no usual manner, with those of a fine fancy and an overflowing enthusiasm, in the lineaments of this admirable Professor. I know not that I ever met with any of the "Magnanimi Heroes" of philology, that could shew half so much of his art in his visage. Old Parr you have seen—and you know well that his face is but a heavy one, in spite of the relief it has from the unquenchable dazzle of his large eyes. Porson's face was a grand one in its way, but I cannot say I could ever see much in it very distinctly, except the general all-pervading radiance of his sheer genius. Wyttenbach is a solemn, sad-looking, venerable, old gentleman, but one would, *primâ facie*, take him for a moral philosopher, rather than for a philologer. Hermann's face is full of a mad fire like Porson's—and I suppose Nature meant him to be not a professor but a poet—in spite of the *De Metris*. Tom Gaisford's melancholy swarthy countenance has a certain fixed determined stare about it, that shews well enough he will never be weary of hunting authorities in the wildest thickets of

that deep jungle-wood, which he mistakes for Parnassus. But the true, lively, keen, hair-splitting expression of a genuine root-catcher, was never exhibited any where so broad and so brightly as in the physiognomy of Professor Young. Never was I more strongly reminded of the truth of that wise saying of the wisest of men, which the sceptical wits of the present age are pleased to scorn as much as any of the dicta of poor Spurzheim,—"*A man may be known by his look, and one that hath understanding by his countenance, when thou meetest him* *."

The intense power of general observation marked immediately above the eye-brows of this remarkable person, might be supposed to exist in many kinds of individuals, noways resembling him in the peculiar turn of his mind. I have seen it as strong about the sinus frontalis of a lawyer—a calculator—above all, a painter—or a poet fond of drawing the materials of his poetry from what he sees in the world about him, and its actual inhabitants and doings. It is not there that the system of Spurzheim leads one to expect to find the *differentia*, properly so called, of

* Eccles. xiv. 29.

a philological cranium. Gall says, that in his youth he had reason to be vexed, that, while several of his school-fellows learnt by heart even things which they did not understand, with great facility, he had the utmost difficulty in engraving on his memory a much less number of words; and by accident, first of all, he was led to make the observation, that in those individuals who possessed this extraordinary facility of learning by heart, the eyes were very prominent. In his system, therefore, he has established, among others, a separate organ of words, the greater than common developement of which is denoted by the greater than common prominence of the eyes. Refining by degrees on his observations and conclusions, he has said, that in some cases the eyes are not only prominent, but also depressed downwards, so that the under eye-lid presents a sort of roll, or appears swollen and tumid; and such persons, adds he, are fond of philology, that is, they like to study the spirit of different languages.

I must own that this was one of the good Doctor's niceties, which I always regarded with some measure of scepticism, till I had an opportunity of observing the organization of this great Glasgow Philologist. The very appearance of

the eyes, described so minutely and graphically by the German, is precisely the thing most remarkable in the whole of this remarkable countenance. The eyes themselves are grey, and full of a bright gleaming intelligence, but their effect is peculiar, and quite distinct from those of any bright eyes I ever observed; and, on close inspection, I can attribute their peculiarity to nothing but this most marked philological conformation in the way of their being set into the head. They are absolutely pushed out of their sockets by the redundance of this particular faculty below; their under-lids stand forth, square, and distinct from the texture of the face, as if half its muscular energy were concentrated in that minute point. It is true, however, that this effect is mightily favoured by the appearance of the other parts of the countenance—the broad girdle of wrinkles about the eyes themselves—the deep lines which converge from all the upper forehead upon the centre of the nose—the sharp bony angular nose itself—the lips compressed like the vice of a blacksmith;—each and all of these features must shed, no doubt, a cordial return of acumen upon the eloquence of the projecting eye which overlooks and illuminates them.

His mode of lecturing, or rather of expounding (for it was in that exercise that I found him engaged) harmonizes most perfectly with the expectations this physiognomy would be likely to create. It is impossible that any man should display a more lynx-like intellectual glance than Mr. Young scatters upon every subject that comes in his way. There is no satisfying of his restless mind, on any point, with half or quarter explanations; one sees that he must be in agony till he has got to the bottom of his difficulty, and grubbed up the entangling thorn, root by root, let it be planted as firmly, as deeply, and as broadly as it may. The way in which he goes about this business has, no doubt, been borrowed in a great measure from Horne Tooke; and at times, indeed, there were tones and gestures which almost made me dream I had leaped some ten years back, and was seated once more at the fire-side in Wimbledon, opposite to the old red sofa, from which that mighty intellectual Nimrod used to shoot his "επεα πτεροεντα." But the Professor has abundance of originality about every part of his discourse; and, above all, he is quite a different sort of person from Horne in the article of fine and tender feeling. I own I was quite thunderstruck to find him, all of a sudden, pass-

ing from a transport of sheer verbal ecstacy about the particle ἄρα, into an ecstacy quite as vehement, and a thousand times more noble, about the deep pathetic beauty of one of Homer's conceptions, in the expression of which that particle happens to occur. Such was the burst of his enthusiasm, and the enriched mellow swell of his expanding voice, when he began to touch upon this more majestic key, that I dropped for a moment all my notions of the sharp philologer, and gazed on him with a higher delight, as a genuine lover of the soul and spirit which has been clothed in the words of antiquity. At the close of one of his fine excursions into this brighter field, the feelings of the man seemed to be rapt up to a pitch I never before beheld exemplified in any orator of the chair. The tears gushed from his eyes amidst their fervid sparklings; and I was more than delighted when I looked round and found that the fire of the Professor had kindled answering flames in the eyes of not a few of his disciples.

Assuredly, Mr. Young must have been a fine orator in any department. He is, without exception, the best reader I ever heard of Greek; and I have heard very few readers of English that I could for a moment compare with him.

Nor is this slight praise from an Englishman to a Scotchman. The music of the northern tongue has never become grateful to my ears; but I could not find a moment's time to recollect that there was any provinciality in the notes of this voice while I was listening to it. The Scottish method of pronouncing Greek, too, although I have no doubt it is in many points much more like the true way than our own, has always, from association or otherwise, appeared to me to have a great degree of barbarity and uncouthness about it; but this prejudice, like a thousand others, dissolved before the flash of this man's genuine power. Assuredly, if the young men educated here do not become fervent Grecians, it is not for want either of precept or example in their Professor. But the truth is, as I have mentioned before, that, according to the present style of academical education in Scotland, it is a matter of comparatively little consequence whether a professor of languages be or be not himself an eminent scholar or a skilful teacher. The clay is not so long in his hands as to allow him the power of moulding it to his will. Before the vessel is tempered in its fabric—long, very long before it can receive the high finishing

polish which such an artist as this could give it, it is hurried away and filled with a premature, and, what is worse, a chaotic infusion of ingredients. In spite of all these disadvantages, however, it is impossible that such very surpassing energies as those of this Professor, should be exerted so long without producing some effect; and, accordingly, I am informed the study of the ancient languages does thrive here at the present time in a degree much beyond any of the other Universities of Scotland. Let us hope that the spark he has kindled may, ere long, find vent to break out into a noble and illuminating flame. But, limited as he is in his means of benefiting those immediately about him by his admirable prælections, is it not a thousand pities that he should not atone to his genius and his fame for this sad defect, by making the world at large more extensively partakers in the fruits of his studies,—by creating for himself, in other words, a name as splendid as Nature has entitled him to bequeath to posterity? What Shakspeare has said of Royal Beauty, may be said as well of Mental Power—

> "Shame it should die, and leave behind no *copy*."

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I made a visit immediately afterwards, in the same manner, to the Lecture-room of Mr. Jardine, the Professor of Logic, for I had heard of this gentleman also in a thousand quarters, and was anxious to see and hear him in his own place. I heard him talked of in a particular style of commendation one day in a large company of the Edinburgh literati, among whom it appeared there was a great number of his former disciples; and, truly, the affectionate terms in which they delivered themselves, were almost as honourable to themselves as to their old teacher. They represented him as a person who, by the singular felicity of his *tact* in watching and encouraging the developements of youthful minds, had done more good to a whole host of individuals, and gifted individuals too, than their utmost gratitude could ever adequately repay. They spake of him as of a kind of intellectual father, to whom they were proud of acknowledging the eternal obligations of their intellectual being. I

never heard so much enthusiasm expressed by pupils for their master—no not even at the commemoration of Rugby.

I did not, however, hear the Professor deliver one of the lectures by which these gentlemen professed themselves to have been so largely benefited. It so happened, that at the hour I went, he was engaged, not in prælection, but in examining his pupils on some of the subjects of a lecture he had delivered on the preceding day. Perhaps, however, the benefits derived from his teaching may be traced in no inconsiderable measure to his peculiar excellence in this very branch of his duties. Such a clear manly method of putting his questions—such a ready manner of comprehending the drift of the replies he received—such skilful nicety in drawing out the workings of perplexed minds, and making those who were puzzled find for themselves the thread that should lead them out of their labyrinths—and all this accompanied with such an honest, downright, paternal sort of kindness in voice, look, and gesture—I have really never before seen a more amiable combination of the faculties most precious in a teacher of youth. I think it no wonder, that they who have sat at the feet of this good man, should be very slow

in losing their memory of so much moral worth and real talent, exerted in so rare a style of union for the furtherance of their improvement. It is no wonder, that the days spent in drinking wisdom from so pure and liberal a fountain, should form, in feeling and intelligent minds, some of the dearest of those youthful recollections, which afford throughout the years of active and bustling life, the most charming breathing-places of reposing meditation. In such feelings it must be that such a spirit finds the best reward of all its labours. Wherever such a man as this goes, throughout all the districts of the land in which he has so long exerted himself, he is sure to meet with eyes that kindle into a filial flame, when they see once more the venerable lineaments of his well-known face. He has created for himself a mighty family, among whom his memory will long survive—by whom all that he said and did—his words of kind praise and kind censure—his gravity and his graciousness—will, no doubt, be dwelt upon with warm and tender words and looks, long after his earthly labours shall have been brought to their close. The good such men do is of such a kind, that it cannot "die with them."

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I waited upon this excellent person soon after the conclusion of his examination, and delivered several letters I had for him from his friends in Edinburgh. He asked me to dine with him, to which I assented, and in the mean time he proposed we should go and see the Hunterian Museum together, as there was still an hour or two we had to spare.

This museum is chiefly remarkable for the very fine collection of anatomical preparations it contains; and I am glad I had an opportunity of seeing them, as one of them strongly exemplified a fact concerning the junction of the vertebræ, which I have stated at some length in my treatise, *De Muliere, &c.* p. 97*. There is also an excellent collection of medals, but I could not be permitted to see them at this time, owing to the strict regulations under which their in-

* I should mention, that in the Second Edition, published at Paris in 1812, it is at page 103.

spection is laid—necessarily, I well believe, from what I know of the consciences of collectors. Their stuffed animals are not very numerous, nor have they been allotted a very conspicuous situation, being placed in small rooms below stairs, where the elephants and hippopotamuses look rather disconsolate. In one corner I saw an Egyptian mummy, which is shut up in a huge wooden case, strongly clasped with iron bars, as if to prevent it from coming out and chasing any of the Professors up stairs, when they happen to visit that apartment at a late and dreary hour. As it was entirely enveloped in the original linen swaddling-bands, I had no opportunity of investigating the organ of combativeness in the lower lateral part of the forehead, which is said by Spurzheim to be large in most mummies.

In another apartment,—by the way a singularly elegant one both in shape and furniture,—there is a fine assemblage of pictures. The collection is not extensive, but most of the specimens are of rare excellence. There is a beautiful Guido, representing the Virgin watching the infant Christ asleep. There is a St. Catherine, by Domenichino, full of expression—a head of St. Peter, by Rubens, with rather too much of

the homeliness of the human passions, but gloriously coloured. The collection is also graced with a Correggio—the Virgin and Child, and St. Joseph,—a picture in capital preservation. The Virgin is represented with a sweet look of maternal tenderness, putting upon the child a new vest, which appears, from the implements introduced in the picture, to be the workmanship of her own hands. There is a Salvator, not a landscape, but a group of figures—Laomedon, detected by Apollo and Neptune, all in a very bold and striking style of mastery. There is a Danae and the Golden Shower, by my old favourite Luca Giordano, an artist of whom shamefully little is known or thought in this country. There is, besides, a small inimitable Murillo, the Good Shepherd.

They have also a landscape by Rembrandt, a flat country, with a town in the distance, a scene in which it is evident no object has been introduced for the sake of ornament. There is something in the perspective of level plains which always strikes me—Welchman though I be—as more sublime than any view clogged and obstructed with mountains, or other large objects. I think that a barrier of mountains rising between the spectator and the horizon, suggests

the idea of limitation somehow, and circumscription. Your eye is stopped, and your attention trammelled, by the different summits and eminences; and in examining the localities of a particular spot, you lose the notion of what Homer calls *the immeasurable earth*. The ocean, by recalling the idea of infinitude, inspires a sense of the sublime; but, at the same time, in contemplating a marine landscape, we feel a certain coldness, resulting from the want of life and vegetation. The αναριθμον γελασμα, of which Æschylus speaks, is, after all, but a cheerless thing, compared with the smiling repose of sunbeams on the long vanishing distances of a tract glowing with the vestiges of human labour and human happiness. There are some other pictures, but I have mentioned the most remarkable.

After dinner, and an excellent bottle of wine, the Professor took me with him to the porter's lodge of the College, (Archy Cameron's,) one of the rooms of which is used by some of the brethren as a kind of common-room. Here I spent the evening very delightfully, in a snug, quiet, intelligent little society. We played whist till ten, then supped on a glorious Glasgow luxury of fresh-herrings, and concluded the whole with a

moderate *quantum sufficit* of rum-punch, in the manufacture of which some one or two of these learned persons seemed to be no whit inferior to the best of the neighbouring citizens.

P. M.

LETTER LXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

BUCK'S-HEAD.

NEXT day, I spent almost the whole morning in company with my excellent cicerone, in taking a survey of a few of the most extensive manufactories of this place. As these, however, must be in all respects quite similar to those of other towns which you have often seen, I shall not trouble you with any particular description of what I saw. It appeared to me, upon the whole, that the Glasgow manufacturers conduct matters with more attention to the comforts of those whom they employ, than most of their brethren elsewhere; a fact which, indeed, I remember to have heard mentioned in Parliament a few sessions ago, with a very laudable degree of pride, by the Member for the town, Mr. Kirkman Finlay, himself one of the greatest merchants of Scotland, and, I well believe, one of the most in-

telligent also, in spite of all the jokes against him in the Courier. I was assured, at least, that there prevails in this place nothing of the vile custom of unceasing labour by day and by night, which has been, with so much noble passion, described and branded in the words of the Wanderer *.

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* The passage is as follows—The manufactory chiefly referred to, seems, from the description of the localities, to have been that near Newby-bridge, Lancashire.

——— "When soothing darkness spreads
O'er hill and vale," the Wanderer thus expressed
His recollections—" and the punctual stars,
While all things else are gathering to their homes,
Advance, and in the firmament of heaven
Glitter—but undisturbing, undisturbed,
As if their silent company were charged
With peaceful admonitions for the heart
Of all-beholding Man, Earth's thoughtful Lord;
Then in full many a region, once, like this,
The assured domain of calm simplicity
And pensive quiet, an unnatural light,
Prepared for never-resting labour's eyes,
Breaks from a many-windowed fabric huge;
And at the appointed hour a bell is heard—
Of harsher import than the curfew knoll
That spake the Norman Conqueror's stern behest,
A local summons to unceasing toil!
Disgorged are now the ministers of day;
And as they issue from the illumined pile,
A fresh band meets them at the crowded door
And in the courts—and where the rumbling stream
That turns the multitude of dizzy wheels,
Glares, like a troubled spirit, in its bed

After being confined for hours to the steam-heated atmosphere of these places, my ears dingling with the eternal rock and buzz of wheels and spindles, and my eyes fretted and inflamed with the flakes of cotton every where flying about; and, in spite of all that I have said, my spirits being not a little depressed by the contemplation of so many thousands of poor creatures shut out in their captivity from

> The gentle visitations of the sun—
> And in these structures mingled, old and young,
> And unripe sex with sex, for mutual taint,—.

—my spirits being somewhat saddened with all these poisonous sights, and sounds, and reflections, I readily embraced the proposal of my friend—that we should walk forth, namely, into the fields, and refresh ourselves with breathing the unpolluted air of heaven, till the hour of dinner.

He led me into a large piece of meadow-

> Among the rocks below—Men, maidens, youths,
> Mothers and little children, boys and girls,
> Enter—and each the wonted task resumes
> Within this temple—where is offered up
> To Gain—the master idol of these realms,
> Perpetual sacrifice," &c.

ground, which stretches along the banks of the Clyde to the east of the city, and which, being public property, is left in its free untainted verdure, forming a beautiful contrast to the dust of the city, and a precious breathing-place to its inhabitants. It forms, in fact, a fine park—indeed, excepting London and Dublin, there is no town in these islands which possesses any thing that can be compared with it. My friend told me, however, that, with all its natural attractions, it is far from being much frequented by the fashionables of the place, who prefer walking on the Trongate, or on some of the narrow highways round the town, and leave this delicious Green (for that is the name it goes by) to be trodden almost exclusively by the feet of those whom they are pleased (in contradistinction from themselves,) to call the Vulgar. But my friend remembers the old times, when the Green was the constant lounge, and has a pride in being seen walking leisurely under the ancient elms which gave shade to the more judicious worthies of a generation that has passed away.

A tall Monument, in the form of an obelisk, has been erected to the memory of Lord Nelson, in the midst of this green, and contrasts itself agreeably with the level plain surface, out of

which it arises. Shortly after it was erected, it was struck by lightning—the top was completely shattered—and a yawning fissure points out the course of the destructive element, more than half-way down one of the sides. But it would be a difficult thing to repair this injury, and the people of Glasgow have allowed the Monument to remain exactly as the thunder left it. It has stood for several years in this way—and, I doubt not, will stand for many centuries without any considerable alteration for the worse. In the neighbourhood of the Monument, we saw several elderly citizens playing at the old Scots game of golf, which is a kind of gigantic variety of Billiards—the table being a certain space in the green, sometimes of many hundred yards in extent—the holes situated here and there, at great distances—and the balls, which are made very hard, stuffed with feathers, being swung to and fro in a terrific manner, by means of long queues with elastic shafts—a fine healthful game, which seems to be a mighty favourite both here and at Edinburgh.

Nearer the margin of the river, which is really a very grand stream here, another wide division of the meadow seemed to be set apart for the purposes of a washing-green. It is here, upon

the fine green turf, that the servant-maids of Glasgow love to spread forth their bleaching linen before the sun, wringing the sheets, and giggling and tittering at the passers-by. It is here that the corporal takes his forenoon lounge, with his Waterloo medal, and perhaps enters into some interchange of repartees with the rosy and joyful damsels; so that from less to more, he is ultimately, it may be, induced to add from among them a fifth or sixth wife, to the list of those whom he has already left weeping at Cork, at Manchester, at Hull, at Dundee, and elsewhere. In the present case, the devoted victim leans over her watering-pan, and admires his sinewy limbs, gracefully and freely exhibited beneath the scanty covering of the regimental philabeg—his spirited style of flourishing a sixpenny rattan—the knowing cock of his eye—and the readiness of his retorts—and, alas! reflects not how often, and how fatally, the same fascinations may have been practised before—

> Non *sola* comptos arsit adulteri
> Crines, et aurum vestibus illitum
> Mirata, regalesque cultus.

If, perhaps a shoemaker, or any other common mechanic, happens to pass the groupe, he is sure to

be made the butt of their wit; and, in fact, appears but a poor sneaking devil for the time, although perhaps he treated them with curds and cream on Sunday last. Even a gentleman's servant figures to disadvantage—his showy livery cannot rival the *regales cultus*—and a lamp-lighter is execrable, and fit only to be shuddered at by these fine ladies. But, as I said before, the devoted victim thinks only of him in scarlet; and while the deep tones of his voice sink into her ears, the river appears to flow more smoothly than it ever did before; and the fields to look fresher than ever summer could make them. She remembers the day, when the news of the glorious 18th of June arrived—the enthusiasm with which her master read aloud the newspaper at the breakfast table—the green branches that adorned the streets during the forenoon—and the charming dazzle of the windows, when she walked out to see the illumination in the evening. The remembrance of all these fine things rushes bright upon her fancy—and having once more surveyed the strapping corporal from head to foot, her fate is determined.

Those of the damsels engaged in the actual occupation of washing their linen, were also worthy of some notice on account of the peculiar

way in which they go about their operations. The greater part of their work is done, not by means of the hands, but the feet, each maiden standing in her tub, and thumping below like an Italian grape-treader, her petticoats being *kilted* considerably above the knee, and her ivory limbs frothed over half the way up, with the light foam of the ocean of suds which their extremities agitate. Some might turn away from this exposure as somewhat indelicate—but I confess I had a pleasure in seeing it—for I consider it as an interesting relic of the fearless purity of the olden times. But, indeed, I think a groupe of girls washing linen, in whatever way, is always a pretty spectacle, and revives pleasing ideas concerning the simple fashions of antiquity—when the daughters of kings used to think no shame of asking their father's regal leave to go out and wash their own smocks, and the shirts of the princes their brothers—representing, too, the propriety of majesty itself making a clean appearance at the council-board *.

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* Πάππα φίλ', οὐκ ἂν δή μοι ἐφοπλίσσειας ἀπήνην
'Υψηλὴν, εὔκυκλον, ἵνα κλυτὰ εἵματ ἄλωμαι
'Ες ποταμὸν πλυνέουσα, τά μοι ῥερυπωμένα κεῖται;
Καὶ δε σοι αὐτῷ ἔοικε μετὰ πρώτοισιν ἐόντι

Seeing that I could easily amuse myself in this place, my friend left me to myself, and went off to pay a visit in the town, I continued my stroll along the breezy banks of the river for a considerable space—but at length found myself a little fatigued, and sat down on one of the benches, which occur every now and then by the side of the walks. I had not sat long till I perceived a brother lounger advancing towards me from the opposite direction, in a meditative attitude; and, surveying the man, I thought I could distinguish him to be one of that class of philosophical weavers, with which the west of Scotland is known to be so plentifully stocked. Nor was I mistaken. The man edged towards the bench, and soon took his place within a yard of me, with an air of infinite composure. Being seated, he cast one or two sidelong glances upon me, and then fixed his eyes in a very speculative

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Βουλὰς βουλεύειν καθαρὰ χροῒ εἵματ᾽ ἔχοντα.
Πέντε δέ τοι φίλοι υἷες ἐνὶ μεγάροις γεγάασιν,
Οἱ δύ᾽ ὀπυίοντες, τρεῖς δ᾽ ἠΐθεοι θαλέθοντες·
Οἱ δ᾽ αἰεὶ ἐθέλουσι, νεόπλυτα εἵματ᾽ ἔχοντες,
Ἐς χορὸν ἔρχεσθαι· τὰ δ᾽ ἐμῇ φρενὶ πάντα μέμηλεν.

ODYSS. Z.

stare upon the water, which rippled within a little distance of his feet—while I, on my part, continued less politely to study him with the eye of a traveller and a craniologist. He was tall and slender in his person, with a bend forward, acquired, no doubt, through the stooping demanded by his vocation—considerably inkneed and splay-footed—but apparently strong enough and nervous in every part of his muscular frame. He was clad in a very respectable short coat of blue—a waistcoat of deep yellow ground, with thin purple and green stripes crossing each other upon it—a pair of corduroy breeches, unbuttoned at the knees—a thick pair of worsted stockings, hanging loosely about his legs—and a dark red-coloured cravat. He seemed to be a man of about fifty years of age, and when he took off his hat to cool himself, the few lank hairs which escaped from below a small striped night-cap on the top of his cranium, were evidently of the same class with those of the Ghost in Hamlet—the "sable silvered." As to his face, its language was the perfection of self-important *non-chalance*. A bitter grin of settled scepticism seemed to be planted from his nostril on either side, down almost to the peak of his

long unshorn chin—his eye-brows were scanty and scraggy, but drawn together in a cynical sort of knot—and altogether the personage gave one the idea of a great deal of glum shrewdness in a small way—I should have mentioned that he had a green apron (the symbol of his trade) wrapped about his middle beneath his upper garment—and that he held a number of the Edinburgh Review, twisted hard in his left hand. "This is a hot day, friend," said I, willing to enter a little into conversation. The fellow's features involuntarily relaxed themselves a little on the greeting, and he answered very civilly, "Middling warm, sir—Ye'll have been taking a walk?"—"I have," said I, "and I am glad I came this way, for I think the town looks better from where we are than anywhere else I have been."—"Ye'll be only a stranger, sir?—Indeed, I might have kenn'd by your language ye were fra the south." "I only came to Glasgow two days ago," said I.—"Glasgow's a very grand ceety noo, sir—a very grand ceety—there's no the like o't in Scotland hooever. I have seen Manchester in my time, but Glasgow clean dings baith it and Edinburgh, and I believe it does most places—we've a noble situation here, sir—

a pretty river, navigable quite up to the Broomielaw, for sloops, brigs, and gabbarts, and it might be made passable quite up to Hamilton, but the folk here are keen to keep it to themselves—and its natural it should be sae."—" The weather is, in general, very wet hereabouts?" said I, " you have very seldom any such stretch of dry weather as the present."—" Very seldom, sir; and I think it may be dooted whether it is not lucky it is sae—the agriculturist, no question, is against the lang weets, but the commercial interest is uppermost here, sir; and what wad come of the Monkland Canal, think ye, if we had not a perpetual drizzle to keep the springs running? There's reason for a' thing, sir—if folk could see it."—" Is that the last number of the Review, friend?" said I; " has it just come out?"—" It is the last number, sir, but it is not just come oot—I ken not how it is, but altho' I've gane every other morning to the leebrary, I've never been able to get a haud o't till yestreen—and noo that I have gotten it, I think not that muckle o't—it's very *driegh*."—" *Driegh*," said I, " I am sorry I don't just understand you—what's the meaning of the word, friend, if you please? I am but a new comer, and don't yet un-

derstand the Scots quite so well as I could wish."—"Troth," cried the fellow, with a most gracious smile, "it's nae wonder after a' ye shuid not tak me up—ane's sae muckle in the habit of conversing with people that knows nathing but Scots, that ane really forgets what ane says when ane meets with a stranger. *Driegh*, ye see, means just a kind o' mixture of dryness and dreariness, like a lang road atween twa brick walls or sae—the Review's sairly fallen off—but they say Jeffrey's sae muckle ta'en up with the law, that he has little time for thae things by what he used to have—and Horner, he's gane—he was a fine lad—weel worth the hail bang o' them—his report on the bullion always seemed to me to be a maisterly performance. But we have aye Harry Brougham—and, under correction, we have Sir Francis Burdett, sir, which is better still. He's the puir man's friend—I would to God that chap war whare he suld be."—"Sir Francis," said I, "is certainly a very elegant speaker—and, I believe, a very well-meaning gentleman—But where would you have him?"—"At the head, sir—at the head and the helm—there's no salvation for Britain unless Burdett get his way—there'll soon be a dooncome wi' some folk—and

that wull be seen."—"Are the weavers hereabouts discontented with the present state of things in general?" said I; "or are you singular in your opinions about political matters?—I have heard a great deal of the men of your profession in this neighbourhood—and I see I have not been misinformed. Some years ago, several Glasgow and Paisley weavers were examined before the House of Commons, and they got great credit for the appearance they made."—"Troth," replied my friend, "there's no question the maist feck o' us are a little ill-pleased with the gate things are ganging—but as you say, sir, the operatives here are a tolerably well-informed class—we tak a philosophical view of what's gaun on—but we have nane of your rampaging Luddite gowks hereawa. Na, na—we had a braw lesson in the ninety-three, and it will be no forgotten in a hurry—let me tell you that, sir. We have an auld Scotch saying—*the burnt bairn dreads the fire.* But, as Dauvid Hume says, honest man,—there's no resisting the general progress of opinion. The march of intellect will carry a' before it, sir. But I'm very sorry to see the Review fallen away; it was a great waipon ance, and it is a sair pity to see the edge aff."

"Works of that kind," said I, "are subject to ups and downs, as well as ministries and governments—the Review might easily be revived surely—there is no want of ability in Scotland." "We're muckle beholden to you, I'm sure," said he, with another still sweeter smile—"I believe it is pretty weel acknowledged noo that this is the country for abeelity; and yet I suppose it is no sae muckle ony natural superiority on oor part, but just oor education that lifts us so much above our neighbours. I know what the state of the English nation is mysell—I once wrought the most of twa years with M'Taffie and Company, in Manchester." "You have all the advantage," said I, "of being taught to read and write—that is a great blessing, for which you are obliged to your Kirk." "Ye have mentioned the greatest of oor obligations to it with which I am acquainted—it wad be weel, in my mind, if Parochial Schools were a' the kirk establishment in Scotland." "You are a Dissenter, I suppose?" said I.—"No, truly," was his answer—"there would be few Seceders, if a' body cared as little about thae things as I do. But the world will become enlightened bit by bit. Dauvid Hume has weel remarked, that there is no resisting the silent progress of opinion. What

think you, sir, of the doctrine of the perfectibility of the species?" "In truth, friend," said I, "that is a point on which I have not yet been able to come to any very determinate opinion; but I think you said you did not belong to any of the dissenting bodies here. You go to church, then, I suppose, in spite of any of your little objections to the establishment." "Objections! —Lord bless you, sir, I have nae objections to the church; in the present state of things, I'm persuaded the kirk is as good as any thing that could be put in its place—and I'm far from being clear that it would do to want some religious establishment for some time to come yet. If poor Thomas Paine had been spared—but perhaps——(taking himself up)—perhaps ye may be of another way of thinking; I wish to say nothing unceevil," added he, with a most condescending grin,—"I hope I shall always respect the prejudices of my fellow-citizens—they are not to be trifled with, however erroneous."— "My good friend," said I, "do not put yourself into any alarm; I assure you my feelings are in no danger. I am to suppose that you don't make a practice of going to church. Does not that appear singular in this part of the country, and give offence to the majority?" "Troth,"

said he, "to tell you the plain fact, I would not be so very heeding about the majority oot of doors—but a person of a liberal turn in my line of life, cannot always be quite sure of peace in his own house and home. The women, says Hume, were always the chief friends of every superstition; and so I find it, sir, and that in my own family. I've an auld mither, sir, a guid body too, in her way, that keeps me in perfect hett water. I cannot bring in Sandy Spreull, and Jamie Jamieson, and one or two more friends, to talk over a few philosophical topics on a Sabbath at e'en,—but we're worried—clean worried—with the auld wife's bergin about infidelity and scoffing—and sic like—why, its only Martinmas was a year, that when I was reading a passage from the Review, she gruppit the book fairly oot of my hand, and had it at the back o' the coal, and in a low, before ye could say Jack Robinson—but I bear with a' that—as for the bairns, I find it absolutely necessary to allow her to tak her ain way wi' them. Puir things, they'll get light in time."—"I think you mentioned that you get the Edinburgh Review from a public library," said I, "pray what sort of a library is it—and how are these things managed among you

here ?"—" Oh—just in a small way, no doubt, as suits our means—but we have a pretty collection in our library noo—we're aye on the increase—even in the warst times of a' we never would hear of parting with our books— we have David Hume's Essays, and several volumes of his Histories—we have Adam Smith—and Locke on the Human Understanding—and Voltaire's Novels—and Lord Lauderdale's Inquiry—and the Pleasures of Hope—and Tannahill's Poems—the Queen's Wake—and Struthers—and Robin Burns, that's worth a' the poets that ever tried the trade, in my humble mind—and we have very nearly a complete copy of the Encyclopædia—and we have the Edinburgh Review from the very beginning bound up, all but the three last numbers—and," added he, sinking his voice—" we have twa copies of the Age of Reason—and a gay wheen odds and ends besides, that we would not fain have ony body see but oorsells—but I'm sure, sir, an intelligent stranger like you might see our puir collection, if you would do us the favour to look at it."—" I am very much your debtor," said I—" and have you no meetings of a regular kind to discuss the subjects of all your reading ?"—" Why, yes," he said; " we are pretty regular in the winter time

—the Sabbath nights for ordinary—and as for simmer, we commonly take a walk to Ruglen, four or five of us, and have a quiet crack during sermon time at auld Jock Blair's—him that was in trouble lang with Thomas Muir—he keeps a public there noo."

I would gladly have prolonged the conversation a little farther, but I heard the hour at which I was engaged sounded deep and hollow from the huge clock of the Cathedral, to which all the minor horologes of the city made ready response in their various tones of shrillness and clamour. I was therefore obliged to bid the weaver good bye—and to make the best of my way to my hotel, and from thence to Mr. ——'s. What a sad picture is here of the state of these conceited creatures! Truly, I would hope this fashion of superficial infidelity may not be far from going out altogether, now it has got so very low down in the scale. After I had walked a good many paces towards the city, I looked back to the bench where I had been sitting, and could scarcely contain my laughter, when I saw the disciple of David Hume sitting with his arms folded solemnly upon his breast, drowned, apparently, to the very edge of his greasy night-

cap, in some of the same profound meditations from which my intrusion had for a little space withdrawn him.

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P. M.

LETTER LXX.

TO FERDINAND AUGUSTUS POTTS, ESQ.

Clarendon Hotel, Bond-Street.

It was with great sorrow, I assure you, my dear Potts, that I found by your last letter that you are again laid up with an attack of your old complaint. From your description of the symptoms, I apprehend no danger, but still you cannot be too cautious, and I recommend you to take particular care of yourself for a month or two at least. I wish to God I had you under my hands. I am quite sure I know your constitution better, and could cure you sooner than any other practitioner—What is even Mr. Cline, with all his genius, to me, that have known you ever since you had the measles?

——"*Experto crede Roberto.*"

The truth is, my good lad, that, after all, you have need of very little beyond what nature puts in your own power—but, my dear Potts, do take good care of yourself, I beg of you. Do not proceed in the old courses, my good fellow,—do not drink such enormous quantities of Vauxhall punch at night, nor smoke so many segars at the Cyder Cellar, nor guzzle so much Burton ale at that house in Henrietta Street, nor make a point of swallowing as much flip as would swim a goose at the Shades, nor give such liberal orders for champagne at the Cheshire, nor discuss such a quantity of gin twist at the Blue Posts, and the One Tun, nor go so often to that vile alley that runs between King Street and Pall Mall, nor sit so late at Roubel's. In a word, you must remember that the indiscretions of a day are sometimes paid for by the sufferings of years. Do now, turn over a new leaf, and I have no doubt that my physic and your own sobriety, will soon make a man of you again.

I am glad, however, to find that the arguments I employed in my former letter, to induce you to visit Scotland, have not wholly failed of their effect. But you have been accustomed to move in so extended a circle of society, that you

seem rather dubious whether you could easily reconcile yourself to the more limited one, to which in this country you would necessarily be confined. You are clearly unwilling to curtail the sphere of your attractions from ten thousand people to three hundred, and imagine that those blandishments which have procured you the character of a man of fashion at Almack's, would be utterly thrown away when displayed to a small set of female Sawneys in the George Street Assembly Rooms of Edinburgh. Believe me there is more vanity than sound reason in this anticipated objection, as I shall very briefly demonstrate. You remember, three years ago, how we walked the Gallery of the Louvre (then in its glory) together, and expressed our admiration of the most striking beauties which there fell under our observation. I say the *most* striking beauties, because it was only those which we had then either time or inclination to remark. We gazed with reverence on the mighty works of Raphael, Rubens, Domenichino, and Michael Angelo, because much of the excellence of these great artists is perhaps too glaring and prominent to be overlooked even by the most casual and ignorant observer. But how many of the

most exquisite masterpieces of art, of the most transcendent works of genius, did we pass over like so much waste paper. How many fine Guidos and Corregios, how many Claudes and Poussins did we gaze on, with as much indifference as we do the sign of the Blue Boar in Fleet Street, or the Swan with Two Necks in Fetter-lane?—paintings which, with our eyes undazzled by so extensive and brilliant a collection, we could not chuse but have dwelt upon with admiration and delight. A fine man, my dear Potts, is like a fine picture. To be seen to advantage, he should be seen alone; at all events, he should never be surrounded with rivals quite as beautiful and brilliant as himself. The centre diamond (and it's a very fine one) of your grandmother's ring, whatever admiration it may attract on your finger, would probably pass quite unnoticed if transferred to the necklace of Mrs. Long Wellesley. At present the young ladies at the Opera and Almack's regard you with the most mortifying spirit of indifference. But only make your *entré* in the Edinburgh Theatre, and I will bet you two to one, either in fives, tens, poneys or hundreds, that the box in which you are seated will form precisely the point to which

all the opera-glasses of the Scottish spinsters will be immediately directed.

Another piece of advice which I have often given you before, but which I cannot help once more earnestly repeating, is—to *get married.* It was all very well to laugh at these things, as we used to do some ten or fifteen years ago; but we are all getting on, Potts, and depend upon it, if you allow other ten years to slip over your single blessedness, you will not find it so very easy a matter to noose yourself to advantage. The truth is, I have a fine buxom widow (and, without flattery, you are just the man for a widow) in my eye for you. She is just about your own age, with a fine languishing pair of black eyes, and a fortune of thirty thousand pounds, besides a large sugar plantation in Trinidad. Her husband only survived the honey-moon about a fortnight;—she was a most inconsolable widow for many months, and still continues to wear weeds for the "dear defunct." I have often heard you say you liked a high-spirited woman, and express much contempt for those "dull domestic drudges," as you call them, who are contented to sit pacifically at home, making puddings or darning stockings for their hus-

bands. I assure you, you shall have no such complaint to charge on Mrs. F——, who, though I have uo doubt, with such a husband, she will have too much good sense to attempt to wear the breeches, yet is altogether too well informed of her rights not to stick up for her own. The mode of my becoming acqainted with her is too singular to be passed over in silence. When sitting quietly at breakfast, with my friend Mr. Wastle, at the Hotel, we were suddenly alarmed with the most dreadful outcries from a neighbouring house. On running out to ascertain their origin, we found them to proceed from Mrs. F——, who it appeared had broken her leg by an over-exertion in the act of kicking an impudent footman down stairs. I immediately made an offer of my professional skill, which was thankfully accepted, and thus had many opportunities of improving my acquaintance with the agreeable widow. With such a fine high temper as she has, I should be almost afraid to recommend her to any friend but you for a wife. But you are not a man to be henpecked, and I have no doubt will soon accustom her to the bit, and put her in proper training. If you mean to run for the plate, you must start immediately—no time to be lost. *Verbum sapienti.*

This letter, as you may observe by the date, (if there is one) is written from the Buck's-head Inn, Glasgow, a capital house, which I beg leave to recommend to your patronage, should you ever visit this city. I begin to think our friend Tom's mode of choosing a hotel is not a bad one. His selection is generally regulated by the weight and dimensions of the different hosts, well judging, that the landlord who exhibits the most unquestionable marks of good living in his own person, is the most likely to afford it to his guests. On this principle of choice, I apprehend the Buck's-head is entitled to a preference over most houses of entertainment in the kingdom. The precise weight of Mrs. Jardine, the landlady, I certainly do not pretend to know, and certainly believe it to be something under that of the Durham Ox. But the size and rotundity of her person so greatly exceed the usual dimensions of the human frame, that were they subjected to that rule of arithmetic, entitled, *Mensuration of Solids*, I am very sure the result would be something extraordinary. Her jollity and good-humour, however, make her an universal favourite; and I can bear witness that her inmates have no cause to complain either of bad

cheer or want of attention. I flatter myself I stand pretty well in her good graces; and, in consequence, am frequently invited to eat a *red herring* in the back parlour, and take a glass out of what she calls *her ain bottle.* The bottle contains not the worst stuff in the world, I assure you. It is excellent Burgundy, and the red herring commonly turns out to be a superb chop *en papillote.*

Alas! my dear Potts, what frail and inconsistent creatures we are. Even I, who commenced this letter with preaching temperance and sobriety, am at this moment labouring under a most intolerable head-ache, from having last night been too copious in my libations. The fact is, I dined yesterday with one of the great civic powers of the city, and instead of sticking to my usual beverage, was fool enough to commute it for a treacherous and detestable liquor called Glasgow punch. Although I had frequently met with it, yet I had never been tempted to partake of it before; and seduced by its cool and pleasant flavour, and quite ignorant of its deleterious effects,

"Oh, I did quaff not wisely, but too well,"

as the state of my head and stomach this morning can well testify. Amidst the agonies it occasioned, I could not help ruminating on the kindness and liberality with which Nature accommodates her gifts to the wants of her different children. Not only has she bestowed a face of brass on the lawyer, and a throat of brass on the mob orator; but, by the beard of Esculapius —(I really cannot help swearing)—she must have given bowels of brass to the Glasgow punch-drinker. On no other principle can the enormous quantities of punch, which the natives here swallow with impunity, be accounted for. For Godsake, Potts, profit by my experience, and if you ever visit this city, do not allow a drop of it to pass your throat. So will you escape those complicated tortures which I am now compelled to endure. The penance under which I groan, is one of a totally new description—it wants a name even in my copious vocabulary of Deipnosophism. It does not in the least resemble the dry husky agonies with which the sins of the too profuse port-bibber are visited in the morning—still less does it claim any kindred with the mad delirious dizziness which follows the delightful excitation of mingled champagne,

green tea, and Eau de Garusse, in the Regent's punch—no, nor yet has it any of the same features with the drunkenness of gin-twist and tobacco, the leaden penance of the bowels of Mynheer. It is a new species—Oh, never may it be naturalized in Cardigan!—An intolerable, griping, rending, shivering nausea within—cold feet and a burning brow—dim eyes—parched lips—and trembling fingers—(ecce signum!)—these are a few of the consequences of the enlightened hospitality of Glasgow. Yet you see all this does not prevent me from thinking on your still more desolate condition—and endeavouring, so far as my abilities permit, to contribute something to beguile the tedium of your couch in the Clarendon.

If you can only resist the fascinations of this poisonous liquor, (which, indeed, I admit to be very great,) there is no doubt you may spend a few weeks in Glasgow very pleasantly, when you make out your expedition to the North—which, of a truth, I now expect you will do ere many months elapse. You will have to do with a sort of people quite as original as their liquor—and I am happy to say far more harmless, although, perhaps, not at first quite so fascinating

as that is. You need not stand in the smallest apprehension of wearying or exhausting their kindness. Every day you will receive at least half-a-dozen new invitations—and if you were to prolong your stay for a twelvemonth, I am persuaded you would experience no sort of diminution in the fervour of their hospitality. I myself, who have been here only for three or four days, can already claim acquaintance with some three or four dozen of the prime ones of the place. I am engaged—(in case I remain here longer than it is likely I shall)—to dinner and supper every day for a month to come. The ladies share in the enthusiasm—and one—the very princess of the *Bon-ton* among these bourgeoises—gave a ball the other evening, principally, as she gave me to understand, in honour of your humble servant. If such be their reception of the plain Peter Morris, in his old long-backed brown coat and black silk breeches—think what would be the zeal with which the same individuals would hail the appearance of the dashing Mr. Potts—*the* Potts—as fine as the united skill of Blake—Stulze—Binckley—and Hobby can make him.

I would give ten guineas—poor as I am—to

see you make your debut in the Trongate of Glasgow, either on foot in the centre of the *pavé* —or shaving its edge with the glowing wheels of your tilbury. Good Heavens! what a stir you would create among the usual frequenters of that plebeian promenade! What a treat it would be to see the chaotic fermentation of wonder, curiosity, admiration, and envy, in the countenances of the gazers! What a dimness of eclipse the first emerging of your star would scatter over all the present luminaries of this nether horizon! How vain would be their attempts! How ineffectual their aspirations! The whole Dandyism of this Northern Manchester would wither and crumble into nothing, before the brilliancy of the mirror of truth—the swing of the genuine beau!

I cannot say, however, that your triumph would be one on which you might have much cause to pique yourself—you never in your life saw such an arrant set of spooney-pretenders. In their gait, in the first place—they bear no resemblance to any other set of human beings I ever met with, and henceforth I am confident I shall recognize, by means of it, a Glasgow man quite as easily as I would a Chinese, in the city

of London. The fellows are, some of them, not ill made, and if drilled properly might cut a tolerable figure anywhere; but it is impossible to give you the least idea of the peculiar gesticulations of lith and limb, which accompany them every step they take, and scatter deformity over every part of their corporeal fabrics. They commonly move at a round swinging trot, with their arms dallying to and fro by their sides, like the eternal pendulums of an eight-day clock. Their legs are extended every step, so as to describe a circumference of a foot or two outwards, before they touch the ground, which they always do by the heel in the first instance —rising again from the fore-part of the foot with a kind of scrape and jerk, that beggars all description for its absurdity. I could sometimes burst with laughter, walking in the rear of one of them, and surveying at my leisure the fine play of inexplicable contortions all over the rear of the moving mass. Among them there are some egregious puppies: The *most* egregious all seem to be infected with a mania for sporting-parepharnalia—wearing foxes and tally-ho inscriptions on their waistcoat buttons—buckskin breeches and knee-caps—glazed hats with nar-

row rims, &c. &c. with exactly the same feelings of propriety which dictate the military swagger and costume of the men-milliners of the Palais Royal—their Polish *surtouts*—their *chasseur pantalons*—and their *moustaches à la Joachim.*

Absurd, however, as is their appearance on the Mall, their appearance at the ball I mentioned, was still more exquisitely and inimitably absurd. I have seen all kinds of dances, from a minuet at St. James's to a harvest-home bumbkin in the barn of Hafod—but I never saw anything that could match this Glasgow Assembly. I had dined that day very quietly, (comparatively speaking) and went quite in my senses; but I don't believe there were half-a-dozen men in the room besides, that could be said to be within ten degrees of sobriety. The *entrée* of every new comer was announced in the *Salle des presentations*, not more distinctly by the voice of the lacquey, than by the additional infusion of punch-steam into the composition of the atmosphere all around. And then how the eyes of the boobies rolled in their heads, as they staggered up to the lady of the evening to make their counting-house bows! Their dress was the

ne plus ultra of dazzle, glitter, and tastelessness. Their neckcloths were tied like sheets about their clumsy chins—their coats hung from their backs as if they had been stolen from a window in Monmouth Street—their breeches—or what was more common, their trowsers,—seemed to sit about their haunches with the gripe of a torturing machine—their *chevelures* were clustered up on the tops of their heads like so many cauliflowers, leaving the great red ears flapping below in the whole naked horrors of their hugeness. The ladies were as fine as the men—but many of them were really pretty creatures, and, but for the influence of that masculine contamination to which they must be so grievously exposed, I doubt not some of them would have been charming women in every respect. A few seemed to present a striking contrast of modest loveliness to the manners of the multitude—but the general impression produced by their appearance, was certainly very far from being a delicate one. The most remarkable of their peculiarities, is the loudness of their voices—or rather the free unrestrained use they make of them—for I give you my honour, sitting round the table at supper, I could hear every word some of them ut-

tered, at the distance of thirty feet at least from where I sat. What a scene of tumult was this supper! There was plenty of excellent wines and excellent dishes, but I really could not get time to attend to them with the least of my usual devotion. Here was one reaching his arm across the table, and helping himself to something, with an accompaniment of jocular execration. There was another bellowing for boiled cabbage and a glass of champagne, both in the same breath. Here was a young lady eating a whole plate-full of hot veal cutlets, and talking between every mouthful as loud as a campaigner. There was an old fat dowager screaming for a bottle of porter—or interchanging rough repartees with a hiccuping baillie at the opposite side of the table. What a rumpus was here! What poking at pyes with their gigantic battlements of crust! What sudden demolition of what pyramids of potatoes! What levelling of forests of celery! What wheeling of regiments of decanters! What a cannonade of swipes! What a crash of teeth! What a clatter of knives! Old Babel must have been a joke to this confusion of sounds!

The dancing was almost as novel a thing—I mean on the part of the gentlemen—for I must

do the ladies the justice to say that they in general danced well, and that some of them danced quite exquisitely. The men seem to have no idea beyond the rudest conception of something like keeping time—and a passion for kicking their legs about them, apparently dictated by the same kind of hilarity which would have prompted them elsewhere to shying of black bottles against the mantle-piece, or a choral ululation of "here's to jolly Bacchus!" or "variety is charming." Yet some of the cattle—yes, some of the most clumsy of them all, had the assurance to attempt a quadrille—a dance which seems to have made still less progress here than in Edinburgh, for it appeared to be hailed and applauded as a kind of wonder. The moment the set was formed, which took place in a smaller apartment, communicating with the great dancing-room, the whole of the company crowded to see it, and soon formed a complete serried phalanx of gazers all about the performers. Nay, such was the enthusiastic curiosity of some of the ladies in particular, that they did not scruple to get upon their feet on the benches and sofas all around the wall—from which commanding situation there is no question they had a better oppor-

tunity both of seeing and being seen. At some of the pauses in the dance, the agility of the figurantes was rewarded, not with silent breathings of admiration—but with loud roars of hoarse delight, and furious clapping of hands and drumming of heels all about—nor did these violent raptures of approbation appear to give the slightest uneasiness to those in whose honour they were displayed. In short, my dear Potts, the last glimmering twilight hour of the Lord Mayor's ball, when the dregs of civic finery gesticulate, as is their will and pleasure, beneath the dying chandeliers in the Egyptian Hall—even that horrible hour is nothing to the central and most ambitious display of this "at home" of Mrs. —— ——.

It is needless for me to give you any more particulars—You will comprehend at one glance what kind of scenes you would be introduced to, were you condescending enough to vouchsafe your presence for a week or two at the Buck's-Head. You will comprehend what a sensation you would create both among the males and the females—with what clear undisputed supremacy you would shine the only luminary in this their night of unknowingness. Should you not approve of my Edinburgh wi-

dow—you would only need to look around you and drop the handkerchief to any one of the undisposed of, of the Glasgow ladies. Beauties they have some—heiresses they have many. The lower cushion of the tilbury would be pressed in a twinkling by any upon whom you might cast the glances of your approbation. I speak this the more boldly, because I observed that the Glasgow fair treated one or two young heavy dragoons from Hamilton Barracks, who happened to be present at this ball, with a kind of attention quite superior to any thing they bestowed on their own indigenous Dandies. The most audacious coxcombry of the cits had no chance beside the more modest coxcombry of these Enniskillings. But, my dear fellow, what can the Enniskillings produce that could sustain a moment's comparison with the untainted, unprofessional, thorough bred Bond Street graces of a Potts? Those true "—— Cupidinis arma,"

—— "quæ tuto fæmina nulla videt."

I pledge myself, that in the ball-rooms of Edinburgh, still more indisputedly and alone in those of Glasgow, your fascinations will be surfeited with excess of homage.

"Nulla est quæ lumina, tanta, tanta,
Posset luminibus suis tueri
Non statim trepidansque, palpitansque," &c.

If the old proverb hold true, *veniunt a veste sagittæ*, I promise you there would not be many whole hearts the morning after you had danced your first *pas-seul* on the floor of the Glasgow Assembly-rooms.

Ever very truly your's,

P. M.

LETTER LXXI.

TO THE REV. DAVID WILLIAMS.

The chief defect in the society of this place is, specifically, pretty much the same as in every provincial town I have ever visited; but I think it seems to be carried to a greater length here than any where else. This defect consists in nothing more than an extreme fondness for small jokes and nicknames—the wit of the place being almost entirely expended in these ingenious kinds of paltrinesses;—its object being, as it would appear, never to give pleasure to the present, otherwise than by throwing impertinent stigmas on the absent. Almost every person of the least importance is talked of, in familiar conversation, not by his proper name, but by some absurd designation, borrowed from some fantastical view of his real or imaginary peculiarities. It is really distressing to see how much counte-

nance this vulgar kind of practice receives, even from the best of those one meets with here. But the most amusing part of the thing is, that each is aware of the existence of every nickname but his own, and rejoices in making use of it, little thinking that the moment his back is turned, he is himself subjected to the very same kind of treatment from those who have been joining in his laugh.

Another favourite species of Glasgow wit, however, is exercised in the presence of the individuals against whom it is levelled; and it is not to be denied, that there is much more both of ingenuity and of honesty in this species. I believe I should rather say there are two such kinds of wit—at least I have heard familiar use of two separate designations for their quizzing. I do not pretend to have analyzed the matter very closely; but, so far as I have been able to comprehend it, the case stands thus:—

In every party at Glasgow, as soon as the punch has levelled the slight barriers of civil ceremony which operate while the cloth remains on the table, the principal amusement of the company consists in the wit of some practised punster, who has been invited chiefly with an eye to this sort of exhibition, (from which cir-

cumstance he derives his own nick-name of *a side-dish,*) and who (as a fiddler begins to scrape his strings at the nod of his employer,) opens his battery against some inoffensive butt on the opposite side of the table, on a signal, express or implied, from the master of the feast. I say some *punster*, for punning seems to be the absolute *sine qua non* of every Glasgow definition of wit; in whatever way, or on whatever subject the wit is exerted, it is pretty sure to clothe itself in a garniture of more or less successful calembourgs; and some of the practitioners, I must admit, display very singular skill in their honourable vocation.

There are two ways, as I have hinted, in which the punning *Side-dish* may perform the office in behalf of which he has been invited to partake of the less offensive good things that are going on the occasion; and for each of these ways there exists an appropriate and expressive term in the jocular vocabulary of the place. The first is *Gagging*: it signifies, as its name may lead you to suspect, nothing more than the thrusting of absurdities, wholesale and retail, down the throat of some too-credulous gaper. Whether the *Gag* come in the shape of a com-

pliment to the *Gaggee*, some egregious piece of butter, which would at once be rejected by any mouth more sensitive than that for whose well-known swallow it is intended,—or some wonderful story, gravely delivered with every circumstance of apparent seriousness, but evidently involving some sheer impossibility in the eyes of all but the obtuse individual who is made to suck it in with the eagerness of a starved weanling,—or, in whatever other way the *Gag* may be disguised, the principle of the joke is the same in its essence; and the solemn triumph of the *Gagger*, and the grim applause of the silent witnesses of his dexterity, are alike visible in their sparkling eyes. A few individuals, particularly skilled in this elegant exercise, have erected themselves into a club, the sole object of which is its more sedulous and constant cultivation. This club takes the name of "the Gagg College," and I am sorry to tell you some of the very first men in the town (—— —— I am told is one) have not disdained to be matriculated in its paltry Album. The seat of this enlightened University is in an obscure tavern or oyster-house; and here its eminent professors may always be found at the appointed hours, engaged in communicating their precious lore to a set of willing disciples,

or sharpening their wits in more secret conclave among themselves—sparring as it were in their gloves—giving blows to each other more innocent, no doubt, than those which are reserved for the uninitiated.

The second species is called *Trotting*—but I have not learned that any peculiar institution has been entirely set apart for its honour and advancement. It is cultivated, however, with eminent industry at all the common clubs of the place, such as *the Banditti, the Dirty-Shirt, the What-you-please, &c. &c.* The idea to which its name points, (although somewhat obscurely perhaps you will think) is that picturesque exhibition of the peculiar properties of a horse, which occurs when the unfortunate individual of that race about to be sold, is made to trot hard upon the rough stones of a Mews-lane, kicking up and shewing his paces before the intending purchaser, in presence of a grinning circle of sagacious grooms, jockeys, and black-legs. You have seen such an exhibition. You have seen the agent of the proprietor seize the noble Houyhnmn by the white string fastened to his martingale, and urging him by hand and voice, to stretch his nerves and muscles to the cracking point—capering and flinging along as if the devil or the ginger were in

him, till smack he comes against the brick wall at the end of the lane, where he is drawn suddenly up—his four extremities with difficulty collecting themselves so as to keep him upright upon the smooth round glossy knobs of granite, over which they have been moving with so much agility. You have seen the poor creature turned right about after the first trot—and compelled, *invita Minerva*, to a second no less brisk and galling—to a third—and to a fourth—while all the time the eyes of those concerned are fixed with Argus-like pertinacity on every quiver of his haunches. You have observed, above all, the air of pride and satisfaction, with which the generous animal sometimes goes through the trial—snuffing up the air with his nostrils—heaving his mane—and lashing the wind with his tail—and throwing superfluous vigour into all the ligaments of his frame at every step he takes—little knowing for what mean purposes the exhibition is intended—rejoicing with an innocent glee in the very acme and agony of his degradation.

Even such is the condition of the poor Glasgow *Trottee*, upon whom some glorious master of the whip fastens his eye of cruelty, and his hand of guidance. He begins, perhaps, with a slight and careless assent to some unimportant

remark, or a moderate response of laughter to some faint feeble joke, uttered by the devoted victim of his art. By degrees the assent becomes warmer, and the laughter louder—till at length the good simple man begins to think himself full surely either a wise man or a wit, as the case may be. It is not easy to say in which case the diversion afforded may be the most exquisitely delightful—whether it is most pleasing to see a dull man plunging on from depth to depth of grave drivelling, and finding in the lowest depth a lower still—laying down the law at last with the very pomp of a Lycurgus, on subjects of which he knows not, nor is ever likely to know, anything—his stupid features, with every new dictum of his newly-discovered omniscience, assuming some new addition of imposing solemnity—his forehead gathering wrinkles, and his eye widening in its lack-lustre glimmer as he goes on, —it is not easy, I say, to decide whether this exhibition of gravity be more or less delightful, than that of the more frisky and frolicksome *Trottee*, who is, for the first time in his life, made to imagine himself a wit, and sets about astounding those who gaze upon him by a continually increasing nimbleness, and alacrity of inept levities —pointless puns—and edgeless sarcasms—him-

self all the while dying with laughter at the conceptions of his own wonder-working fancy—first and loudest in the cachinnation which is at once the reward and punishment of his folly. I must own that the evil principle was strong enough within me to make me witness the first two or three exhibitions of this sort of festivity with not a little satisfaction—I smiled, *instigante plane Diabolo*, and not having the fear of the like before my eyes. On an after occasion, however, one of the most formidable of the practitioners thought fit to attempt making Dr. Morris his butt, and I believe he did absolutely succeed in trotting me a few yards to and fro on the subject of the shandrydan. But I perceived what was going forward in good time, and watching my opportunity, transferred with infinite dexterity the bit from my own mouth to that of my trotter—aye, and made him grind it till I believe his gums were raw. I had the good sense, however, to perceive the danger of the practice in spite of my own successful debut, and, God willing, from this moment, hope never to fill the roll either of *Trotter* or *Trottee*.

The ideas you will form of the style of society which prevails in this place, from these little *data*, cannot indeed be very high ones. Beware, how-

ever, of supposing that to faults of so detestable a nature, there are no exceptions. I have already met with many—very many—well-bred gentlemen in Glasgow, who neither *trot* nor are *trotted*—who never were so stupid as to utter a pun—nor so malicious as to invent or echo a nick-name. It is true, indeed, that they are the *nigro simillimi cygno* of the place ; but their rarity only renders them the more admirable, and the less deserving of being crowded into the list of evil-doers, with whom they are continually surrounded.

P. M.

LETTER LXXII.

TO THE SAME.

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After all, I am inclined to think that the manners of mercantile men are by no means so disagreeable as those of men engaged in most other active professions. In the manners of Glasgow, it is true, there is a sad uniformity of mercantile peculiarities—but how could this be otherwise in a town where no nobility resides, and where there is no profession that brings the aristocracy of ta-

lent much into view? In such a town, it is obvious there must be a miserable defect in the mechanism of society, from there being nothing to counteract the overbearing influence of mere wealth, or to preserve the remembrance of any other species of distinction. In a society where individuals claim importance on many different grounds, there must of course be produced an extension of thought, corresponding to the different elements which these individuals contribute to the general mass. But here, no doubt, the cup below is a dead one, and the one gilded drop floats alone and lazily upon the heavy surface.

Yet taking matters as they are, perhaps the influence of the mercantile profession, although bad enough when thus exclusively predominant, is not in itself one of the worst. If this profession does not necessarily tend to refine or enlighten human nature, it at least does not distort it into any of those pedantries connected with professions, which turn altogether upon the successful exercises of a single talent. The nature of the merchant is left almost entirely free, and he may enter into any range of feelings he pleases—but it is true he commonly saves himself the trouble of doing so, and feels only for NUMBER ONE.

In Glasgow, however, it would seem that the mercantile body is graced with a very large number of individuals, who are distinguished by a very uncommon measure of liberality of spirit. They are quite unwearied in their private and public charities; and although not much tinged with literary or philosophical enthusiasm in their own persons, they appreciate the value of higher cultivation to the community at large, and are on all occasions willing to contribute in the most laudable manner, to promoting, sustaining, or erecting institutions friendly to the cause of such cultivation. Two institutions of this nature have of late owed their being to this fine spirit of the Glasgow merchants, and I should hope they may long flourish, to reflect lasting honour on the names of their founders. I allude to the Astronomical Observatory—a very pretty building, magnificently furnished with all manner of instruments—and the New Botanic Garden, which is already of great extent, and which promises, I think, to be of amazing value. Both of these have been founded by private subscription among the leading members of the mercantile body in this thriving city—and the last mentioned is in the way of receiving continual augmentations to its riches from the kindred en-

thusiasm of liberality which exists among those young men connected with the place, of whom so many hundreds are scattered over every region of the world. The productions of distant climates are forwarded on every opportunity by these young persons to this rising garden in their native city; each, no doubt, deriving a generous pleasure in his exile, from the idea that he is thus contributing to the ornament of the place, with the localities of which his earliest and best recollections are connected.

But a few of the members of this profession, with whom I have become acquainted since my arrival here, are really men of a very superior class in every point of view—and might, I take it, be presented, without the least alarm for their credit, in any European society, in which it has ever been my chance to move. These are commonly persons descended from some of the old mercantile families of the place—who, although they pursue the calling of their fathers—(and indeed to desert such a calling would, in their case, be pretty much the same sort of thing with giving up a fine hereditary landed estate)—yet enjoyed, in their early years, by means of the ancient wealth of their houses, every facility of liberal education such as their native city could

afford—and who in not a few instances, moreover, have received many additional means of improvement from that foreign travel, in which a great part of their after, and more strictly professional education consisted. These men busy themselves in the mornings with their concerns in the town; but in the evenings, they commonly retire to the beautiful villas which they have in the neighbourhood—and with the abundance of which, indeed, the whole face of the country round about Glasgow, in every direction, is adorned and enriched. Here they enjoy as much, perhaps, of elegant leisure and domestic enjoyment, as falls to the lot of any other class of British subjects. The collisions in which they are constantly engaged with each other, and with the world, are sufficient to prevent them from acquiring any narrow and domineering ideas of sequestrated self-importance, while, on the other hand, the quiet and graceful method of their lives at home, softens and refines their minds from the too-exclusive asperities of struggling self-interest, and the conflictions of the baser passions. I question whether our island can boast of a set of men more truly honourable to her character—more admirable both in regard to their principles and their feelings—more un-

affectedly amiable at home, or more courteous in their demeanour abroad, than some of those, the *elite* of the merchant-house of Glasgow, at whose hospitable mansions, during the later days of my stay in this neighbourhood, I have spent so many delightful hours. By degrees, it often happens, these gentlemen abstract themselves altogether from business, handing it over, I suppose, to some of their sons or relations. They purchase land, and then take their place in the great body of British gentry, with, for aught I see, as much propriety as any that elevate themselves to that most enviable of all human conditions, from any of those professions which think themselves too exclusively entitled to the appellation of liberal. After becoming acquainted with some of these enlightened and amiable individuals, and seeing the fine elegant way in which the quiet evenings of their days and of their lives are spent, I could not help recollecting, with some little wonder, the terms of unmitigated derision in which I had heard the lawyers of Edinburgh speak concerning "the people of Glasgow." Truly, I think such language is well becoming in the lips of your porers over title-deeds—your fustian-sleeved writers—your drudging side-bar jurisconsults. I should like

to know in what respect the habitual occupations of these men are more likely to favour the culture of the general mind, than those of the great merchant, who sends his ships to every region of the habitable world, and receives them back loaded with its riches; or the great manufacturer, who subdues the elements to his purpose, and by his speculations at once encourages the progress, and extends the fame of those arts and sciences, in which not a little of the truest glory of his country consists.

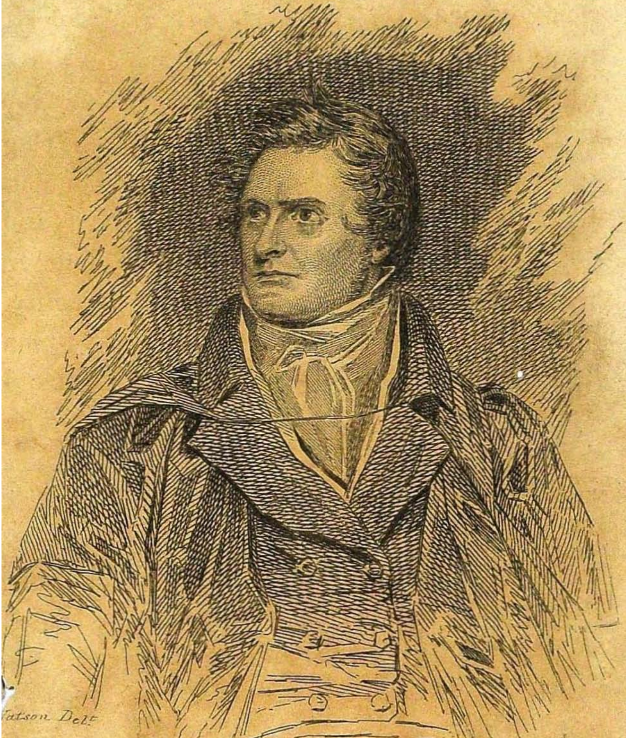
The respectable families of this place have to boast, moreover, of having produced not a few individuals, who, abandoning the profession of their fathers, have devoted themselves to other pursuits, and achieved things that cannot fail to reflect honour both upon them and the city of their habitation. Such was that gentle and delightful poet, James Grahame, the author of the Sabbath, who died only a few years ago in the midst of his family here, and over whose remains a modest and affecting inscription is placed in the choir of the Cathedral. I have been gratified more than once, during my sojourn in Glasgow, with hearing the terms of deep and tender affection in which the memory of this good man is spoken of by those, whose admira-

tion of his mild and solemn genius has been warmed and enriched into a yet nobler kind of enthusiasm, by their experience of his personal virtues—their own intimate knowledge of that fine heart, from which so many of his inspirations appear to have been derived, and with the pervading charm of which, each and all of his most beautiful inspirations appear to have been sanctified. It is, indeed, a precious pleasure which one receives in contemplating the sober endearing influences which survive the death of such a man, in the place where he was best known. This is the true embalming—such are the men who scarcely need the splendours of genius to preserve their memories—who may

——————— trust
The lingering gleam of their departed lives,
To oral records and the silent heart.

The author of the Isle of Palms, and the City of the Plague (whose exquisite Lines on the Death of James Grahame are engraved on the memory of not a few here, and elsewhere) is himself also a native of this place, and connected by blood with many of the most respectable families of this vicinity. I mentioned this gentleman more than once to you in my letters from Edinburgh, and am glad that you

were pleased with my account of his eloquence. The truth is, that I do not think justice is at at all done in general to his genius—it is everywhere, indeed, admitted to be beautiful and various; but I suspect its strength and originality are not adequately appreciated, even by those who ought to be most capable of studying its productions. The meed of poetical popularity (in its proudest sense) has been bestowed in in our time in a way that cannot be considered in any other light than that of extreme partiality, by all who contemplate the poetical works which have been produced among us, with a calm and deliberate eye. The reputation of those who have acquired great reputation, is perfectly just and proper; but there are not a few names which ought to share more than they do in the high honours which have been lavished on our first-rate favourites. Such, most assuredly, are the names of Coleridge, of Lamb, and of Wilson—three poets distinguished by very different kinds of acquirement, and very different kinds of genius, —but all agreeing in one particular, and that no unimportant one neither—namely, that they have appealed too exclusively to the most delicate feelings of our nature, and neglected, in a great measure, to call upon those more wide-



MR. WILSON.

spread sympathies, whose responses are so much more easy to be wakened—and, being once aroused, so much louder in their cheering and reverberating notes. I should except, however, from this rule, as applied to Mr. Wilson's poetry, his last and longest poem, the City of the Plague —in which there is surely no want of passionate and powerful appeals to all those feelings and propensities which have been most excited and gratified by the most popular poets of our day. Of the comparative unpopularity of that poem, something no doubt may be attributed to the hasty nature of its plan and composition, and something also to the defective structure of its blank verse, which is certainly by no means what it should be—but I think no person who reads it, can doubt that it displays altogether a richness and fervour of poetic invention, and, at the same time, a clear pathetic mastery of all the softer strings of the human heart—such as in a wiser or a less capricious age, would have [illegible] since procured for the poem very extensive popularity—and for the poet himself, a much more copious reward of serious admiration than seems as yet to have been bestowed by the general voice upon Mr. Wilson.

It has often occurred to me, in thinking of other individuals besides this poet, that early attainment of great fame is by no means most in the power of those who possess the greatest variety of capacities and attainments. A man who has only one talent, and who is so fortunate as to be led early to exercise it in a judicious direction, may soon be expected to sound the depth of his power, and to strengthen himself with those appliances which are most proper to ensure his success. But he whose mind is rich in a thousand quarters—who finds himself surrounded with an intellectual armoury of many and various kinds of weapons—is happy indeed if he do not lose much time in dipping into the surface of more ores than his life can allow him time to dig to their foundations—in trying the edge of more instruments than it is possible for any one man to understand thoroughly, and wield with the assured skill of a true master. Mr. Wilson seems to possess one of the widest ranges of intellectual capacity of any I have ever met with. In his conversation, he passes from the gravest to the gayest of themes, and seems to be alike at home in them all—but perhaps the facility with which in conversation he finds himself able to make use of all his powers, may only serve to

give him wrong and loose notions concerning the more serious purposes to which he ought to render his great powers subservient. In his prose writings, in like manner, he handles every kind of key, and he handles many well—but this also, I should fear, may tend only to render him over careless in his choice—more slow in selecting some one field—or, if you will, more than one—on which to concentrate his energies, and make a sober, manly, determinate display of what Nature has rendered him capable of doing. To do every thing is impossible. To do many things well is a very inferior matter to doing a few things—yes, or one thing—as well as it can be done; and this is a truth which I question not Mr. Wilson will soon learn, without any hints beyond those which his own keen observing eye must throw in his way. On the whole, when one remembers that he has not yet reached the time of life at which most of the great poets even of our time began to come before the pub- [illegible] there [illegible]s to be no reason to doubt that every thing is yet before him—and that hereafter the works which he has already published, may be referred to rather as curiosities, and as displaying the early richness and variety of his capacities, than as expressing the full vigour of

that "imagination all compact," which shall then have found more perfect and more admirable vehicles in the more comprehensive thoughtfulness of matured genius and judgment. I regret his comparative want of popularity, chiefly for this reason, that I think the enthusiastic echoes of public approbation, directed loudly to any one production, would have afforded a fine and immediate stimulus for farther exertions in the same way—and such is his variety of powers, that I think it a matter of comparatively minor importance, on which of his many possible triumphs his ambition should be first fully concentrated. You will observe that I have been speaking solely with an eye to his larger productions. In many of his smaller ones—conceived, it is probable, and executed at a single heat—I see every thing to be commended, and nothing whatever to be found fault with. My chief favourites have always been the Children's Dance—the Address to the Wild Deer seen on some of the mountains of Lochaber—and, best of all—the Scholar's Funeral. This last poem is, indeed, a most perfect master-piece in conception—in feeling—and in execution. The flow of it is entire and unbroken in its desolate music. Line follows line, and stanza follows stanza, with a

grand graceful melancholy sweep, like the boughs of some large weeping willow bending slowly and sadly to the dirges of the night-breeze, over some clear classical streamlet fed by the tears of Naiads.

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P. M.

LETTER LXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

It was in this part of Scotland, as you well know, that the chief struggles in behalf of the Presbyterian form of church-government, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, occurred; and, in spite of the existence of many such individuals as the Philosophical Weaver I mentioned the other day, and of no inconsiderable extension of the tenets of the sceptical school of Scotch philosophy among persons of a higher order, it is here that the same love for the national system of faith and practice, out of which those struggles sprung, is seen still to survive, in not a little of its original fervour, in the breasts of the great majority of the people. I have witnessed many manifestations of the prevalence of this spirit since I came into the West of Scotland, and, I need not add, I have witnessed them with the sincerest pleasure. It is always a noble

thing to see people preserving the old feelings and principles of their fathers; and here, there can be no doubt, there would have been a peculiar guilt of meanness, had the descendants of men who, with all their minor faults, were so honest and so upright as these old Covenanters were, permitted themselves to be ashamed of adhering to the essentials of the system for which they did and suffered so much, and so nobly. It is not to the people of the West of Scotland that the energetic reproach of the poet can apply. I allude to the passage in which he speaks of

> "All Scotia's weary days of civil strife—
> When the poor Whig was lavish of his life,
> And bought, stern rushing upon Clavers' spears,
> The freedom *and the scorn* of after years."

The idle and foolish whimsies with which the religious fervour of the Covenanters was loaded and deformed, have given way before the calm, sober influences of reflection and improvement; but it is well that the spirit of innovation has spared every thing that was most precious in the cause which lent heroic vigour to the arms of that devout peasantry, and more than ghostly power to that simple priesthood.

One of the most remarkable features which I have observed in the manners of the Scottish peo-

ple, is their wonderfully strict observance of the Sabbath—and this strictness seems to be carried to a still greater height here than even in Edinburgh. The contrast which the streets afford on this day, to every other day in the week, is indeed most striking. They are all as deserted and still during the hours of divine service, as if they belonged to a City of the Dead. Not a sound to be heard from end to end, except perhaps a solitary echo answering here and there to the step of some member of my own profession,—the only class of persons who, without some considerable sacrifice of character, may venture to be seen abroad at an hour so sacred. But then what a throng and bustle while the bell is ringing—one would think every house had emptied itself from garret to cellar—such is the endless stream that pours along, gathering as it goes, towards every place from which that all-attractive solemn summons is heard. The attire of the lower orders, on these occasions, is particularly gay and smart; above all of the women, who bedizen themselves in this mercantile city in a most gorgeous manner indeed. They seem almost all to sport silk stockings and clean gloves, and large tufts of feathers float from every bonnet; but every one carries a richly-bound Bible and Psalm-book in

her hand, as the most conspicuous part of all her finery, unless when there is a threatening of rain, in which case the same precious books are carried wrapt up carefully in the folds of a snow-white pocket-handkerchief. When the service is over at any particular place of worship—(for which moment the Scotch have, in their language, an appropriate and picturesque term, the *kirk-skailing*,)—the rush is, of course, still more huge and impetuous. To advance up a street in the teeth of one of their congregations coming forth in this way, is as impossible as it would be to skull it up a cataract. There is nothing for it but facing about, and allowing yourself to be borne along, submissive and resigned, with the furious and conglomerated roll of this human tide. I never saw any thing out of Scotland that bore the least resemblance to this; even the emptying of a London theatre is a joke to the stream that wedges up the whole channel of the main street of Glasgow, when the congregation of one of the popular ministers of the place begins to disperse itself. For the most part, the whole of the pious mass moves in perfect silence; and if you catch a few low words from some groupe that advances by your side, you are sure to find them the vehicles of nothing

but some criticism on what has just been said by the preacher. Altogether, the effect of the thing is prodigious, and would, in one moment, knock down the whole prejudices of the Quarterly Reviewer, or any other English High-Churchman, who thinks the Scotch a nation of sheer infidels.

Yesterday, being Sunday, I threw myself into the midst of one of these overwhelming streams, and allowed myself to float on its swelling waves to the church of the most celebrated preacher in this place, or rather, I should say, the most celebrated preacher of the day in the whole of Scotland—Dr. Chalmers. I had heard so much of this remarkable man in Edinburgh, that my curiosity in regard to him had been wound up to a high pitch, even before I found myself in the midst of this population, to which his extraordinary character and genius furnish by far the greatest object of interest and attention. I had received a letter of introduction to him from Mr. Jeffrey, (for the Critic and he are great friends)—so I called at his house in a day or two after my arrival in Glasgow, but he had gone to visit his friends in a parish of which he was formerly minister, in the county of Fife, so that I was, for the time, disappointed. My landlady, however, who is one of his admirers, had heard of his return the even-

ing before, and she took care to communicate this piece of intelligence to me at breakfast. I was very happy in receiving it, and determined to go immediately; upon which Mrs. Jardine requested me to accept the loan of her own best psalm-book, and her daughter, Miss Currie, (a very comely young lady) was so good as to shew me the way to her pew in the church. Such, I presume, is the intense interest attracted to this preacher, that a hotel in Glasgow could not pretend to be complete in all its establishment, without having attached to it a spacious and convenient pew in this church, for the accommodation of its visitors. As for trusting, as in other churches, to finding somewhere a seat unappropriated, this is a thing which will by no means do for a stranger who has set his heart upon hearing a sermon of Dr. Chalmers.

I was a good deal surprised and perplexed with the first glimpse I obtained of his countenance; for the light that streamed faintly upon it for the moment, did not reveal any thing like that general outline of feature and visage for which my fancy had, by some strange working of presentiment, prepared me. By and bye, however, the light became stronger, and I was enabled to study the minutiæ of his face pretty leisurely, while he leaned forward and read aloud

the words of the psalm—for that is always done in Scotland not by the clerk, but the clergyman himself. At first sight, no doubt, his face is a coarse one—but a mysterious kind of meaning breathes from every part of it, that such as have eyes to see cannot be long without discovering. It is very pale, and the large half-closed eye-lids have a certain drooping melancholy weight about them, which interested me very much, I understood not why. The lips, too, are singularly pensive in their mode of falling down at the sides, although there is no want of richness and vigour in their central fulness of curve. The upper-lip, from the nose downwards, is separated by a very deep line, which gives a sort of leonine firmness of expression to all the lower part of the face. The cheeks are square and strong, in texture like pieces of marble, with the cheek-bones very broad and prominent. The eyes themselves are light in colour, and have a strange dreamy heaviness, that conveys any idea rather than that of dullness, but which contrasts, in a wonderful manner, with the dazzling watery glare they exhibit when expanded in their sockets, and illuminated into all their flame and fervour, in some moment of high entranced enthusiasm. But the shape of the fore-

D^r. CHALMERS.

head is perhaps the most singular part of the whole visage; and indeed it presents a mixture so very singular, of forms commonly exhibited only in the widest separation, that it is no wonder I should have required some little time to comprehend the meaning of it. In the first place, it is without exception the most marked mathematical forehead I ever met with—being far wider across the eye-brows than either Mr. Playfair's or Mr. Leslie's—and having the eye-brows themselves lifted up at their exterior ends quite out of the usual line—a peculiarity which Spurzheim had remarked in the countenances of almost all the great mathematical or calculating geniuses —such, for example, if I rightly remember, as Sir Isaac Newton himself—Kaestener—Euler —and many others. Immediately above the extraordinary breadth of this region, which, in the heads of most mathematical persons, is surmounted by no fine points of organization whatever—immediately above this, in the forehead of Dr. Chalmers, there is an arch of Imagination, carrying out the summit boldly and roundly, in a style to which the heads of very few poets present any thing comparable—while over this again there is a grand apex of high and solemn Veneration and Love—such as might have graced the

bust of Plato himself—and such as in living men I had never beheld equalled in any but the majestic head of Canova. The whole is edged with a few crisp dark locks, which stand forth boldly, and afford a fine relief to the death-like paleness of those massive temples.

Singular as is this conformation, I know not that any thing less singular could have satisfied my imagination after hearing this man preach. You have read his Sermons, and therefore I need not say any thing about the subject and style of the one I heard, because it was in all respects very similar to those which have been printed. But of all human compositions, there is none surely which loses so much as a sermon does, when it is made to address itself to the eye of a solitary student in his closet—and not to the thrilling ears of a mighty mingled congregation, through the very voice which Nature has enriched with notes more expressive than words can ever be of the meanings and feelings of its author. Neither, perhaps, did the world ever possess any orator, whose minutest peculiarities of gesture and voice have more power in increasing the effect of what he says—whose delivery, in other words, is the first, and the second, and the third excellence of his oratory, more truly

than is that of Dr. Chalmers. And yet, were the spirit of the man less gifted than it is, there is no question these his lesser peculiarities would never have been numbered among his points of excellence. His voice is neither strong nor melodious. His gestures are neither easy nor graceful; but, on the contrary, extremely rude and awkward—his pronunciation is not only broadly national, but broadly provincial—distorting almost every word he utters into some barbarous novelty, which, had his hearer leisure to think of such things, might be productive of an effect at once ludicrous and offensive in a singular degree.

But of a truth, these are things which no listener *can* attend to while this great preacher stands before him, armed with all the weapons of the most commanding eloquence, and swaying all around him with its imperial rule. At first, indeed, there is nothing to make one suspect what riches are in store. He commences in a low drawling key, which has not even the merit of being solemn—and advances from sentence to sentence, and from paragraph to paragraph, while you seek in vain to catch a single echo, that gives promise of that which is to come.

There is, on the contrary, an appearance of constraint about him, that affects and distresses you—you are afraid that his breast is weak, and that even the slight exertion he makes may be too much for it. But then with what tenfold richness does this dim preliminary curtain make the glories of his eloquence to shine forth, when the heated spirit at length shakes from it its chill confining fetters, and bursts out elate and rejoicing in the full splendour of its dis-imprisoned wings!—

> Φαιης μεν ζακοτον τινα εμμεναι, αφρονα θ' αυτως.
> Αλλ' ὁτε δη ῥ ὀπα τε μεγαλην εκ στηθεος ἱει
> Και επεα νιφαδεσσιν εοικοτα χειμεριησιν
> Ουκ αν επειτ' Οδυσηι γ' ερισσειε βροτος αλλος.

Never was any proof more distinct and speaking, how impossible it is for any lesser disfavours to diminish the value of the truer and higher bounties of Nature. Never was any better example of that noble privilege of real genius, in virtue of which even disadvantages are converted into advantages—and things which would be sufficient to nip the opening buds of any plant of inferior promise, are made to add only new beauty and power to its uncontroulably expanding bloom.

I have heard many men deliver sermons far better arranged in regard to argument, and have heard very many deliver sermons far more uniform in elegance both of conception and of style. But most unquestionably I have never heard, either in England, or Scotland, or in any other country, any preacher whose eloquence is capable of producing an effect so strong and irresistible as his. He does all this too without having recourse for a moment to the vulgar arts of common pulpit-enthusiasm. He does it entirely and proudly, by the sheer pith of his most original mind, clothing itself in a bold magnificence of language, as original in its structure—as nervous in the midst of its overflowing richness as itself. He has the very noblest of his weapons, and most nobly does he wield them. He has a wonderful talent for ratiocination, and possesses, besides, an imagination both fertile and distinct, which gives all richness of colour to his style, and supplies his argument with every diversity of illustration. In presence of such a spirit subjection is a triumph—and I was proud to feel my hardened nerves creep and vibrate, and my blood freeze and boil while he spake—as they were wont to do in the early innocent years,

when unquestioning enthusiasm had as yet caught no lessons of chillness from the jealousies of discernment, the delights of comparison, and the example of the unimaginative world.

I trust his eloquence produces daily upon those who hear it effects more precious than the mere delights of intellectual excitement and admiring transports. I trust, that after the first tide has gone by, there is left no trivial richness of sediment on the souls over which its course has been. I trust the hearers of this good man do not go there only because he is a great one—that their hearts are as open to his sway as their minds are; and that the Minister of Christ is not a mere Orator in their eyes. Were that the case, they might seek the species of delight most to their taste in a theatre, with more propriety than in a church. I speak, I confess, from feeling my own feebleness in the presence of this man—I speak from my own experience of the difficulty there is in being able, amidst the human luxury such a sermon affords, to remember with sufficient earnestness the nature of its object—and the proper nature of its more lasting effects. What is perhaps impossible, however, on a first hearing, may, no doubt, become easy after many repetitions—so I hope it is—indeed why should I

doubt it?—The tone of serious deep-felt veneration, in which I hear this great preacher talked of by all about him, is a sufficient proof that mere human admiration is not the only element in the feelings with which they regard him—that with the homage paid to his genius, there is mingled a nobler homage of gratitude to the kind affectionate warmth with which he renders this high genius subservient to the best interests of those in whose presence its triumphs are exhibited.

The very delightful and amiable warmth of the preacher—the paternal and apostolic kindness which beamed in his uplifted eyes, and gave sweetness now and then to his voice, more precious than if he had "robbed the Hybla bees"—the affectionateness of the pastor, was assuredly one of the things that pleased me most in the whole exhibition, and it did not please me the less because I had not been prepared to expect any such thing by the reports I had heard of him in Edinburgh. He goes to that critical city now and then to preach a charity sermon or the like; and I can easily understand how it may have happened, that the impression produced by him there on such occasions, may have in general been very different from that which I witnessed

here in his own church. I can easily suppose, that on these occasions he may put himself forward far more exclusively in the capacity of a combative reasoner—that then every look and gesture may speak too plainly his knowledge that he has hostile opinions all about him to grapple with. In fact, such a man must know that when he preaches any where out of his own church, his congregation is of a very mixed description, comprizing persons who entertain every variety of opinion in regard to matters of religion. In Edinburgh, in particular, he must be well aware the field on which he is sent to labour has its tares as well as its wheat, in abundance. The beadle at the door, who, by a long succession of sixpences, has had his mind expanded into principles of universal intolerance, admits with equal kindness birds of every different kind of plumage —he shoves the sanctified hozier into the same pew with the disciple of David Hume, learned in the law. Having such dissimilar auditors to deal with, a preacher like Dr. Chalmers may very naturally be led to make use only of argumentation addressed to those reasoning faculties, wherewith all his auditors profess themselves to be more or less endowed. There is no doubt argument in the staple of his preaching even here—and so,

in this age of doubt and argument, it ought to be—but here, at least, he contrives to adorn his argument with abundance of gentler accompaniments, which perhaps his modesty, among other things, may contribute to render him more slow in using elsewhere. For myself, I have described him as I saw him in the midst of his daily audience—

> "In his allotted home a genuine Priest,
> The Shepherd of his Flock; or as a King
> Is styled, when most affectionately praised,
> The Father of his People."——

I shall not soon forget the looks of cordial love which seemed to beam from the pastor to his people, and back again from their eyes to their pastor in the Tron Church of Glasgow.

I connot help regarding it as a singularly fortunate thing, that the commercial population of this place should be favoured with the residence and habitual influence of such a man as Dr. Chalmers. In such a place, the existence of such a person is precious, a thousand-fold more than it could be almost any where else—precious and very precious as it would be everywhere. In the midst of the continual collisions of interest, smaller and greater, in which,these busy traffick-

ers are engaged, it must have a soothing and an ennobling effect to turn round ever and anon, and contemplate a man of great and original genius, and well-nigh unrivalled reputation, pursuing among them the purer and simpler walk of a profession, which in this, above all other countries, is a profession of humility and lowliness of mind. The high name of this great preacher is chiefly valuable to my mind—and I doubt not such would be his own modest sense of it—on account of the aid it must afford to the natural influence of his piety, and his pastoral exertions. Assuredly there is no profession in which the gratifications of personal distinction are so compatible with the loftier gratifications derived, and only derived from the consciousness of doing good—"Truly the lines have fallen to him in pleasant places."

After hearing this man preach, and seeing the faces of his congregation—and, indeed, after every thing that I have seen since I came into this part of the country—I feel more and more sensible of the erroneousness of those opinions concerning the spiritual state of Scotland, which I myself formerly held. The fact is, my dear David, that, in my youth, I was a sharer, to my

full measure, in all the usual prejudices of Oxonians; and that it is no easy matter to set me free in any one quarter from the clinging influence of those old prejudices. The plain truth of the whole matter is, that the ideas entertained in England respecting the state of religion in Scotland, are just as absurd as those which used to be in fashion about the external appearance of that country. I positively believe, that if the bench of bishops were requested at this moment to draw up, with the assistance of the Oxford and Cambridge Heads of Houses, and Regius Professors, a short account of its spiritual condition, they would talk as if it had as few men of rational piety in it as the Cockney wits used to think it had trees. According to these received opinions, the Scottish peasants are universally imbued with the most savage and covenanting fanaticism—a fault for which ample atonement is made by the equally universal free-thinking and impiety of the higher orders of their countrymen. Every Scotsman is a bigot to one or other of those equally abominable heresies—Atheism or Calvinism. They would represent the faith of this country as a strange creature, somewhat after the fashion of old Janus, dressed on one side in

a solemn suit of customary blue, and on the other in the rainbow frippery of a Parisian fille-de-joie —giving with her right hand the grasp of fellowship to John Knox, and leering and leaning to the left on a more fashionable beau, David Hume.

The principal mouth-piece of this Southern bigotry, is, I am very sorry to say, a work, for which I have in almost every other respect the greatest esteem—the Quarterly Review. It is a pity that that work, which exerts over the public mind of England so salutary an influence, as the guardian of her character—her true character, both political and religious—it is a great pity that this admirable work should in any way tend to keep up improper prejudices against the Scottish, among the majority of its readers. No doubt there is this excuse for them, that they view the mind of Scotland as represented in some measure in the Edinburgh Review. But I, who am certainly no admirer of the religion of the Edinburgh Review, think it extremely unfair to represent it as being either the oracle or symbol of the spirit of the country wherein it is produced. Why, although the Edinburgh Reviewers sit at times in the chair of the scoffer, should the Eng-

lish be taught to think with disrespect of the religious condition of a country, which not long ago possessed a Blair, and an Erskine, and which at this moment can boast of Moncrieff, Alison, and Chalmers? The truth is, that I believe no country in Europe is less tainted with the spirit of infidelity than Scotland. The faith of their devout ancestors has come down to them entire; it is preached throughout this country by a body of clergymen, who, if they cannot pretend to so much theological erudition as some of our English divines, are in general far better informed upon matters of actual life than they are—far more fitted to be the friends and instructors of their parishioners—far more humble in their desires, and, I may add, far more unexceptionably exemplary in their life and conversation. The Scotch have indeed got rid of a great many of those useless prejudices with which their forefathers were infected, and which still seem to linger in the bosoms of some of our own countrymen; but the trunk has been strengthened, not weakened, by the lopping off of its rotten branches and excrescences, and although the tree of their neighbours may cast a broader shade, I have my doubts whether it be productive of better fruit.

One of the most remarkable changes which has occurred in the religious thinking of the Scotch, is that which may be observed in regard to their mode of treating those who profess a persuasion different from their own. Half a century ago, a Papist, or even an Episcopalian, appeared very little removed from the condition of a Heathen, in the eyes of a good Scots Presbyterian: here and there, people might be found who thought somewhat more judiciously, but the common opinion certainly was, that the idolatry of a Roman Catholic is quite as bad as that of a Cherokee or a South-sea islander. The Scotch now no longer consider it as a matter of perfect certainty, that the Pope is the Anti-christ, and the church of Rome the Babylon of the Revelations. They do full honour to those heroic and holy spirits who wrought the great work of the Reformation, but they do not doubt that even those who nominally adhere to the ancient faith, have derived great benefit from the establishment of the new. They refuse to consider the kingdom of Christ as composed only of the little province which they themselves inhabit. They are thankful, indeed, for the mode in which their own district is ruled;—they believe, perhaps, that their own

municipal regulations are wiser than those to which most of their neighbours submit, but they never doubt, that throughout the whole of the empire, the general principles of government are substantially the same, nor hesitate to consider themselves as linked by the firmest bonds of common loyalty and devotion, both to each other and to that authority which all true Christians are equally proud to acknowledge and obey.

But, above every thing, what shews the absurdity of the Quarterly's notions upon these subjects in a most striking point of view, is this simple fact,—that in spite of the cuts which it is perpetually giving themselves, the Quarterly Review is a very great favourite among the Scotch. The Scotch have no such prejudice against English education, and the English forms of religion, as the Review attributes to them. On the contrary, they are delighted to hear these defended in the Quarterly, from the malignant aspersions of their own Edinburgh Reviewers;—so at least the enlightened and well-educated Scotchmen with whom I have conversed, have uniformly represented themselves to be, and I believe them most sincerely. It is time that all this foolery should be at an

end, and that people, who in fact are of the same way of thinking, should not be persuaded into supposing themselves enemies to each other.

I remain ever your's,

P. M.

LETTER LXXIV.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR DAVID,

You must attribute my silence during the last eight days entirely to the kindness and hospitality of the good folks of Glasgow, who have really gained more upon me than I could have conceived possible in so short a space. Their attention has not been confined to giving me good dinners and suppers alone; they have exerted themselves in inventing a thousand devices to amuse me during the mornings also; and, in a word, nothing has been omitted that might tempt me to prolong my stay among them.—In truth, I have prolonged it much beyond what I had at all calculated upon;—indeed, much beyond what I could well afford, considering how the season is advanced, and how much I have yet before me ere I can bring my tour to

its conclusion. However, I shall probably get on with less interruption, after I have fairly entered the Highlands, which, God willing, shall now be very soon, for I have arranged every thing for going by the steam-boat on Thursday to the Isle of Bute, from which I shall proceed in the same way, next morning, as far as Inverary, to which place I have just sent forward the shandrydan, under the sure guidance of your old friend, the trusty John Evans.

I have made good use of the shandrydan, however, in my own person, during the days I have lingered in this charming neighbourhood. In company with one or other of my Glasgow friends, I have visited almost every scene at all interesting, either from its natural beauty, or from the historical recollections connected with it, throughout this part of the country. I have seen not a few fine old castles, and several fields of battle. I have examined the town of Paisley, where some very curious manufactures are carried on in a style of elegance and ingenuity elsewhere totally unrivalled; and where, what is still more to my taste, there are some very fine remains of the old Abbey, the wealth of which was transferred at the time of the Reformation to the family of the Abbot Lord Claud Hamil-

ton, son to the Duke of Chatelherault, whose desecendant, the Marquis of Abercorn, now claims that old French title, as being the male representative of the House of Hamilton. The Duke of Hamilton, you know, derives his highest titles from a female ancestor, but is himself, by blood, a Douglas, and representative of the heroic Earls of Angus, who, upon the downfall of the first House of Douglas, succeeded to not a little of its power, although they never attained to so dangerous a measure of pre-eminence.

But my most delightful excursion was to Hamilton itself, which lies about ten miles above Glasgow upon the Clyde; and is really one of the most princely places I have ever visited. This excursion was made in company with a most agreeable and intelligent young gentleman, Mr. John Smith, one of the chief booksellers of this town, who is the publisher, and indeed the friend of Dr. Chalmers. We met the Doctor riding, a few miles from the town, as we went along, and he was so kind as to accompany us also. His private manners and conversation are, I assure you, quite as admirable as his eloquence in the pulpit. He is, without any exception, the most perfectly modest man I ever met with—the most averse to all kind of display—

the most simply and unaffectedly kind good man. Yet he is one of the most original men in conversation I have ever had the fortune to meet with—and I think throws out more new ideas, in the course of a few plain sentences, apparently delivered without the smallest consciousness that they embody any thing particularly worthy of attention, than any one of all the great men I have become acquainted with since I came to Scotland. It is easy to see that he has a mind most richly stored with all kinds of information—he is a profound master of Mathematics—and, at the same time, more passionately fond of ancient learning than any of the Scottish literati I have seen. But all his stores are kept in strict subservience to the great purposes of his life and profession—and I think, various as they are, they gain instead of losing, both in value and interest, from the uniformity of the object to which he so indefatigably bends them. It is the fault of the attainments of most of the gifted men of our time, that they seem to be in a great measure destitute of any permanent aim, with which these attainments are connected in any suitable degree. But with him there is ever present the sense and presiding power of an aim, above all others noble and grand—the aim, namely, and the high am-

bition of doing good to his countrymen, and of serving the cause of religion.

We had a delightful ride after breakfast, along the side of the river, and reached, in a couple of hours, Bothwell, the seat of Lord Douglas, where we halted for a while to inspect the ruins of the old Castle. The situation is beautiful in the extreme—on a fine green bank, which slopes into the stream, and is overlooked from a grand skreen of rocks on the other side, covered with all kinds of wood. The Clyde is a majestic stream here—flowing calm, full, and clear as amber, between these massive crags on the one side, and the blooming verdure of the banks and trees below and around the old Castle on the other. The ruins themselves are very extensive, and in its day the fortress must have been a prodigiously powerful one indeed. They are preserved in a style of exquisite propriety and tastefulness—with a reverent feeling of their true character apparently, and a just hereditary pride. They put me altogether very much in mind of the deserted parts of Warwick—and, indeed, I do not think the circuit of the interior court is at all inferior in its dimensions. In many places around the buttresses and angles of the keep, tower, and curtain, I could see tho sorely mould-

ering armouries of the Morays, who were the first lords of the Castle—and in others, the better preserved achievements of the famiiy which succeeded them; precious memorials of those days, when, on every occasion in the armies of Scotland,

——" the Bloody Heart blazed in the van,
Anouncing Douglas' dreaded name."

After we had satisfied our eyes with the luxury of gazing upon these fine remains, we proceeded on our way towards Hamilton, crossing the river by the Bridge of Bothwell—the same on which the poor insurgent Whigs were so easily vanquished, and so cruelly slaughtered by the Royalists in 1677. The high gate-way between two towers, of which mention is made in the accounts of the battle, has been removed, but otherwise the appearance of the structure perfectly corresponds with all the descriptions. There is a ridged bank on the opposite side, where the Covenanters had their camp, and which quite overlooks the whole of the way by which the troops of Monmouth made their approach—so that it is clear a very small measure of military skill might have been enough to render their position a very difficult one. But I suppose the account of their dissensions in Old Mortality, is

a sufficiently accurate one, and it furnishes a very adequate explanation of the event as it occurred. Above the bridge, the river is seen winding for a mile or two from Hamilton, through a flat piece of meadow-land—or, as they call it, *haughs*—and such was the infatuation of the routed Covenanters, that they chose to fly in this direction, instead of keeping upward to the hills. That bloody old Muscovite, General Dalzell, is said to have galloped his dragoons upon the flying peasants, and to have made the river run in blood with his butcheries, in spite of the remonstrances of the gentler and wiser Monmouth. After the battle, a great number of the leading men, ministers and others, were hanged at the end of the bridge—where some hoary old willows, of enormous size, are still pointed out as having furnished the ready means of their execution. I met one day at Glasgow with a curious enough instance of the way in which these executions were regarded. A gentleman pulled a remarkably beautiful old chased silver snuff-box out of his pocket, and, asking him for a pinch—" Yes, sir," said he—" do take a pinch, and let me tell you, you shall have your finger in the box that was found in my grandfather's waistcoat-pocket after he was hanged."—It is a common saying that " a man is scarce of news, when he tells you his fa-

ther danced a jig upon nothing"—but the cause of this gentleman's communicativeness was sufficiently explained, when I learned from one of the company, who remarked my consternation, that his grandfather was " one of the martyrs o' Bothwell-brigg."

We rode on to the town of Hamilton, having on either hand a fine prospect of the woods and lawns, which stretch for miles in every direction around the ducal mansion; and then having left the shandrydan at the inn, proceeded to take a view of the interior of the Palace—for by that name it is called—in compliment, I suppose, to the copious infusion of royal blood in the veins of this high lineage. The Palace is not a very splendid one—but it is very venerable, and furnished throughout in a grand old style, which I take to be a much finer thing than any of the gaudy pomps with which more modern and more fashionable mansion-houses are filled. There is a noble suite of state apartments running the whole length of the edifice, all hung in rich crimson, (the colour of the family) with roofs and doors of black oak, carved over every where with their bearings. From the windows of these, you have a most delicious view of long green lawns, interspersed with fine dropping elms on the one side —and on the other, a yet bolder and yet richer

prospect of groves ascending upon groves into the midst of the higher grounds, where the deer-park is situated. But the chief ornament is the collection of paintings—which is out of all sight the first in Scotland—and inferior indeed to very few of those in England. It is an old collection, and has long been esteemed a rich one, but the taste of the present representative of the family has added very much both to its extent and its value.

There is a long gallery, in the first place, almost entirely filled with portraits, among which I could see, I fancy, not less than a dozen of the very finest Vandykes. One of these is King Charles on his white horse, another undoubted original, and quite as good in my mind as that which the Prince has at Carlton-House. The attitude is the very same, but the colour of the horse is more inclined to a creamy yellow—the Regent's is almost pure white. There are magnificent Vandykes also of the two brothers, Marquisses of Hamilton, in the civil wars—and of I know not how many branches of the family. The finest of the whole, however, is the portrait of Lord Danby going a shooting, with a black boy in attendance, from which I am sure you must have seen an engraving somewhere. It is

impossible that there should be a finer specimen of this master in the whole world—his grand graceful manner of conceiving every thing, and his soft delicate execution, are united in it in their utmost perfection of loveliness. In the middle of the gallery, there is the famous Rubens of Daniel in the Lions' Den, of which I need say nothing, as you are quite familiar with the prints. It is every way a princely gallery—you never saw a place more impregnated with the air of nobility. The other rooms are full of cabinet pictures, chiefly of the Italian masters—among which I could easily have spent an hour for every minute I remained. I cannot pretend to describing or even enumerating them—but the ones I chiefly delighted in, were some very bold rich Spagnolettos in the billiard-room—a Nicolas Poussin—the Burying of Abraham—and a Dying Magdalen, by Ludovico Caracci. The Poussin is really about the most wonderful of his works I ever saw. It represents the dawn of day, a thick blue mantle of clouds lying heavy upon the surface of the earth, and scarcely permitting the one cold stream of uncertain light to enter, which shews the sleeping patriarch folded in his long vestments, just sinking below the rock from the arms of his children. There is a deep pri-

meval simplicity about the arrangement of the groupe, and a deserted lonely sort of weight in the heavens, and the earth all around, which carries back the imagination into the very heart of the days of Shepherd Majesty. The Magdalen is preserved in a glass case—and truly it is worthy of all manner of attention. It is only a half length —it represents her as leaning backwards in that last gentle slumber, which slides unnoticed into the deeper slumber that has no end—her long golden tresses floating desolate and thin over her pale breast—her eye-lids weighed down with a livid pressure, and her bloodless lips closed meekly in a pensive smile of unrepining helplessness. A few little cherubs are seen looking with calm and rosy smiles of welcome from among the parting garments of the clouds above—stealing the eye upwards from the dim and depressing spectacle of repentant feebleness and mortality, into a faint far-off perspective of the appointed resting-place. I question whether it be not a pity to see such a picture at all—unless one is to be permitted to look at it till every lineament and hue is stamped for ever on the memory. But short as my time was, I treasured up something which I am sure I never shall forget.

We then walked in the Duke's Park, up the romantic glen of the Evan, which river flows into the Clyde almost close behind the palace, to see the remains of Cadyow Castle, the original seat of the family, and the scenery of that exquisite ballad of Scott's, in the Border Minstrelsy. The banks of this stream are about the most picturesque I have ever seen, and the situation of the old Castle one of the most noble and sublime. Nothing remains of it, however, but a few damp mouldering vaults, from the loop-hole windows of which one has a terrific plunge of perspective down into the yawning ravine below—and the scanty traces of the moat and drawbridge, by which, on the other side, the approach of the fastness was defended. Originally, I believe, this was a royal seat, and conferred upon the first of the Hamiltons that came into Scotland, about the end of the thirteenth century. The situation is so very grand, that I am at a loss to account for their having deserted it, in order to remove to the plain where the present mansion—itself now of some three hundred years standing—is placed. They talk of building a new house about the present time. If they do so, I hope they will take to the hill

again, and look down once more in supremacy over the whole of the beautiful valley, which stretches at the foot of the rocks of Cadyow—whose towers and vaults have now for centuries, in the words of their poet, only

> "Thrill to the music of the shade,
> Or echoed Evan's hoarser roar."

In the neighbourhood of these ruins, are still visible some of the finest remains I have ever seen, of the old original forest, with which the whole of our island was covered—the most venerable trees, without question, that can be imagined—hoary, and crumbling, and shattered everywhere with the winds and storms of centuries—rifted and blasted in their main boughs—but still projecting here and there some little tufts of faint verdure—and still making a gallant show together, where their grey brotherhood crowns the whole summit of the hill—these are

> ————"the huge oaks of Evandale,
> Whose limbs a thousand years have worn;"

and among them I saw couched, most appropriately, the last relics of that breed of wild cattle,

by which, in old times, the forests of Scotland were tenanted.

> "Mightiest of all the beasts of chase,
> That roam in woody Caledon;
> Crashing the forest in his race,
> The mountain bull comes thund'ring on.
>
> "Fierce on the hunter's quiver'd band
> He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow;
> Spurns with black hoof and horn the sand,
> And tosses high his mane of snow."

The description in these lines is a perfectly accurate one—they are white or cream-coloured all over—but have their hoofs, and horns, and eyes, of the most dazzling jet. The fierceness of the race, however, would seem to have entirely evaporated in the progress of so many ages, for the whole of the herd lay perfectly quiet while our grave trio passed through the midst of them. I wonder some of our nobility do not endeavour to transplant a little of this fine stock into our parks. It is by far the most beautiful breed of cattle I ever saw—indeed, it bears all the marks of being the nervous original from which the other species have descended, taking different varieties of corruption into their forms, from the different kinds of less congenial

soil to which their habitation has been transferred. But perhaps the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Tankerville, (for they are the only noblemen who are in possession of this breed,) may be very unwilling to render it more common than it is. I hope if it be so, they themselves at least, will take good care to keep free from all contamination this "heritage of the woods."

The view we had from these heights, of the whole valley, or *strath*, or *trough* of the Clyde upwards, is by far the richest thing I have yet seen north of the Tweed. This is the Herefordshire of Scotland, and the whole of the banks of the river are covered with the most luxuriant orchards. Besides, there is a succession of very beautiful gentlemen's seats all the way along—so that the country has the appearance of one continued garden.

We dined quietly at Hamilton, and returned to Glasgow in the cool of the evening. There is absolutely no night here at present, for the red gleams of day are always to be seen over the east before the west has lost the yellow tinges of the preceding sun-set. I sometimes laugh not a little when I reflect on the stories we used to be treated with long ago, about the chillness

and sterility of the Land of Cakes, sojourning, as I now am, among some of the finest scenery, and under one of the most serene and lovely heavens, I ever saw in the whole course of my wanderings.

P. M.

LETTER LXXV.

TO THE SAME.

I SPENT the Friday of last week very pleasantly at —— Hill, the villa of one of my Glasgow acquaintances, situated a few miles to the north of that city. In the course of talk after dinner, when I had been enlarging on the pleasures I had received from hearing Dr. Chalmers preach, and, altogether, from observing the religious state of the peasantry in this part of the world, a gentleman who was present asked me, If I had ever yet been present at the giving of the Sacrament in a country kirk in Scotland? and on my replying in the negative, expressed some wonder that my curiosity should not already have led me to witness, with my own eyes, that singular exhibition of the national modes of thinking and feeling in regard to such subjects. I allowed that it was strange I should not have

thought of it sooner, and assured him, that it was a thing I had often had in my mind before I set out on my journey, to enquire what the true nature of that scene might be, and how far the description, given in the Holy Fair of Burns, might be a correct one. He told me, that, without question, many occurrences of a somewhat ludicrous nature sometimes takes place at these Sacraments; but that the vigorous, but somewhat coarse pencil, of the Scottish bard, had even, in regard to these, entirely overstepped the modesty of nature, while he had altogether omitted to do any manner of justice to the far different elements which enter most largely into the general composition of the picture—adding, too, that this omission was the more remarkable, considering with what deep and fervent sympathy the poet had alluded, in "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and many others of his compositions, to the very same elements, exerting their energies in a less conspicuous manner. While we were yet conversing on this subject, there arrived a very accomplished and agreeable clergyman, Dr. Hodgson of Blantyre, who, on understanding what we were talking of, said, That the safest and shortest way for the stranger was to go and see the thing; he him-

self, he added, was so far on his way to assist at this very ceremony, at a parish some ten miles off, and nothing could give him greater pleasure than taking me with him. You may be sure I acceded to his proposal with great good will, and I offered to take him to the field of action in my shandrydan. He hesitated a little about the propriety of deferring his march till the Sunday morning, but soon allowed himself to be over-persuaded by the kindness of our host, who also determined to make one of the party.

Accordingly, at an early hour on the Sunday morning, we mounted, and took the highway to the church of ——, for it was there the Sacrament was to be given. As we went along, Dr. Hodgson prepared me for what I was about to witness, by telling me, that according to the practice observed in the Scottish kirk, the Eucharist is distributed, in general, only once, and never more than twice, at any one place in the course of the year. In the country parishes, there is rarely more than one such festival; and the way in which the preparations for it are conducted, are sufficient to render it a very remarkable feature in the year of the rural parishioners. Before any young person is admitted to be a partaker in the Sacrament, it is necessary to un-

dergo, in presence of the minister, a very strict examination touching all the doctrines of the Church; and, in particular, to be able to shew a thorough acquaintance with the Bible in all its parts. Now, the custom of the country requires that at a certain age the Sacrament should be taken, otherwise, a very great loss of character must accrue to the delinquent; so that to prepare themselves by reading and attentive listening to what is said from the pulpit for undergoing this examination, forms universally a great point of ambition among the young peasants of both sexes; and the first occasion on which they are to be permitted to approach the Altar, is regarded by them with feelings somewhat akin to those with which the youth of Old Rome contemplated the laying aside of the *Praetexta*, and assumption of the *Toga Virilis*. Never, surely, can the vanity of our nature be taught to exert itself in a more useful manner; for the attainment of knowledge, and the preservation of moral purity, are alike necessary to the accomplishment of the young Scottish peasant's desire,—and the object of his desire is, moreover, in itself the discharge of one of the most elevating and affecting of all the duties which our holy religion has enjoined.

The preliminary examinations of the young

communicants being over, the first part of the more public preparations commences on the Thursday preceding the Sunday on which the Sacrament is to be given. That day is denominated *the day of fasting and humiliation*, and is still, as Dr. Hodgson said, observed in the way which the letter of that designation would imply, by not a few of the more elderly and strict of the good people. By all it is observed with a measure of solemnity, at least equal to that which usually characterises a Scottish Sabbath, and two sermons are preached, the tone of which, from immemorial custom, is pitched in such a way as to favour all humility and prostration of spirit on the part of those who hear it. The Friday is allowed to intervene without any public worship, but on Saturday again the church-doors are thrown open, and two more sermons are addressed to the people, the strain of which, in compliance with custom equally ancient and venerable, is of a more cheering and consolatory nature. These sermons are preached by different friends of the clergyman in whose church the Sacrament is to take place, a considerable number of whom are in use to be congregated in his Manse on this occasion, ready to assist him in every way with their advice and support in the conduct of the important

scene over which it is his business to preside. The presence of these clergymen at the place in question, renders it necessary in most cases that their own churches should be left without service for that day: and this, taken together with the rarity of the spectacle, and the high interest which the Scottish peasantry take in all manner of religious services and institutions, is enough to account for the enormous conflux of people which pours from every parish of the surrounding districts to the church where the Sacrament is to be dispensed, on the morning of the Sunday. It is not to be denied, however, said my friend, that the very circumstance of the greatness of this religious conflux is sufficient to draw into its vortex an abundant mixture of persons, whose motives are anything rather than motives of a devotional character. The idle lads and lasses all over the country, think it a fine occasion of meeting together, and come to every Sacrament in their vicinity as regularly as the most pious of their seniors. Nay, to such a pitch of regularity has this been carried, that it is no uncommon thing for servants when they are being hired, to stipulate for permission to attend at so many Sacraments—,or, as they style them in their way—*occasions* : exactly as is elsewhere customary in regard to fairs and wakes;

and from this circumstance, perhaps, as much as from anything that ordinarily occurs at these Sacraments, the Poet of Ayrshire took the hint of his malicious nick-name *.

When we came within a few miles of ——, the greatness of the conflux, of whose composition I had been receiving some account, was abundantly apparent. The road along which we passed, was absolutely swarming with country people all bound for the same place, whatever differences there might be in their errands thither. Some of them cast enquiring glances at my worthy friend in black, as if desirous to know why he came among them in so unusual a kind of vehicle, and still more, if I mistook not their faces, what might be the character and purpose of his unknown companion. For my part, I was busy —contemplating the different groupes, sometimes as a painter, sometimes as a metaphysician. The modes of progression exemplified around me were threefold, viz.—1*mo*, in carts; 2*do*, on horseback; 3*tio*, by the expedient which a certain profound lawyer has denominated *natural travelling*

* I have heard that the bargain sometimes is, "one Sacrament or two fairs,"—which shews where the predilection lies.

(*peregratio simplex*,) being that which the wisdom of Nature (in order to check the exorbitant avarice of inn-keepers and hostlers) has made common to the whole human species. The carts were in general crowded with females, wrapt in large cloaks of duffle grey, or bright scarlet, which last might, perhaps, on this occasion, be considered as emblematical of their sins. In itself, however, it is without question not only a comfortable, but a very picturesque, and even graceful integument ; and I thought I could perceive, by the style in which its folds were arranged, that some of the younger matrons were not quite careless of its capacities for fascination. As for the unwedded damsels who sat by their sides, they were arrayed in their gayest attire of ribbons and top-knots, and retained still more visibly a certain air of coquetry, which shewed that the idea of flirtation had not been entirely expelled from their fancies by the solemn character of the day, and their destination. The elder ones exhibited a more demure fashion of countenance, and nodded their heads very solemnly in unison, as the cart-wheels jolted over the rough stones of their path. A bottle or two, and a basket of provisions, generally occupied the space at their feet ; and the driver of the vehicle was

most commonly some lint-haired boy, full of rosy life and vigour, but evidently a loather of the Shorter Catechism, and all manner of spiritual cross-questioning — one, no doubt, extremely desirous of liberty of conscience. I observed one little fellow in particular, who, although he stared us in the face, seemed little inclined to recognize, by any gesture of reverence, the sacred function of my friend in the shandrydan. But this omission could not escape the notice of his grim-wrinkled grandmother in the corner of the cart, who forthwith admonished the youngster to be more courteous in his demeanour, by a hearty thump over the elbow with her ponderous psalm-book—a suggestion, however, to which the urchin replied only by pulling his bonnet down more sulkily than ever over his freckled brows. This cart style of travelling seemed to be adopted chiefly by large families, a whole mighty household being sometimes crammed together in a way that must have precluded all possibility of sober reflection during their journey. On the other hand, some of those unfortunate couples whose union had not been blessed with any progeny, might be seen riding double on horseback, and thus making their way through the crowd with more

eclat than any other person,—the affectionate house-wife keeping her arm firm locked around the waist of her faithful John. A jolly, young, new-married farmer, might be found here and there, capering lightly along in like fashion, with his blooming bride behind him. But the class of pedestrian pilgrims was by far the most numerous, comprehending every variety of persons, from the blue-bonneted Patriarch, trudging slowly with his tall staff in his hand, and never for a moment lifting his solemn eyes from the dust which his feet set in motion, to the careless shepherd-boy, peeling a twig from the hedge, and in jeopardy every now and then of drawing some heavier wand about his ears by breaking forth into a whistle,—a sound, than which, when heard on a Sabbath-day, there can be no greater abomination to the tympanum of a Scottish peasant, male or female, but above all the latter.

On reaching the village, we found the church-bell had not yet begun to ring, but a sufficient number had already arrived to fill completely the church-yard, and a considerable part of a grass field immediately adjoining. At the lower extremity of this field, a moveable sort of pulpit—(it is called *a Tent*)—had been erected,—

from which, as Dr. Hodgson told me, those of the people who could not be accommodated in the kirk itself, were, throughout the whole of the day, to be addressed in succession by some of the ministers who had come to assist the clergyman of the place. A beautifully clear little burn ran rippling along the side both of the churchyard and the field; and on the green turf of its banks I saw the country maidens who had come a-foot seat themselves immediately on their arrival, and begin dipping their hands and their feet into its refreshing stream. It is the universal custom of the females in this quarter to walk their journeys bare-footed; and even in coming to church, with all their finery in other respects, they do not depart from this custom. Each damsel, however, carries in her hand a pair of snow-white stockings and shoes, and these they were now preparing themselves to put on, by the ablutions I witnessed. It was a fine picturesque thing to see them laying aside their bonnets, and arranging their glossy ringlets into the most becoming attitudes, by help of the same mirror in which our first mother beheld the reflection of her own lovely form in Paradise. Among them many were extremely well-favoured; and some of them displayed limbs as elegantly shaped as were those

which the charming Dorothea exhibited in a similar method to the enraptured gaze of Don Quixote. There was a sweet Arcadian simplicity in this untutored toilette; and the silence in which it was performed, added not a little to its air of artlessness; for each damsel sat by herself, and not a sound was heard near them but the chirping of the birds that hopped to and fro among the hawthorn bushes,—notes scarcely observed on any other day in the week, but heard clearly and distinctly at all times amidst the reverential stillness that pervades the atmosphere of a Sabbath-day in Scotland.

My friend, however, seemed to think that I was spending rather too much time in contemplating these beautiful creatures, so I permitted him to guide my steps towards the gate of the church-yard. At each side of this gate was already drawn up a considerable band of the lay-Elders of the kirk, whose duty it is to receive the offerings of those who enter, and to superintend the distribution of them among the poor. Opposite to each of the groupes stood a tall three-legged stool covered with a very white napkin, on the top of which was laid the flat pewter dish intended for the reception of the alms. These Elders were a most interesting set of persons, and

I believe I could have studied their solemn physiognomies as long as I had done those of the young rural beauties at the burn side. I regarded them as the *elite* of this pious peasantry, men selected to discharge these functions on account of the exemplary propriety and purity of their long lives spent among the same people, over whom they were now raised to some priest-like measure of authority. Some among them were very old men, with fine hoary ringlets floating half-way down their backs—arrayed in suits of black, the venerably antique outlines of which shewed manifestly how long they had been needed, and how carefully they had been preserved for these rare occasions of solemnity—the only occasions, I imagine, on which they are worn. The heads of these were very comfortably covered with the old flat blue bonnet, which throws a deep and dark shadow over the half of the countenance. Others, who had not yet attained to such venerable years, had adopted the more recent fashion of hats, and one could see more easily beneath their scantier margins the keen and piercing eyes with which these surveyed every person as he passed—scrutinizing with a dragon-like glance the quantum of his contribution to the heap of guarded copper before them.

As for passing their capacious plates without putting in something, that is a thing of which the meanest Scottish peasant, that supports himself by the labour of his hands, would never dream for a moment. To be obliged to enter the house of God empty-handed, is the very hardest item which enters into the iron lot of their parish paupers—and of these paupers there are so few in such rural places as this, that they scarcely need be talked of as furnishing an exception to the general rule. Even the youngest children who came, and I saw many who could do little more than totter on their little legs—would think it alike a sin and a shame to put no offering into the Elders' plate. And yet there was no small degree of self-importance, I thought, in the way in which some of these little creatures dropped their half-pence upon the board—not hiding their candlestick under a bushel, but ringing metal against metal as loudly as they could, in order to attract the notice of the said superintenders of the collection. By and bye, the Minister and his assistants came down the hill from the Manse, he being distinguished from the rest by his Geneva cloak, while they wore no badge of their office but their bands. They were preceded by the beadle of the kirk, carrying with difficulty (for

he was very ancient) a huge folio Bible clothed in black skin, and a psalm-book of corresponding dimensions. As the clerical groupe passed the Elders, a scene of cordial greeting occurred which it was delightful to witness—all shaking hands as they passed with those old men, and receiving from them looks and words of encouragement, as if to support and sustain them during the approaching exertions of the day. The minister of the place was a singularly primitive figure, with a long pale face, in which it was easy to trace the workings of anxious meditation, and eyes which, I suspected, had not been closed during the preceding night. His friends were about six in number, and most of them younger men than himself, and they all entered the church along with him save one, who took the way to the Tent, there to commence the service out of doors at the same moment when it should be commenced within. Dr. Hodgson introduced me to the minister's wife, who made her appearance almost immediately afterwards—a seemly matron, who received me with infinite kindness in her way, and conducted me to her pew. When we entered, the old men were all sitting in the church with their bonnets on, and they did not uncover themselves until

the minister began to read aloud the psalm—which was then sung, in a style of earnestness that was at least abundantly impressive, by them all—not one voice in the whole congregation, I firmly believe, being silent.

The impression which I first received from hearing the singing in the Scottish churches was by no means an agreeable one, at least in regard to musical effect. After the psalm has been read by the clergyman, (which is often extremely well done) no solemn instrumental symphony opens the concert with that sure and exact harmony which proceeds from an organ, but a solitary clerk, (they call him *precentor*,) who is commonly a grotesque enough figure, utters the first notes of the tune in a way that is extremely mechanical and disagreeable. The rest of the congregation having heard one line sung to an end, and having ascertained the pitch, then strike in. Most of them sing the air in unison with the precentor, without attempting to take any other part, or to form concords. This is certainly the safest way for them, but even among those who sing along with the clerk, there are generally so many with bad ears, that the effect on the whole is dissonant. To introduce organs into the Scottish churches, has

been proposed at different times by some of the clergymen, but the majority both of clergy and laity have always disapproved of that innovation. I have not heard what was the nature of the arguments employed against it; but I can easily understand that the aversion might not be in all cases the result of mere inconsiderate bigotry or blind prejudice. The modes of public worship are matters of such solemn usage, that they seldom undergo any sober, considerate, or partial alterations. They are left untouched, except in times when the passions of mankind are very deeply and terribly stirred, or when great revolutions of opinion take place—and then they are changed with a mad and headlong zeal—and certainly there would be something very like indecent quackery, in rashly shifting about the forms of worshipping God, according to the mutable tastes of each successive generation.

The prayers and sermon of the old minister were very good in their style, but I waited with greater curiosity to witness the Scottish method of distributing the sacred symbols of the day. I used the word *altar*—but this you would easily see was a *lapsus*. They have no altar in the churches of Scotland—and, indeed, you know we

had no altars such as we have them now, in the east end of the churches in England, till that fashion was brought back by Archbishop Laud. Here the sacramental symbols were set forth at the upper extremity of a long table, covered with a white cloth, which extended the whole length of the church, from the pulpit to the gate. At the head of this table, around which as many were already seated as it could at once accommodate, the minister of the place took his seat also; after his sermon was concluded, and he had read aloud several chapters of the Bible, which are pointed out for this purpose in the Directory of the Scottish Church, as containing words suitable to the occasion—words of encouragement to the worthy, and of warning to the presumptuous communicant. He then craved a blessing, and having broken a single piece of bread, and given of it to those immediately beside him, large loaves, cut into slices, were carried around the table, and distributed to all who sat at it by two or three of the lay-elders. The cup, in like manner, was sent round shortly afterwards—and during the time which elapsed in the distribution of these symbols, the minister delivered an address to those who were partaking in them—

an address which I think had much better be spared—for silence surely is the only proper accompaniment to so awful a solemnity,—but in which, notwithstanding, he displayed a noble warmth and tenderness of feeling, which seemed to produce a very powerful effect upon those for whom it was intended, and which could not fail to excite a feeling of much respect for the person by whom it was delivered.

After the address was terminated, those who had been its immediate objects withdrew, and left their seats free for the occupation of another company, and so in the same manner did company succeed company throughout the whole of the day—minister succeeding minister in the duty of addressing them,—whichis called in their language *serving the tables*. Without pretending to approve of this method so much as of our own—nay, without attempting to disguise my opinion, that it is in many respects a highly improper method—it would be in vain for me to deny that there was something extremely affecting even in its extreme simplicity, and still more so in the deep and overwhelming seriousness which seemed to fill the spirits of the partakers. I have seldom been present at any scene so im-

pressive; but I think the effect of the whole is much weakened by the length of time to which the service is protracted.

Out of doors, in the meantime, there was carried on, in all the alehouses of the village, and in many of the neighbouring fields, a scene of a very different nature. After sitting for an hour or two, I walked out to breathe the fresh air, and in passing through the place, was quite scandalized to find such a deal of racketting and mirth going on so near the celebration of such a ceremony, regarded and conducted by those engaged in it with a feeling of reverence so profound and exemplary. Here, indeed, I doubt not, might not a little of what Burns has described be found going on among the thoughtless and unworthy idlers, who had flocked from every part of the surrounding country to be present at the sacrament of Mr. ——. I was overtaken in my walk by a little girl, whom the minister's wife had sent after me to invite me to come and *refresh myself* in the Manse. I went accordingly, and partook of a huge round of beef, which seemed to be intended to satisfy half the congregation, and then, at the request of my hostess, resumed my walk in her garden.—"Do not be seen strolling about

the toon," said she; "there's eneugh o' ill example without a friend o' Dr. Hodgson's coming out of the Manse to set it to them. If ye *will* walk on the Sabbath—walk where naebody will see you."

LETTER LXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

But the concluding evening scene was without doubt by far the most impressive of the whole. I have told you that a *tent* had been erected at the foot of the church-yard, and that from it different ministers preached to the multitude which overflowed after the church itself was filled, during the whole of the day: but now, after the sacrament had been dispensed to all who were admitted to that privilege, the kirk was shut up, and the whole of the thousands who had assembled, were summoned to hear one parting sermon at the tent together. The minister's wife and I came down the hill from the Manse just as this part of the service was about to commence, and ere we had come within sight of the place, the sounds of the preparatory psalm

they were all singing together, came to us wafted over the intervening bean-fields on a gale of perfume, and softened into the balmiest melody by the space over which they travelled, in the rich stillness of the evening air.

There could not be a finer sight than that which presented itself to us when we came to the brink of the ravine which overhung, on the one side, the rustic amphitheatre now filled by this mighty congregation. All up the face of the opposite hill, which swept in a gentle curve before us,—the little brook I have mentioned flowing brightly between in the gleam of sunset,—the soft turf of those simple sepulchres rising row above row, and the little flat tomb-stones scattered more sparingly among them, were covered with one massy cluster of the listening peasantry. Near to the tent on one side were drawn up some of the carriages of the neighbouring gentry, in which, the horses being taken away, the ancient ladies were seen sitting protected from the dews of the twilight—while the younger ones occupied places on the turf immediately below them. Close in front of the preacher, the very oldest of the people seemed to be arranged together, most of them sitting on stools brought for them by their children from the village—yet fresh and

unwearied after all the fatigues of the day, and determined not to go away while any part of its services remained to be performed. The exact numbers of those assembled I cannot guess, but I am sure they must have amounted to very many thousands. Neither you nor I, I am confident, ever beheld a congregation of the fourth of the extent engaged together in the worship of their Maker.

The number was enough of itself to render the scene a very interesting one; but the more nearly I examined their countenances, the more deeply was I impressed with a sense of respectful sympathy for the feelings of those who composed the multitude. A solemn devotion was imprinted on every downcast eyelid and trembling lip around me—their attitudes were as solemn as their countenances—each having his arms folded in his shepherd's cloak—or leaning in pensive repose upon one of those grassy swells, beneath which,

> Each in his narrow tomb for ever laid,
> The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Here and there I could perceive some hoary patriarch of the valley sitting in such a posture as this, with the old partner of his life beside

him, and below and around him two or three generations of his descendants, all arranged according to their age and propinquity—the ancient saint contemplating the groupe ever and anon with a sad serenity,—thinking, I suppose, how unlikely it was he should live long enough to find himself again surrounded with them all on another recurrence of the same solemnity of the Midsummer. Near them might be seen perhaps a pair of rural lovers, yet unwedded, sitting hand in hand together upon the same plaid in the shadow of some tall tomb-stone, their silent unbreathed vows gathering power more great than words could have given them from the eternal sanctities of the surrounding scene. The innocent feelings of filial affection and simple love cannot disturb the feelings of devotion, but mingle well in the same bosom with its higher flames, and blend all together into one softened and reposing confidence, alike favourable to the happiness of earth and heaven. There was a sober sublimity of calmness in the whole atmosphere around—the sky was pure and unclouded over head, and in the west only a few small fleecy clouds floated in richest hues of gold and crimson, caught from the slow farewell radiance of the broad declining sun. The shadows

of the little church and its tomb-stones lay far and long projected over the multitude, and taming here and there the glowing colours of their garments into a more mellow beauty. All was lonely and silent around the skirts of the assemblage —unless where some wandering heifer might be seen gazing for a moment upon the unwonted multitude, and then bounding away light and buoyant across the daisied herbage into some more sequestered browsing-place.

In surveying these pious groupes, I could not help turning my reflections once again upon the intellectual energies of the nation to which they belong, and of whose peculiar spirit such a speaking example lay before me. It is in rustic assemblages like these that the true characteristics of every race of men are most palpably and conspicuously displayed, and it is there that we can best see in multiplied instances the natural germs of that which, under the influence of culture, assumes a prouder character, and blossoms into the animating soul and spirit of a national literature. The more I see of the internal life and peculiar manners of this people, the more am I sorry that there should not be a greater number of persons in Scotland sufficiently educated to enter into the true feeling of literary works—so as to influ-

ence, by their modes of thinking, the tone of the compositions produced among them—so, by furnishing responses according to their united impressions, to keep men of genius true to the task of expressing the mind and intellect of their nation, and of recording all its noble dictates of more peculiar sentiment.

No person, who considers circumstances with an attentive eye, can suppose that the Scots have already run their literary career. The intellectual power of the nation has never yet been strongly bent upon exploring what is peculiar to itself; and, until the time of Walter Scott, almost all its men of talent, who had education, expended their powers in modes of composition which were never meant to have any relationship with the native tastes of their country. If Burns had formed his mind among *them*, he would perhaps have left all his native thoughts behind him, and gone to write tragedies for a London Theatre, in imitation of Otway or Rowe—in which case, I think it more than probable we should never have heard much about the divine genius of the Ploughman. The Scottish talent for ratiocination has already been splendidly displayed; but mere reason, like mathematics or chemistry, is in all countries the same—there is no peculiar triumph in its

possession or its results. David Hume spent a great proportion of his earlier years in France, and carried on all his studies there just as successfully as he could have done at home. But poetry, imagination, fancy, sentiment, art, philosophical belief, whatever comes from the soul, —these are things in which every nation displays a character of its own, and which it consequently requires a separate and peculiar literature to express and embody; but these are things in which Scotland has not yet formed any school of its own—which, in other words, it has not yet cultivated upon principles sufficiently profound, or with enthusiasm sufficiently concentrated. If the national attention were more systematically directed towards these things, men of talent would have a definite object to aim at —they would seldom be led to exercise their powers in mistaken or unprofitable directions, and be seldom exposed to suffering the chagrin of failing to excite the interest of a public, which, in the very midst of its indifference, admits their ability. Neither, were such the case, would the peculiar veins of national thought be any longer left to be embodied in compositions written, like those of Burns, in the dialect of the lower classes. The bare circumstance of these compo-

sitions being so written, implies that they must be confined to a limited range of thought; but, had the sentiments they express such treatment as they deserve, they might be invested in the very highest and purest of forms, and applied, I nothing question, to adorn and enrich the most varied and boundless fields of conception.

You will laugh, my dear friend, when I tell you what one of my chief thoughts was while surveying these crowds of listeners. I looked over them, and scanned every individual attentively, to see if I could trace any countenance resembling that of Burns. The assembly around me might be considered as the very audience he addressed; and I understood every trait in his writings ten times better, from the consciousness of being among them. I felt from the bottom of my soul the sweet throes of tenderness with which he spake to them of all that filled up their existence, and produced the chequered spectacle of its hopes and fears; and I recollected, with a new delight, the exquisite touches of humour and fancy by which he took hold of and sported with their imaginations. I said to myself—No dull and hopeless clods of earth are here, but men, who, in the midst of the toils and hardships of the life of husbandmen and shepherds,

are continually experiencing all that variety of mental impressions which is to be found in the poetry of Ramsay and Burns. The sprightly rustic flute of old Allan utters only melodies similar to those which the real every-day life of these good folks copiously supplies—while the soiled and tattered leaves of the grand, the tender, the inimitable bard of Coila, placed on some shelf in every cottage, perhaps beside a bit of looking-glass, reflect, like it, true though broken snatches of the common scenes and transactions of the interior. The deep-toned Mantuan, when he wished to draw out the moral interest of a rural life, was obliged to contrast its serene and peaceable enjoyments with the more venturous occupations, and the perpetual anxieties of Rome. He probably did not think that the lives of Italian husbandmen had sufficient character, or peculiar meaning, to make them much worthy of being pryed into.

> Quos rami fructus, quos ipsa volentia rura
> Sponte tulere sua, carpsit; nec ferrea jura,
> Insanumque forum, aut populi tabularia vidit.
> Sollicitant alii remis freta cæca, ruuntque
> In ferrum, penetrant aulas et limina Regum, &c.

But Robert Burns has shewn, that within the limits and ideas of the rustic life of *his* country,

he could find an exhibition of the moral interests of human nature, sufficiently varied to serve as the bread and sure foundation of an excellent superstructure of poetry. I would there were more to chuse their sites with equal wisdom, and lay their foundations equally deep; but I am half afraid you may be inclined to turn the leaf, and to compare my harangue with that of Don Quixote over the Acorns and the Golden Age.

You will admit, however, that my theme is a noble one, and that the scene which suggested it was eminently noble. I wish, from the bottom of my soul, you had come this tour with me, and so spared me the trouble of sending you these written accounts of things which it would have given you so much greater delight to see with your own eyes for yourself. I wish, above all, my dear Williams, you had been present with me at this closing scene of the Scottish Sacrament-Sabbath, the only great festival of their religious year. You would then have seen what a fine substitute these Presbyterians have found in the stirring up of their own simple spirits, by such simple stimulants, for all the feasts, fasts, and holidays—yes, and for all the pompous rites and observances with which these are celebrated

—of the church from which they have chosen so widely to separate themselves. You would have seen, (for who that has eyes to see, and heart to feel, could have been blind to it?) that the austerities of the peculiar doctrinal system to which they adhere, have had no power to chill or counteract the ardours of that religious sentiment which they share with all that belong to the wide-spread family of Christians. You would have seen how compatible are all that we usually speak of as their faults, with every thing that we could wish to see numbered among the virtues of a Christian people. You would have seen it in the orderly and solemn guise of their behaviour—you would have heard it in the deep and thrilling harmony of their untaught voices, when they lifted them up all together in that old tune which immemorial custom has set apart for the last Psalm sung upon this sacred day,—a tune which is endeared to them by the memory of those from whose attachment its designation is derived, still more than by the low and affecting swell of its own sad composing cadences—"The plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name *"—

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* This tune is a great favourite all over the west of Scotland, and was so among the ancient Covenanters, as the name

The faint choral falls of this antique melody, breathed by such a multitude of old and young, diffused a kind of holy charm over the tall whispering groves and darkening fields around—a thousand times more grand and majestic than all the gorgeous stops of an organ ever wakened in the echoing aisles of a cathedral. There was a breath of sober enduring heroism in its long-repeated melancholy accents—which seemed to fall like a sweet evening dew upon all the hearts that drank in the sacred murmurs. A fresh sunset glow seemed to mantle in the palest cheek around me—and every old and hagard eye beamed once more with a farewell splendour of enthusiasm, while the air into which it looked up, trembled and was enriched with the clear solemn music of the departed devout. It seemed as if the hereditary strain connected all that sat upon those grassy tombs in bonds of stricter kindred with all that slept beneath them—and

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imports, and the stanza to which it is usually sung in their schools—

> "This is the tune the Martyrs sang
> When they, condemned to die,
> Did stand all at the gallows-tree,
> Their God to glorify."

the pure flame of their Christian love derived, I doubt not, a new and innocent fervour from the deeply-stirred embers of their ancestral piety.

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I had with some difficulty secured for myself a lodging at the little inn of the village, (for the Manse was so filled that the hospitable owner could not offer me any accommodation there,) and I was preparing at the close of the service to seek shelter beneath its tempting sign-post—

> "Porter, Ale, and British Spirits—
> Painted bright between twa trees:"

But one of the neighbouring gentlemen, (a Sir—— ——,) had, it seems, seen me in several parties during the spring, at Edinburgh, and he now came up, introduced himself to me, and requested me to spend the night at his mansion, where he said I should be quite as welcome, and a little more

comfortable than at the public-house. There was something so very frank in the address of the Baronet, that I immediately accepted of his invitation, and as the ladies had already taken the carriage home with them, we proposed to walk across the fields—leaving John to bring up the shandrydan at his leisure. Our way lay at first up one of those beautiful narrow glens, covered on all sides with copse-wood, which are everywhere so common in this romantic country. A rude foot-path crept along the side of the burn, from which the glen takes its name, crossed and shaded at every step by some projecting arm of the luxuriant woods that ascend from its edge, up the airy height of the over-canopying bank. Here we walked in silence and single, for the path was too narrow to admit of our proceeding side by side—ruminating, I believe, with equal seriousness on all the affecting circumstances of the solemnity we had been witnessing. We sat down, however, for a considerable time, upon a log of newly cut oak, when we had reached the other extremity of the glen, and talked ourselves into a familiarity that might almost be called a friendship ere we rose again. To say the truth, I was more than I could well express delighted, to find that the fine character of this religious peasantry is

regarded as it ought to be by at least some of their superiors. It is not always that we find men of higher rank, and more refined habits, able to get over the first and external rudeness which sometimes cover so much of real purity and elevation in the manners of those beneath them. This gentleman, however, appeared to have studied these good people with the eye of an elder brother, or a parent, rather than with anything of the usual aristocratical indifference —an indifference, by the way, which was unknown to our ancestors, and which I detest among the aristocracy of the present day, because I regard it as more likely than anything else to weaken, in the hearts of the peasantry, those feelings of old hereditary attachment, for which so poor a substitute is found or sought in the flimsy, would-be *liberal* theories of the day. Sir —— talked of these rural worthies as if their virtues, in his eyes, were the dearest ornaments of all his possessions—and repeated with a proud enthusiasm, an expression of a Scottish author, which I feel to be true no less than you will admit it to be beautiful,—" It would take a long line," said he, " to sound the depths of a grey-haired Scottish peasant's heart."

Walking onwards we soon reached another little hamlet, at which its inhabitants had already ar-

rived from the church by some nearer way—for we could perceive here and there, as we passed through it, some old goodman standing by himself in his little garden, or reposing with his wife and children upon some of the low stone-seats, with which the doors of their cottages are always flanked. It was a delightful thing to see the still thankful faces of these old people, enjoying the rich evening breath of the roses and sweet-briar, clustering about their windows—and the soft drowsy hum of their bee-hives. But here and there it was a still more delightful thing to hear, through the low door of the cottage, the solemn notes of a psalm sung by the family, or the deep earnest voice of the master of the household reading the Bible, or praying with his children and servants about him. "On the evenings of Saturday and Sunday," said Sir ——, "these fine sounds are sure to proceed from every *cothouse* in these villages—so that here every father is, in a certain sense, the Priest of his House. But among the goodmen, there are not wanting some, who renew them every night of the week—and that in my youth was still more generally the custom." It is thus that the habitual spirit of devotion is kept up, and strengthened from

year to year among these primitive people. These cotters are priests indeed,

> "Detached from pleasure, and to love of gain
> Superior, insusceptible of pride,
> And by ambitious longings undisturbed,
> Men whose delight is where their duty leads
> Or fixes them; *Whose least distinguished day*
> *Shines with some portion of that heavenly lustre,*
> *Which makes the Sabbath lovely in the sight*
> *Of blessed angels, pitying human cares."*

P. M.

LETTER LXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

I SPENT a very pleasant night at the Baronet's—sleeping in a fine old vaulted bed-chamber, in one of the towers of his castle, from the window of which I had a command of one of the most beautiful tracts of scenery I have ever seen in Scotland. Close beneath, the narrow little glen was seen winding away with its dark woody cliffs, and the silver thread of its burn here and there glittering from under their impending masses of rock and foliage. At the far-off extremity, the glen opens into the wider valley of the larger stream, from which the whole district takes its name—of this, too, a rich peep was afforded—and its fields and woods again carried the eye gradually upwards upon the centre of a range of mountains, not unlike those over the Devil's Bridge—hoary and craggy, traced all over

with the winter paths of innumerable now silent torrents.

I walked out before breakfast, and bathed in one of the pools of the burn—a beautiful round natural basin, scooped out immediately below a most picturesque waterfall, and shaded all around with such a canopy of hazels, alders, and mountain ashes, as might have fitted it to be the chosen resort of Diana and all her nymphs. Here I swam about enjoying the luxury of the clear and icy stream, till I heard a large bell ring, which I suppose was meant only to rouse the sleepers, for when I had hurried on my clothes, in the idea that its call was to breakfast, and run up the hill with an agility which nothing but my bath could have enabled me to display—I found the breakfast parlour quite deserted—not even the cloth laid. By and bye, however, the whole magnificent parepharnalia of a Scottish *déjeune* were brought in—the family assembled from their several chambers—and we fell to work in high style. In addition to the usual articles, we had strawberries, which the Scots eat with an enormous quantity of cream—and, of course, a glass of good whisky was rendered quite excuseable, in the eyes of a medical man, by this indulgence.

After breakfast the Baronet informed me that

the Sacrament was not yet over; and that we must all to church again once more. As the Sunday set apart for this great festival is preceded by several days of preparatory worship, so, in order to break off the impression produced by its solemnities, and allow of an easier fall into the ordinary concerns of life, the day immediately following it is also considered as in some measure a holy one—its observances, however, being conducted with a less profound air of seriousness, and its evening devoted to a kind of pleasant and innocent relaxation of mind, rather than to any studious preservation of the austere and unremitting spirit of devotion, exercised on the other days connected with the ceremony. There are two sermons, for sermons are great luxuries in the eyes of the Scottish peasantry, and they can never have too much of them. But after the sermons are over, it is expected that sober mirth shall occupy the rest of the evening. So far, in short, their Monday after the Sacrament may be considered as bearing some resemblance to our style of keeping Easter-Monday.

We went to church, therefore, and heard two sermons—or rather I should say to the church-yard—for both preachers addressed us from the tent. The shandrydan was drawn up among the

other vehicles to the right of the minister, and I flatter myself cut a very knowing and novel appearance there—but John would by no means occupy his place in it during the sermons, having already, as he said, had a copious belly-full of that sort of diet. And yet he might have had amusement as well as edification, had he had the grace to listen—for one of the preachers was certainly as comical an original, in his way, as I have ever chanced to meet with. He was an old man, with a fine rotund friar-like physiognomy, which, for a time, he in vain attempted to clothe with the true Presbyterian saturnity of expression. But after he had fairly got into the thread of his discourse, there was no occasion for so much constraint—the more jovial and sarcastic the language of his countenance, the better did it harmonize with the language of his tongue. This was a genuine relic of that old joking school of Puritans, of whose eloquence so many choice specimens have been preserved by certain malicious antiquarians. With him every admonition was conveyed in the form of a banter—every one of his illustrations, of however serious a subject, was evidently meant to excite something like a smile on the cheeks of his hearers;

and, as if fearful that the sermon itself might be too scanty of mirth, the old gentleman took care to interrupt it every now and then, and address some totally extemporaneous rebuke or expostulation to some of the little noisy lads and lasses that were hovering around the outskirts of the congregation. As he has the character of being a great divine, and an eminently devout man in his own person, this peculiarity of his manner produced no want of respectfulness in the faces and attitudes of his auditors; but, on the contrary, even the grimmest of the elderhood seemed to permit their stern and iron cheeks to wrinkle into a solemn grin, at the conclusion of every paragraph. As for the young damsels of the country, they tittered scandalously at some of the coarsest of his jokes—the severest of which, indeed, were almost all levelled against their own passion for dress, finery, and gadding about fairs, markets, and sacraments. He quoted not a few texts against these fine ladies, which, I take it, might have been quoted with greater justice and propriety against others more worthy of the name. However, vanity is perhaps more an equal possession of rich and poor, than one might be apt to imagine—and I thought I could see some lit-

tle symptoms of the failing in our old preacher himself, when he observed the respectable attendance of gentry in their equipages—above all, between ourselves, when his eye rested on the unusual and airy elegances of the unharnessed shandrydan. I nothing question this was the first time a tent-preaching in Scotland was ever listened to by one seated in such a vehicle. Indeed, if they borrow it from me, as I don't much doubt they will, I should not be a whit surprised to find them changing its name, and christening it A PETER, in honour of the individual that introduced its beauties to their attention.

That nothing might be awanting to complete my idea of the whole of the scene, the minister was so good as to ask me to dine at the Manse after the sermon, and Sir —— was included in the invitation. We both accepted, and really I have very seldom eat a dinner which I should have been more sorry to have missed. I don't mean as to the viands in particular, although these too were not at all to be sneezed at. There was capital hotch-potch, a truly delicious kind of soup quite peculiar to Scotland, but worthy of being introduced into the very first leaf of the *Almanach des Gourmands*. It is made of mutton

boiled—a complete chaos of vegetables of all sorts—green pease, however, being I think the predominant item. There was a dish of boiled, and another of broiled, herrings from Loch Fine—and I assure you I think this fish is superior here to any thing I have met with in Wales. There were no less than three sheep's heads singed in the hair, which I am sure you would like, with the addition of a little Harvey. There was prime old mutton, which the minister's wife took care to tell me had been sent by Lady ——. Lastly, there was a whole regiment of gooseberry pyes—and as much cream in bowls of all sizes as would have drowned Alderman Curtis—though I don't know, if that worthy knight were reduced to the Duke of Clarence's choice, whether this would be the liquor in which he would prefer to be extinguished—

> "Like a dish of fresh strawberries smother'd in cream."

After dinner (which lasted a considerable time, and was done full justice to by all present,) we had a few bottles of excellent port and sherry, and then two punch-bowls were introduced. The one was managed by our host himself at the

head of the table, (for by this time his wife had departed) and the other, at the lower extremity, acknowledged the sway of the same jocular orator I have just been describing, who had now been advanced to the pre-eminence of croupier. The bowl at the top was presently filled with hot whisky toddy—that at the bottom with the genuine Glasgow mixture, in compounding which our croupier displayed talents of the very highest order. By and bye, we were all in a state of charming merriment, although nothing could be more moderate than the measure of our indulgence. The conversation of the ministers was extremely picturesque and amusing, and opened up to me new glimpses at every turn, into the whole penetralia of their own existence and that of their parishioners. They seemed all to be most worthy persons, but nothing could be more striking than the diversity in their carriage and demeanour. Our host himself, whose pale meditative face I have before noticed, seemed unable to shake from him, so much as he could have wished, the load of those official anxieties which had been burthening his mind during so many days of exertion. He sat, therefore, with rather an absent air in the midst of us, and smiling some-

times quite at the wrong moment. Some of his friends were old—some young—some silently disposed—some talkative. Some of them seemed to think it necessary or proper to be very sparing in their indulgence even of laughter—although it was easy to see that the jokes which were going were not lost upon them. The only thing they all agreed in was enjoying prodigiously the good things of the reverend croupier, who really opened a budget that would make Matthews or Bannister rich for twelve months. Among other things he gave us song upon song—one I got a copy of, which I liked very well. It is written by himself, and expresses nothing but the true feelings of the man—for he is a great sportsman—although that part of his character is not quite to the taste of the peasantry. But I fear you will form but a very inadequate notion of the treat it afforded us, wanting the precious accompaniments of the good man's fine clear pipe, and the liveliness of the air itself, which was one I never heard before—but shall endeavour to procure for you. As for the words, I think they are not deficient either in spirit or character—they might almost have been produced by the great Bucolic Jamie of Ettrick.

THE SHOOTING MINISTER.

When inclined for a shot, I am up with Aurora,
  My jacket lies ready—my buskings are brief;
I speak not a word at the Manse to the snorers,
  But whistle to Juno, and off like a thief.
I leave dykes and hedges, and up to the muirlands,
  That stretch out so tempting, so brown and so wide;
To me they are rich lands that others think poor lands,
  As I stalk o'er the heather in freedom and pride.

I grudge not my time, nor of powder am chary,
  But roam, looking sharp after Juno's white back:
'Mong the flows and the rough bits she scuds like a fairy,
  But, when fixed, she's like marble to wait for the crack:
It may shower—it may shine—or the big clouds may sever,
  And drift with long shadows o'er mountain and fell,
But the muir-cocks still find that I'm their Fail-me-never,
  Nor will finish the day till I've tickled them well.

When I spy at a distance a smoke gently curling,
  I can guess that some gudewife's small cottage is near;
She knows that the Minister brings nothing sinister,
  And beckons me in to partake of her cheer.
Her cheese is most rich, and her cakes are delicious,
  And a glass with clear sparkle concludes the repast;
O long could I sit—but my wife is capricious—
  And home to the Manse I must trudge away fast.

About nine o'clock we all departed. I was pressed very heartily to return to Sir ——'s, but preferred, in spite of the hour, to proceed back to Glasgow, as I had been losing more time than I could well afford already. Before

I mounted the shandrydan, however, I enjoyed a rich treat in witnessing the departure of the several Ministers for their respective habitations, —their visit being now concluded with this last not disagreeable part of the ceremonial. Some trudged away on foot, lightly bounding under the gentle and moderate influences of an inspiration, than which nothing can be more innocent,

——ἐαν μετριως ἐλθει.

Others had their nags in readiness; and among these was my good friend the Croupier. I forgot to mention that he had also his wife with him, but she now added very much to the effect of the farewell glimpse I had of him. They both rode on the same horse, which, indeed, had length of back been the sole requisite, might easily have accommodated a still larger company. The divine, of course, occupied the saddle before; but ere he mounted, his wife pinned up the skirts of his coat in a most careful manner, under his arms, in order, I suppose, to prevent them from catching any injury from the somewhat rough and tufted grey coat of *Old Mortality*, for that was the name of the animal. Alas! how different

from the fine, smooth, milk-white coat of its synonym, the inimitable Old Mortality bestrode by the more knowing limbs of my friend John Ballantyne, in Edinburgh! Such as it was, off they were at a round trot, the old lady shaking and jolting on her blue carpet-covered cushion behind her spouse, and he sitting firm upon his saddle, in a most bold and manly, if not in a graceful manner. Before they departed, however, the Croupier called loudly for the stirrup-cup, of which I also having partaken, ascended the shandrydan, and followed in the wake of this inimitable couple. Our roads separated after a little way, and the Minister turned up into a narrow country-road, while I continued in the line of the king's highway. I heard him shouting out after I thought he had been out of sight, and looking back, saw him grinning a parting smile over the shoulder of his better half, and heard his valedictory joke,—" *Post equitem sedet atra cura.*" The joke was, perhaps, not a new one; but one cannot expect every thing at once.

Buck's-Head.

Miss Currie received and detains me with her kindest smiles; but on Thursday—my purposes

are inflexible—on Thursday I am off for Rothesay. The weather seems to promise charmingly; so I look for a delicious trip in the steam-boat.

POSTSCRIPT

TO

THE THIRD EDITION.

Ch' alli nemici gli uomini sien crudeli
In ogni età sen' è veduto esempio;
Ma dar la morte a chi procuri e studi
Il tuo ben sempre, è troppo ingiusto ed empio;
E acciò che meglio il vero io ti dinudi,
Perchè costor volesser fare scempio
Degli anni verdi miei contra ragione,—
Ti diro da principio ogni cagione.

ORLANDO FURIOSO. Canto V.

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness
And time to speak it in; you rub the sore
When you should find the plaster.

SHAKESPEAR.

TO

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, ESQ.

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,

BEING desirous of adding a few more last words to a new edition of my Letters from Scotland, I hope I may be pardoned for the liberty I have assumed in addressing them more immediately to you. To say truth, as the only criticisms on my book to which I have paid any considerable attention, are those contained in your two very interesting letters of last month, I know not to whom I could with so much propriety address the very short explanation which I have judged necessary upon the present occasion. But for what has fallen from yourself, I should never, most certainly, have thought of saying one word more in regard to a book, which I myself had consi-

dered so very much in the light of a bagatelle. The Letters were written in great haste, and published originally without much reflection; and if they furnished a little amusement and a little information to the "reading public" of the day, I should have been willing to suppose they had abundantly fulfilled all the purposes for which they were printed. That they have already done so, you are pleased to assure me—and so far I am satisfied. But it is easy for me to see, from the tenor of your remarks, that my ambition has not in general been believed to have been so moderate as it really was;—Under the guise of a simple traveller, apparently desirous only of describing what he had seen and felt in the course of a few months' tour of idleness and relaxation—it has been suspected or discovered, as you inform me, that I had really gone forth as the champion of a particular set of literary, philosophical, and political opinions—and the nature of these opinions, it seems, has been such as to call down upon my head a measure of graver spleen, and severer criticism, than usually falls to the share of the letter-writer or the tourist. Although I must deny that my intentions were of so serious a kind as has been imagined—and still assure you that my book

was written mainly with a view, not to the inculcation of opinions and the defence of dogmas, but the description of men and things—yet, as the opinions which have excited so much reprehension are most truly my opinions, I cannot refuse to stand by the consequences of having expressed them, even in this trivial shape and manner. The more I consider the present state of England, either in a literary or in a political point of view, the more am I confirmed in my belief that those opinions are just—and—(in spite of all the objections you have made to my Letters as to matters of minor moment)—it is my consolation and my pride to find, that both my opinions, and my mode of expressing them, are justified, in the main, by the approbation of a man whom I have always regarded as occupying one of the highest places among the intellectual ornaments of our most intellectual age.

In the first place, however, I would fain be permitted to make a single remark or two, in answer to the censures which, you assure me, have been lavished by many on my choice of a vehicle for the expression of these my opinions—That the nature of these opinions themselves lies at the root of all, or almost all the objections

which have been made to their vehicle, has been pretty distinctly hinted by yourself—and such, I have not the slightest doubt, is the truth of the case. Of all the classes of men with whose character I have ever had any opportunity of becoming acquainted, the Scottish Whigs are, without question, the most uniformly and consistently arrogant. Their consummate, unconquerable, and unapproachable coolness of self-conceit, may indeed be regarded as a very singular phenomenon in the present situation of the world. While the self-love of almost every other order of human beings has been reduced into some decent limits, or at least compelled to adopt some decent measure of disguise, among the keen collisions of our quick-sighted and ever ready generation—the members of this northern oligarchy alone suppose themselves, and are supposed by their dependents and worshippers, to be entitled not only to feel, but to exhibit,—on every occasion, and in the most prominent shapes,—the most entire and unquestioning confidence in the absolute perfection of themselves, and every thing and every body that in any sort belongs to them. They all believe (and few of them have any hesitation in confessing the belief) that, among themselves alone is

to be found the faultless standard of all human wit, wisdom, and excellence. They are the ideal of humanity—the very salt of the earth. The world has been going on for the last six thousand years—(we know not how much longer a period some of them may assign to it)—it has been the theatre of all manner of moral, intellectual, and physical convulsions—it has witnessed the generation of mountains and the transmutation of seas—thunders, lightnings, whirlwinds, and earthquakes, have blasted and desolated, and deformed and beautified its surface—the air around it has a million times passed through all the shapes and forms into which fire, frost, hail, snow, and stormy vapour, can diversify its substance;—its surface has been trod by innumerable successions of all living, moving, and breathing things—by corporeal and intellectual giants, and corporeal and intellectual dwarfs—by poets and philosophers, and princes and heroes, and knaves and fools, and madmen and hypocrites, of every hue and feature and tongue and kindred;—all the great games of wisdom, valour, love, hatred, ambition, pride, vanity, have been lost and won over and over again, by hundreds of generations that are all mouldered or mouldering into dust. And for

what magnificent result has all this mighty round of nature and of man—all this experience of the globe and its inhabitants—prepared us? Why, truly—that at length our species might be reared to the divine altitude of its utmost possible perfection—and exhibit in these latter days, to the admiring gaze of men and angels, that faultless monster to which the world never saw any thing comparable before—that glorious compendium of all reason and all knowledge—that spirit extract—that oil essential of the universe—*the Scottish Whig!*

But one might pardon to these men somewhat of their extravagant self-esteem, were it accompanied with any thing of that lofty tranquillity which poets and philosophers have ascribed to the possessors of super-human excellence. Raised as they are, or as they suppose themselves to be, far above the competition, even above the comprehension of the ordinary brethren of the species, it might be fair to expect that these "Μακαριοι ὑψωτατοι" should survey, with something at least of a placid and benign indifference, the petty sayings and doings of those to whom they look down from such an etherial eminence of superiority The little clouds and blasts that darken and disturb the lower surface of the world,

could scarcely be supposed likely ever to agitate, in any degree, the serene summit of their Olympian region. As of the fabled divinities of old, so it might have been imagined of these modern demi-gods, that neither the hymns of those who worship, nor the scoffs of those who despise them, could approach with any effect either of exaltation or depression, the calm uniformity of that self-sufficing enjoyment, which they could not fail to derive from the consciousness of so many sovereign perfections—and that of the Northern Whig, as of the Epicurean Demon, it might have been said, in the words of the great Poet of Nature—

> "Nec bene promeritis capitur nec tangitur irâ."

But alas! my dear sir, had any such beautiful imaginations been in fashion heretofore, I fear it must have been made abundantly evident that they had all proceeded through the ivory gate—by the woful and undignified display of clamorous indignation with which these self-elected SUPERI received the blasphemous sarcasms, and the scarcely (as they seem to have taken them) less blasphemous praises of the unfortunate Peter Morris.

That the sarcasms, indeed, even of such a lowly individual, should have appeared to these high persons in the light not only of impious, but of disagreeable things,—might have excited less astonishment among those not acquainted with them, and the exact nature of the homage with which their ears are entertained, and with which alone their ears will condescend to be gratified. But, in every other region of the world, men are accustomed to find even the most elevated characters enduring the *admiration* of those who are immeasurably their inferiors;—satisfied, on most occasions, when this admiration is expressed in a manner not exactly suited to their notions of propriety, to take, in part at least, the will for the deed; and accept, without any visible symptoms of disgust, the well-meant tribute, however small may be its intrinsic or supposed merit, which they are convinced is all that those who offer it are in a condition to lay at their footstool. In an evil day, however, it would seem, and in an evil hour, did poor Peter put trust in these ordinary tricks of sovereign graciousness, and approach with his unhallowed lips the sublime merits of our northern worthies. There is, in truth, no accounting for the fasti-

dious delicacies of beings as far removed from the common motives and habits as from the common excellencies of mankind. The doubt—the dissent—even the scorn of an uninformed and uninitiated stranger, might have been passed over with comparative mildness—but to be delineated and described, and praised by one who had never requested their permission to do so—by one who had approached and admired the shrine without soliciting password or safe-conduct, either from the deities or the priests—to be made the subjects of common-place human discussion and commendation by one of the *profanum vulgus*, who had neither right nor title to gaze upon the *intima penetralia* of their mysterious greatness—this was indeed an insult that might move the spleen both of *Pythoness* and *Python*—this was indeed an intrusion for which no prostrate humility of the unhappy culprit could furnish any apology—this was indeed a sin worthy of being visited on the head of the rash Gentile who had committed it with all the indignation even of the *Animæ Cœlestes.* As the Lordly Brahmin, who believes that there is nothing either high, or holy, or pure, or tolerable, about any man that wears not the linen thread of Vishnu—who regards all the rest of the world as

alike impious and obscene—and who, refusing to admit of any distinctions, even between the good and the evil intentions of the contaminated millions, among whom it is, for a season, their lot to move,—would hold in equal detestation the blessing and the curse of any unhappy stranger to their peerless caste—so, it would appear, have these hyperborean sages shuddered and shrinked, with horrescent purity, at the very idea of receiving a single *salaam* by the wayside from the Paria Peter. That a being, of line so abject, should have dared, for a moment, to lift his eyes from the dust as they were passing, would have been wickedness enough—but that he should have knelt down and reached forth his polluted hand to touch the hem of their garments, was the sin of sins, and the horror of horrors. What solemn lustrations must be necessary—what sequestered condolences—what choral soothings—before the stain can be washed away, and the pang assuaged, and the devout Brahmin enabled to resume the contemplation of his own sublime *umbilicus* with the same awful serenity which had been disturbed by the benediction of the accursed!

But—to descend from these altitudes, which, to say truth, are scarcely more unsuitable to

the writer than to the subject—the haughty partizans of this northern oligarchy, have not dared, in spite of all their conceit, to proclaim to the world the real grounds of their displeasure against me; and, since they have had recourse to pretences, it is proper, that even in regard to these I should not leave them in undisturbed possession of the public ear. Far, however, be it from me to trouble either you or myself with an examination of all the pretences, to which, on this occasion, they have resorted. It will be enough, and more than enough, if I select one or two of those which have been most in vogue with them, and having detected *their* absurdity, leave the reader to exercise a little of his own penetration in the investigation, which, I nothing question, will end in the rejection of the rest.

And, first of all, what can be more exquisitely ridiculous than the charges which they have brought against me of having violated the laws of delicacy and social confidence by those parts of my letters which contain sketches of the visits I made to some of the present great literary characters of Scotland? In answer to this, nothing at all could be necessary for the satisfaction of you, my dear sir, or of any person who knows any thing whatever of the literary prac-

tices and history of all the ages of the world. I have done nothing that has not been done a hundred times, and a hundred times more, by all the memoir-writers—and letter-writers—and tourists—and travellers of every nation, that ever knew the use of the pen. Let any, the most simple individual, that hears me blamed for what I have done in this respect, go to the library that is nearest him, and turn over the first twenty pages of the first book of travels that comes into his hands—and then judge for himself with what justice the guilt of innovation has, on this score, been laid to the charge of Peter Morris. That the ground on which I have sometimes trod was of a very delicate nature, is too obvious to require any confession of mine—but I am very willing to put it to the decision of any one of the eminent individuals that are immediately and personally concerned in what I have done—to say, whether—granting the thing were to be done at all—it were possible to do it with a more sacred regard to all that is really confidential and really sacred in the nature of such communication as occurs between any great literary character and any stranger who visits him only on account of his greatness. I have told no secrets—I have betrayed no confidence—I have

ministered to no evil passion, either in myself or in others; and if, in any instance, I have stepped beyond the mark, and said a little more than I ought to have done, I throw myself upon the candour of my readers, to decide whether, *ex facie* at least, my transgression has not proceeded from the exuberance of good, and kindly, and reverent feelings, and not from any encroaching admixture of spleen that would fain be concealed, and malice that would fain be gratified. I cannot have done with this without alluding, in a single sentence, to the rapturous reception which these very Scottish Whigs gave only two or three years ago, to a book written on a plan, in essence, similar to mine. I mean that of the American Simond—a book in which liberties of the very same species are taken with, in many instances, the very same individuals of whom I have spoken;—and in which, in spite of all the praises it received, that offence was really committed—which has been falsely, and blindly, and stupidly, alleged against me. Let any unconcerned and impartial person compare my accounts of the Scottish Whigs, with some of this American's notices of Scottish Tories, out of all comparison their superiors, both in intellect and in station,—and then say on whom the char-

ges of insidiousness, and scandal, and malice, and misrepresentation, should have been laid.

The squeamishness of these people, however, has gone much farther than this. They have carried their notion of the violation of delicacy to a point, which I should apprehend it cannot require even the most trivial acquaintance with books and the privileges of authors to pronounce altogether and ineffably absurd. I allude to the extraordinary and unheard-of extent which these people have been pleased to give to the idea of privacy, when they have accused me of violating the rights of privacy in my delineation of the public appearances and public merits of individuals, whom, till these oracles pronounced the reverse, I had, all my life, been in the habit of considering, as without exception, the most public of men. In good sooth, I should like very much to hear what places and what men are public—if churches, and colleges, and courts of law, and preachers, and professors, and barristers, be not so. Is St. Stephen's Chapel a private chamber? Is the stage of Drury-Lane the closet of Mr. Kean? There would scarcely be more absurdity in thinking that a traveller has no right to tell you his opinion of the dinner he swallowed, or could not swallow, at a tenpenny

table d'hôte, than in this chimæra, which would prevent a man from describing the impression that was made on his mind by a speech delivered before multitudes by a man hired for a certain number of guineas to compose and utter it.

I can believe almost anything of the stupidity of some people;—but I really cannot bring myself to believe that any of those individuals of the Scottish Bar (in particular) who are described in my letters, have themselves been guilty of such a piece of stupidity as this. I have described none but men of sense and talent—and is it possible that any such men should have betrayed so much weakness, and at the same time so much ignorance? What? can a man whose whole object it is to make himself be talked about, be blind to the ridicule—the exquisite ridicule—of shewing wrath and indignation, because once in his life it has been his fortune to be written about? These gentlemen are conscious surely that they live, and breathe, and move, in the troubled air of notoriety—they know that their names and their merits are every day the most common of all common-places in the mouths of thousands of litigants,—and that unless it were so, their very existence as barristers would be at an end; nay more, they know that their names

and their merits are not the only things about them, liable every day and every hour to the contamination and criticism of the multitude. They know that their very persons are continually at the mercy of all manner of vulgar contrectation—that they undergo, and rejoice in undergoing all the miseries which the tongue and the touch of *doers* and clerks can inflict—that the vilest hands in the world may, at any moment, approach them, provided they bring with them the all-hallowing propitiation of A FEE—that, by that unfailing charm, the thief, the robber, the murderer, can at any moment conjure all their mightiness into the circle of his cell—and that before he does so, he consults with all the noxious vermin of his prison, concerning the proper subject on which to exert his magic--They know in a word, that their minds and their bodies are, like the enslaved genii of the oriental tale, compelled at all times to start up, and execute the bidding of him, whosoever and howsoever vile he be, that rubs the Golden Ring—the omnipotent mistress of their energies. And yet these, forsooth, are the persons who complain with a grave face that the dignity of their privacy has been invaded--that the noiseless tenour of their calm sequestered

lives has been disturbed—that the purest ray serene of their virgin bashfulness has been insulted—and that they can no longer breathe their pomatum on the barren air with the same lovely sense of security and retirement in which their delicate unsunned souls delighted before the ruffian intrusion of the Ravisher Peter!—words surely must be wanting to clothe the horrors of so much depravity, such cool, wanton, unrelenting barbarity as mine.—Surely,

——duris genuit ME cautibus horrens
Caucasus—Hyrcanæque admorunt ubera tigres.

But of this part of my alleged guilt, you, my dear Sir, appear to have heard nothing; and truly I doubt whether it be possible to persuade any man who is familiar as you are with the customs of England, that allegations of such a nature have really been listened to in Scotland with any thing more formidable than the scornful smile they deserve. In our end of the island, thank God, such fooleries, if they ever did exist, have long, very long since been exploded; and our barristers, and all who share among us the notoriety of barristers, have, for ages, been perfectly accustomed to see their minutest peculiar-

ities of merit or demerit, scanned and re-scanned by all that please to do so, with at least as much boldness as I have thought fit to exhibit. The very mention of these northern qualms will, I am satisfied, excite nothing but a laugh among the less sensitive oracles of the Hall of Rufus. I confess I would willingly give something for a peep at the physiognomy of Sir Samuel Shepherd, while listening to the querulous or clamorous tones in which one of these stricken deer might breathe forth the soul of his agony. As for Charley Bush, (if you cross the water,) I believe the dear fellow would choak at the very mention of such a crying absurdity. I shall certainly get Ellis to tell the thing at the Beef-steak.

Enough, however, and more than enough of this. I well know that I have been fighting with shadows, and that the true causes of the spleen that has been poured forth so lavishly against me must be sought for, not in the supposed indelicacy of my intrusions, or my descriptions, but in that true and unpardonable audacity which led me to beard the lion in his den, and strong, not in myself, but in the armour of ancient loyalty and ancient faith, proclaim myself, even in the midst of its myrmidons, an enemy to the pestilent Genius of Scottish

republicanism and Scottish infidelity. The candour with which I acknowledge—nay, the fervour with which I expatiated upon the talents and merits of individuals, served only to exacerbate the collective indignation of the sects, against whose principles I had dared to avow my animosity. Praise proceeding from such a quarter was not listened to with surprise merely, but with scorn;—and the language of every victim of this more than Dardan jealousy, was not *timeo*, but

——*Odi* Danaum vel dona ferentem.

At a distance, nevertheless, from the immediate sphere in which these fixed stars of the north have accustomed themselves to suppose they possess a perpetual monopoly of light, I am far from suspecting that the wanderings of my less ambitious course have excited, or will hereafter excite any symptoms of the same imperious indignation. The generous people of England—for whom only, or chiefly, it was my ambition to write—will not take my character on trust from my enemies, while my conduct is as open to their own examination, as it ever was to that of any of their neighbours,—and while they can ex-

amine that conduct with feelings of calmness and impartiality, very different from what must be suspected to lurk beneath the moody and frantic gestures of those, with the result of whose investigations they have now been made acquainted.—Were my book to be written over again, there are indeed not a few things in it which I would omit—and not a few surely which I would alter; but of these, you may be assured, no one of all the passages, which have raised for me such a host of decriers, would form a part. I well know the deep-rooted pride of the prejudices I have assaulted—I well know the pampered and bloated luxury of the self-love against which I have dared to aim a wound. But if I comprehend inadequately, at least most sacredly do I venerate, the nature of that high old spirit of English thought and belief, against which those haughty prejudices have ever been enlisted—and in the utter ruin of which alone, that long-spared and foolishly dreaded self-love hopes one day to accomplish the great end of all its exertions, and to realize all the cherished visions of its hoodwinked malice. To that spirit I shall never be a traitor; and while, in spite of all that its enemies can do or say against it, its influence continues to be the palladium of our

island, I shall never be without my sufficient consolation for all the worst injuries these enemies can heap on my own head:—In every assertion of English honour—in every spectacle of English glory—I shall well know that I contemplate what must abundantly revenge me, and suffuse their inmost souls with the worst bitterness of gall and wormwood. The whole course and tenor of our national triumphs was one unbroken series of confusion and disappointment, and wrath and envy to them; and now,—when the sky is overcast for a moment, and afflictions, beyond the reach of human aid, have been interpreted by a much suffering, and (little as they will acknowledge it) a much pitied populace, into the symbols and consequences of a fancied oppression—mark only with what a relentless pertinacity of spleen these short-sighted men have roused themselves from the silence to which their own faults and folly had compelled them, to pour oil upon the kindling embers of disaffection,—and to hail the internal enemies of our peace with the same encouraging huzzas and prophetic hosannas, which waited faithfully, through so many years of more perilous encounter, upon the march of that external tyranny, which would fain have swallowed up those that resisted and those that aided its

efforts, in one sweeping flood of undistinguishing abasement. If sin there be in thirsting for abundance of such revenge as this—freely and unblushingly do I confess myself in that sort the chief of sinners. Long have they invited us to sup full upon their horrors—long, very long, may it be before their black arts are able to scare us from our posts of duty. Believe me,

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,

With the highest admiration and respect,

Your faithful friend and servant,

PETER MORRIS.

PENSHARPE-HALL,
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